



1865

LONDON: WARD, LOCK AND TYLER, 158, FLEET STREET.

All rights of reproduction and translation are reserved.



THIS ELEGANT AND FRAGRANT OIL is universally in high repute for its unparalleled success during the last sixty years in promoting the Growth, Restoring and Beautifying the Human Hair. It prevents Hair from falling off or turning grey, strengthens weak HAIR, cleanses it from Scurf and Dandriff, and makes it **BEAUTIFULLY SOFT, PLIABLE, and GLOSSY.**

In the growth of

THE BEARD, WHISKERS, AND MOUSTACHIOS

it is unfailing in its stimulative operation. For CHILDREN it is especially recommended as forming the basis of A BEAUTIFUL HEAD OF HAIR; while its introduction into the Nursery of ROYALTY, and the numerous Testimonials constantly received of its efficacy, afford the best and surest proofs of its merits.—Price 3s. 6d. and 7s.; Family Bottles (equal to four small), 10s. 6d.; and double that size, 21s. Sold at 20, Hatton Garden, and by Chemists and Perfumers.

“Ask for ‘ROWLAND’S MACASSAR OIL.’”

IMPORTANT INFORMATION.

DR. ROBERT’S POOR MAN’S FRIEND

IS confidently recommended to the public as an unfailing remedy for Wounds of every description, Scalds, Chilblains, Scorbatic Eruptions, Burns, Sore and Inflamed Eyes, &c. Sold in pots, 1s. 1½d., 2s. 9d., 11s., and 22s. each. Also his

PILULÆ ANTISCROPHULÆ,

Confirmed by Sixty years’ experience to be one of the best Alternative Medicines ever offered to the public. They form a mild and superior Family Aperient, that may be taken at all times without confinement or change of diet. Sold in boxes, 1s. 1½d., 2s. 9d., 4s. 6d., 11s., and 22s. each.

Sold wholesale by the Proprietors, BEACH AND BARNICOTT, Bridport; by the London Houses; and retail by all respectable Medicine Vendors in the United Kingdom and Colonies.

BY ROYAL COMMAND.

METALLIC TO THE PEN MAKER QUEEN.



JOSEPH GILLOTT

Respectfully invites the attention of the Public to the following Numbers of his

PATENT METALLIC PENS,

Which, for QUALITY OF MATERIAL, EASY ACTION, and GREAT DURABILITY, will ensure universal preference.

FOR LADIES’ USE.

For fine, neat writing, especially on thick and highly-finished papers, Nos. 1, 173, 303, 604. In EXTRA-FINE POINTS.

FOR GENERAL USE.

Nos. 2, 164, 166, 168, 604. In FINE POINTS.

FOR BOLD FREE WRITING.

Nos. 3, 164, 166, 168, 604. In MEDIUM POINTS.

FOR GENTLEMEN’S USE.

FOR LARGE, FREE, BOLD WRITING.

The Black Swan Quill, Large Barrel Pen, No. 808.

The Patent Magnum Bonum, No. 263. In MEDIUM and BROAD POINTS.

FOR GENERAL WRITING.

No. 263. In EXTRA-FINE and FINE POINTS.

No. 262. In FINE POINTS. Small Barrel.

No. 810. New Bank Pen.

No. 840. The Autograph Pen.

FOR COMMERCIAL PURPOSES.

The celebrated Three-hole Correspondence Pen, No. 392.

Four-hole “ “ No. 202.

The Public Pen, No. 292.

“ “ with Bead. No. 404.

Small Barrel Pens, fine and free; Nos. 392, 405, 603.

TO BE HAD OF EVERY RESPECTABLE STATIONER IN THE WORLD.

WHOLESALE AND FOR EXPORTATION.

At the Manufactory, Victoria Works, Graham Street, and at 96, New Street, Birmingham;

91, John Street, New York;

And of WILLIAM DAVIS, at the London Depot, 37, Gracechurch Street, E.C.

THE SIXPENNY MAGAZINE

NOVEMBER 1, 1865.

CONTENTS.

	PAGE
I.—THE FATAL LEGACY—By the Author of "SHADOW AND SUNSHINE"	109
CHAPTER XXVIII.—TETE-A-TETE.	
CHAPTER XXIX.—A CHRISTENING.	
CHAPTER XXX.—A "FAMILY JAR."	
CHAPTER XXXI.—"COMING EVENTS CAST THEIR SHADOWS BEFORE."	
CHAPTER XXXII.—THE WILL.	
CHAPTER XXXIII.—A MARRIAGE AND A BIRTH.	
CHAPTER XXXIV.—ASTOUNDING APPARITIONS.	
CHAPTER XXXV.—AN UNPLEASANT SURPRISE.	
CHAPTER XXXVI.—CATCHING UP THE THREADS.	
CHAPTER XXXVII.—ROSE COTTAGE.	
CHAPTER XXXVIII.—A CALM EVENING.	
II.—POPULAR PHYSIOLOGY	123
PART V.—THE LIVER: ITS STRUCTURE, USES, FUNCTIONS, AND DISEASES.	
III.—TEMPLE TALES. By A BACHELOR IN CHAMBERS	129
NO. 6.—THREE-PAIR BACK; OR, CALLED TO THE BAR: A SERMONIZING STORY.	
IV.—GOOD WINE NEEDS NO BUSH.....	136
V.—CONTENT.....	140
VI.—CAROLINE HARRINGTON	141
CHAPTER I.—THE REVELATION.	
CHAPTER II.—THE TRAMP'S DISCLOSURE.	
CHAPTER III.—CAROLINE HARRINGTON.	
VII.—THE SIEGE OF MALTA	148
VIII.—THE OLD MUSICIAN.....	154
IX.—THE CREMATION GHAT AT CALCUTTA.....	157
X.—THE LITTLE PARADISE.—A Story for Children	161
XI.—UNSHED TEARS	165
XII.—BELLS	166
XIII.—SWEET HOUR OF EVENTIDE	168
XIV.—DWARFS.....	169
XV.—I'M POSITIVE	171
XVI.—A RUSSIAN WOLF-HUNT	176
XVII.—ON MUSIC	179
XVIII.—THE EPERNAY DIAMONDS	183
CHAPTER IV.—MADAME DISAPPEARS.	
CHAPTER V.—THE SKELETON.	
XIX.—LINES ON A SKELETON.....	192
XX.—THE MARVELLOUS GARDEN	193
XXI.—HANDWRITING	197
XXII.—THE MYSTERIES OF HAWLEY	199
CHAPTER XXXIX.—CONCLUSION OF THE SAME.	
CHAPTER XL.—ANOTHER YEAR.	
CHAPTER XLI.—AN OLD SOLDIER'S COURTSHIP.	
CHAPTER XLII.—WHERE HAS SHE GONE TO?	
CHAPTER XLIII.—THE LAST NIGHT.	
CHAPTER XLIV.—MISSING.	
XXIII.—THE SUMMER DAYS ARE GONE	216

A NEW NOVEL BY A CLERGYMAN

Will be commenced in the next number of the "SIXPENNY MAGAZINE," entitled,

A BAD ENDING.

By the Author of "ASKERDALE PARK."

The January Number will contain the Opening Chapters of A NEW TALE OF GREAT DOMESTIC INTEREST, entitled,

CHESTNUT FARM.

LONDON: JOHN MAXWELL AND CO., 122, FLEET STREET.

VINTAGE WINE COMPANY,

IMPORTERS OF SPANISH AND OTHER WINES.

<p>Per Doz. Xeres Comida Sherry, Golden 18s. Ditto ditto, Pale : 20s. High-class Amontillados, from 44s.</p>	<p>SEE 300 OPINIONS of the PRESS.</p>	<p>Per Doz The Vintage Port (No. 1) . . . 20s. Fine old Bottled 48s. [and upwards, Superior Champagne . . . 32s.</p>
<p>CLARETS, BURGUNDIES, CHAMPAGNES, &c. of celebrated growths.</p>		<p>Fine Old COGNAC, LIQUEURS, and SPIRITS, &c. of all kinds.</p>

14, BLOOMSBURY STREET, LONDON

(FOUR DOORS SOUTH OF NEW OXFORD STREET).

THE VINTAGE ALMANAC, Price-List & Testimonials, sent Post-free.

COUGHS, ASTHMA, AND INCIPIENT CONSUMPTION

ARE EFFECTUALLY CURED BY

KEATING'S COUGH LOZENGES.

JUDGED BY THE IMMENSE DEMAND, this Universal Remedy now stands first in public favour and confidence; this result has been acquired by the test of fifty years' experience. These Lozenges may be found on sale in every British Colony, and throughout India and China they have been highly esteemed wherever introduced. For **COUGHS, ASTHMA,** and all affections of the Throat and Chest, they are the most agreeable and efficacious remedy. Prepared and sold in Boxes, 1s. 1½d., and Tins, 2s. 9d., 4s. 6d., and 10s. 6d. each, by **THOMAS KEATING, Chemist, &c., 79, St. Paul's Churchyard, London.** Retail by all Druggists and Patent Medicine Vendors in the world.

HOLLOWAY'S OINTMENT AND PILLS are curative agents of no mean pretensions. They have wrought cures of ulcers, bad legs, dropsical scrofulous sores, enlarged glands and cancerous growths, after professional skill had failed. The ease accompanying the progress towards health is remarkable. Holloway's Ointment soothes and checks all inflammatory action.

WARNERS' KOH-I-NOOR LAMPS,

WITH

IMPROVED PATENT BURNERS,

Give a Light superior to, are more Economical, and less likely to get out of repair than MODERATORS;

BURN MORE STEADILY THAN GAS,

With a **BRIGHTER**—a **PURER FLAME**, without **DELETERIOUS EFFECT.**

They are more easily trimmed than any other Lamp with similar Burner.

DRAWINGS OF VARIOUS PATTERNS,

In Bronze and Bohemian Glass, may be seen and obtained of any Lamp Dealer.

NONE ARE GENUINE UNLESS STAMPED

KOH-I-NOOR!

J. WARNER and SONS, LONDON,
SOLE MANUFACTURERS.



NO. 24.

THE FATAL LEGACY.

By the Author of "SHADOW AND SUNSHINE."

CHAPTER XXVIII.

A TÊTE-À-TÊTE.

"JULIA," said Mr. Deans one day to his wife, as they were holding a private consultation on Minnie's case, "do you really think she will live over the 1st?"

"Well, really, Mr. Deans, it is a difficult question for me to answer. You know I have not seen her since the day we came home, and then she certainly looked very badly."

"It was no wonder she looked badly then, when she broke a blood-vessel with ill temper," said Mr. Deans, sharply. "I wish you had gone up to see her, it would have been some help to me to have your opinion."

"What can it matter, Mr. Deans, whether she lives beyond the 1st or not?" inquired his wife, in some surprise. "There is little doubt that she cannot live much longer in any case."

"Just like you," cried Mr. Deans, "jumping to a conclusion before you know what you are talking about. If it was not of consequence I would not have asked your opinion."

"Of what consequence can it be, Mr. Deans? a few days more or less can make no difference that I can see."

"When I tell you that it *does* make a difference, madam, that should be sufficient for you," uttered Mr. Deans, wrathfully. "You should have gone up to see her, and then you would be better able to give an opinion on her state."

"Well, Mr. Deans, to end the matter at once, I will *not* go up to see her," exclaimed Julia, in a burst of anger that was opportunely interrupted by the entrance of Mrs. Vicars, who had come to pay a visit, and who rather hurried her steps on hearing high voices in the drawing-room.

"Julia, my dear, what is the matter?" she asked; "I am sorry to see you so excited."

"Excited! No wonder that I should be so," said Julia, adroitly turning the tables on her husband, "when Mr. Deans wants me in my present weak state of

health to undertake the care of his daughter."

"You must mistake, dear, I am sure," replied the diplomatic mother. "I am certain Mr. Deans is far too sensible a man to propose anything of the kind; he must know that fatigue or worry of any kind would be most injurious to you."

"Julia *has* misunderstood me," said Mr. Deans, glad of an opportunity to escape out of the dilemma into which his incautious speech had driven him. "I only expressed a desire that she had visited my daughter that we might better judge of the state of her health."

"It was a very natural desire under ordinary circumstances," said Mrs. Vicars, plausibly; "but just at present, Mr. Deans, I think it would be very unwise for Julia to enter a sick room. She has quite enough to contend with in her own health, I am sure. You see the reasonableness of what I say."

"Certainly, looking at it in *that* light," responded Mr. Deans, "you are quite right, and I should be sorry to ask my dear Julia to do anything that would be prejudicial to her health."

"I was quite sure of it," replied the adroit general, and a kind of hollow peace followed the outbreak. But like the first breach in all warlike operations, it opened the way for another, for neither could forget that there was some weak point on the opposite side where attack was comparatively easy, and although more wary, they were conscious of the partly broken down barrier of reserve between them.

After a few polite speeches to his mother-in-law, Mr. Deans left the room, determined to pay a visit of inquiry to his daughter's apartment.

"It is now the 20th," he said to himself, "and if she lives twelve days more, as weak as she is, and without nourishment or fresh air, she must have a constitution of iron. Well, Doctor," he exclaimed, as he met Dr. Simpkins coming out of her room, "what do you think of the patient to-day?"

"Certainly is very weak, sir," replied the poor doctor, who was still

benevolently anxious to give him a last chance. "Do you not think that a little wine—just a *little*—properly administered, would strengthen her?"

"It is not to be thought of, sir, and I am surprised at you to mention it," replied Mr. Deans, sternly. "Wine is most unsuitable for Miss Deans. I am acting on the advice of her former medical attendant, who, you know, is a first-class man; and he warned me that wine was most unfit for her, and I blame myself for giving it to her so long in opposition to him, and indeed unknown to him. You will be kind enough to continue to visit my daughter, Dr. Simpkins, without interfering in the treatment that has been prescribed for her by so able a man. Poor girl! she will not long be a trouble to anyone."

"Oh, hypocrite, wicked hypocrite!" said the doctor to himself, as he went downstairs, "if she were left to your tender mercies, she certainly would not long be a trouble to you. Thank God that you have been discovered in time to foil your evil intentions. I have now no further scruple, but will join heart and soul in the plans formed against you."

In the meantime, Mr. Deans had walked softly into his daughter's room, and stood for a moment looking at her as she lay with closed eyes, every tint of colour faded from her cheek, and her breathing so still as to lead almost to the belief that she had ceased to exist. No sorrowful feeling visited the father as he gazed upon his once beloved child; no remorseful pang induced him to pause in his terrible design; no fear of God or man arrested his fell purpose, but a horrible feeling of exultation filled his heart as he noted the signs of (as he thought) approaching death, but which were only in reality the effect of fatigue and reaction on a still delicate frame. Minnie's mind was now more in need of support than her body, for although consoled by the devoted affection of her uncle and brothers, and spending a short time daily with the Vincents, or Susan Bingley, who often accompanied her in her drives, she felt acutely the dreadful position in which her father had placed himself, and could not easily realize that facts were as they were, and that she was not the victim of some hideous nightmare. At the moment that Mr. Deans felt the triumphant certainty of her being speedily removed from his path, Minnie slowly opened her eyes, and was horrified to

observe the look in her father's face, that she was compelled to interpret rightly. A shudder came over her frame as she gazed upon him as if fascinated.

"Father," she articulated, at last. "Oh, father!"

"Do not distress yourself to speak," said the unnatural parent, who had no desire to enter into conversation with her. "I feel it my duty to tell you that the doctor thinks it very unlikely that you can live many days, and I just wished to inquire if you would like to be laid beside your mother."

"Ah! would that I were with my dear mother," sobbed Minnie, dreadfully agitated.

"You need have no fear; I shall give orders to have you placed by her," said Mr. Deans. "I did not think when she was so nervous about your cough that it would all end so soon."

If he had said "I did not hope," he would have been nearer the truth.

Minnie closed her eyes, for she felt that she could not endure the scene much longer; still, it nerved her to carry out the wishes of her uncle, whom she now determined to obey as the almost representative of her mother.

Mr. Deans stole out of the room as noiselessly as he had entered, and when Minnie once more unclosed her eyes she was alone.

CHAPTER XXIX.

A CHRISTENING.

"MINNIE, dear," said her uncle, the following day, as soon as they had got out of the neighbourhood of Westbourne-terrace, "would you like to be present at a christening, and oblige me by standing sponsor for a young gentleman?"

"I should like it greatly, uncle," cried Minnie, who became quite excited at the idea.

She had just repeated to her uncle the scene of the day before, and he had laid it by carefully in his mind along with Dr. Simpkins's report of his *tête-à-tête* with Mr. Deans. Every grain was swelling the mountain of his indignation, and he longed for the hour when he should execute a just vengeance on the wretched man who had made so much misery for those that by every law, both human and divine, he was bound to protect and cherish.

A short drive brought the uncle and niece to a pretty suburban church, and to the surprise of Minnie, Dr. Simpkins came forward to hand her from the carriage; but a further surprise awaited her when she found her old doctor seated in the church beside a beautiful, timid-looking girl, who was presented to her as Mrs. Simpkins. A rosy-looking little maid held the baby, and in another minute the party stood round the font, Dr. — and Mr. Moorhead acting with Minnie as sponsors.

"Now, Mrs. Simpkins, get in," cried Mr. Moorhead, as he handed her to the carriage. "Dr. —, you know where to come, and will conduct Dr. Simpkins to us."

And so saying, he put in the nurse and child, and, having taken his place, told the coachman to drive on. A few minutes took them into the open country road, and the carriage drew up at a pretty cottage, of which Mr. Moorhead evidently possessed the key, for getting out he unlocked the door, and handed out the ladies, leaving the nurse to the coachman.

"Oh, what is this?" cried Mrs. Simpkins, turning pale and red by turns, as she came to the hall door, on which a neat brass plate bore the words, "Dr. Simpkins, Surgeon." "What does it mean? Whose house is this?"

"It is yours, my dear madam; yours and your worthy husband's. I hope you will like an old bachelor's taste in the furnishing; it is plain and simple, but I think suitable to the house, and I hope you will be happy here."

"Happy! Oh, where is Willy?" cried the delighted Mrs. Simpkins, still too bewildered with her joy to take it all in, and anxious for the sharer of all her joys and sorrows to partake of this new and delightful pleasure with her.

"He is here," said Mr. Moorhead, looking from the window. "I am sure you would like to be the first to welcome him home, so you must be portress and open the door for him."

The wife needed no second bidding, but was at the door as soon as the knocker was raised. It sprang open, and flinging herself into her husband's arms, all smiles and tears, she exclaimed, in a burst of emotion—

"Oh, Willie! this is our home—our real home! Welcome, welcome!"

One hurried glance at the door-plate revealed his name, and, tottering to a

chair in the hall, the strong man laid his face between his hands and wept.

The little party in the parlour left the husband and wife together for a few minutes to recover from their joyful surprise, and then Mr. Moorhead coming out alone pressed a hand of each, and begged of them to accept the furniture as a present to his god-son. "I have paid a year's rent in advance," he added, "and by the end of that time, doctor, your practice will, I hope, enable you to pay the next for yourself. In the meantime, here is a small sum to help my young friend in her housekeeping, and now I think it is time to have some luncheon. Doctor, will you bring my niece?"

And offering his arm to Mrs. Simpkins, as he placed a purse in her hand, he opened the door into a room opposite the parlour, and discovered a handsomely laid-out table, the room being already tenanted by Mrs. Bingley and Susan, and Mrs. Vincent, Fanny, and the two young Deans.

A quietly happy party was soon seated round the table, and the baby's health having been proposed by Dr. —, he took his departure, having an engagement, and as soon as luncheon was over the whole party went on a mission of discovery round the house, the perfectness of everything, from the pretty drawing-room carpet to the baby's cot, eliciting many expressions of delight and thankfulness from Dr. and Mrs. Simpkins. The rosy maid, who had taken possession of the baby, for the first time that day seemed quite at home on the premises, and it soon came out that Mrs. and Miss Vincent, in whose service was an aunt of hers, had brought her up from the country to fill her new position, and that they, with Susan Bingley, had superintended the arrangement of the furniture, and helped to carry out the agreeable surprise planned by the benevolent heart of Mr. Moorhead.

As soon as the house had been inspected, the visitors took their departure, leaving the happy occupants to realize that all they looked upon was their own.

As soon as they were alone, the agitated couple threw themselves into each other's arms, and sank on their knees to return thanks with streaming eyes and inarticulate words, to the Great Being who had showed such blessings on their heads; and often during that night, the first that they had spent since their

married life commenced in what might be called a "home," their silent praises ascended with the incense of grateful hearts before the throne of God.

CHAPTER XXX.

A "FAMILY JAR."

"BRIGGS," said his wife, as the little man entered the house on the evening of the day so eventful to the Simpkins', "what do you think? They've been and gone."

"Who's been and gone?" inquired Briggs.

"Who, stoopid, but the Simpkins'!—the Simpkins'! do you hear that?"

"Well?" said the little man, drawing back.

"But it isn't well, you everlastin' plague," cried his wife; "here av' I abin an' attendin' on them, an' a takin' care of their brat of a child, drat it, an' as soon as they gets on their feet off they goes, without a by-your-leave or a pin's worth."

"Did they even pay the rent?" jerked out Briggs.

"Pay the rent, IDIOT!" exclaimed his exasperated wife, "as if I'd 'a let them agone if they hadn't; what kind of a fool do you think I am, I wonder? Pay the rent! Of course they did, and a week beside instead of notice."

"Then where's the harm?" cried Briggs, taking courage. "If they've paid the rent, and took the baby, what more do you want?"

"Gratitooode! for all I've abin and done for 'em," almost screamed the wife. "What if they did give me a present of a paltry dress, is that gratitooode, I'd like to know? And to leave my lodgings as if they wasn't good enough for the likes of them. Set 'em up with better."

"Gratitude!" echoed Briggs, with his hands uplifted. "Is it gratitude for calling him a 'sawbones' and a 'gally-pot—stinking gally-pot,' ay, that was it. I wonder why you said that," he added, evidently reflecting on the adjective.

But the poor little man did not get much time for reflecting on that or anything else, for glancing at his wife, he saw the hearth-brush giving one ominous whirl over her head, and picking up his hat, he fled for his life, not venturing to look behind him until he reached the end of the street in safety, and then only

brought up by running against some one with a shock that nearly threw him down.

"Eh! What! Doctor, is it you?" he inquired, as he recovered his breath, and gave a fearful glance behind him; becoming reassured, as he could not see either his wife or the broom looming in the distance.

"Yes, Mr. Briggs, it is me," said the doctor, smiling. "Who did you think it was?"

"Oh, I thought it was my wife; but never mind, 'better luck'—no, 'worse luck' another time."

"You are speaking in enigmas," replied the doctor.

"You don't know what you'd speak in if you was like me," interrupted the little man. "Gratitude! well, I never, and the broom at my head."

"Will you come and see my new house, Mr. Briggs? I am just going home. I came to see a poor little child here that has been ill, but she is much better this evening."

He did not add that from their own present abundance he had supplied her with nourishment for several days, and that by his care and kindness he had caused the widowed mother's heart to sing with joy.

A brisk walk soon brought them to "Rose Cottage," and Annie, who was watching at the window, ran to let them in.

"Oh, Mr. Briggs!" she exclaimed, "I am so glad to see you. Come in and see our pretty house."

Mr. Briggs dusted his feet carefully before he walked in, and uttering the word "Shuperb!" he sat down on a hall chair that commanded a view of the little drawing-room.

"Come in, Mr. Briggs; you must not sit there—we are going to have some tea," said the doctor. "Come in, and take a cup with us."

"Gratitude!" said Briggs to himself, as he followed them into the parlour. "Well, I'm blessed!"

"You're not taking your tea, Mr. Briggs," said Mrs. Simpkins, anxious to say something. "How is Mrs. Briggs this evening?"

"Mrs. Briggs! Gratitude!" was the benighted reply of Briggs, as he swallowed off his tea. "The broom at my head."

Finding it in vain to try and draw him into conversation, the happy pair left him

to himself, and discussed their plans almost as though he were not present, taking care, however, to keep him well supplied with tea and bread-and-butter and cold ham. Occasionally as they mentioned the house the word "Shuperb!" which seemed to be his climax of admiration, was interjected by Mr. Briggs, and once or twice when there was any allusion to their former abode, he uttered the word "Gratitude!" with a derisive chuckle that puzzled them extremely, accustomed as they were to his eccentric way of expressing himself.

At last he prepared to depart: but before he left asked leave to see the baby. The proud father and mother escorted him upstairs in all due form, and leant with him in evident delight over the cot where the baby lay smiling in its sleep.

"Whose baby is it? Guess," cried Briggs, going back in imagination to the first night he had discovered it, then after a second, to the amazement and indignation of the parents, he jerked out, "Brat of a child! drat it."

His walk home was a sober one, but on arriving at his own door, and finding all the lights out, he slipped noiselessly in, and went upstairs softly to the room lately occupied by the Simpkins'; but as he passed his wife's door, the words "Gratitude! my eye!" might be heard coming, with an unmistakable gusto, through the darkness.

CHAPTER XXXI.

"COMING EVENTS CAST THEIR SHADOWS BEFORE."

As the month drew near its close, Mrs. Deans declared that she could not and would not remain longer in the house with a dying girl, and that Mr. Deans must take either a house or rooms for her elsewhere. Mr. Deans hinted the possibility of her going to her mother for a few weeks, but a violent hysteric fit silenced the proposal before he had almost uttered it, and for peace sake he took a cottage at Richmond, and removed there with his wife about the 27th day of August. To speak the truth, he was far from being sorry to leave the home where, try as he would to get rid of it, the feeling that he was driving his daughter down the inclined plane of life haunted him.

On the evening of the 31st Dr. Simp-

kins met him on the stairs as he was about to leave the house, and in answer to his questions as to the state of his daughter, he replied truthfully, that she was "greatly excited, and very weak."

"Two symptoms of the approaching termination of her illness, if I mistake not, doctor?" asked he, in a tone that, despite his efforts, betrayed the longing desire for a confirmatory answer.

"These symptoms are generally the precursors of death in such cases," replied the doctor.

"Well, doctor, we are all mortal, and the poor thing has suffered so long, that really death will be a release to her. I must go out to Richmond for a few hours, but I shall come into town again to-night. Will you call again at a late hour? I shall meet you here." And placing a fee in the doctor's hand, he hastened away to conceal his feelings of delight.

"I must watch her closely," said he, as he passed along. "If she survives twelve o'clock to-night she will make a will, or my name is not Richard Deans."

At eleven o'clock that night a cab drove up to the private door at the back, and Mr. Moorhead, accompanied by little Briggs, got out, and went upstairs. Dr. Simpkins met them, and conducted them into Minnie's little sitting-room.

"Now, doctor, who is in the house beside ourselves?" asked Mr. Moorhead.

"No one, sir, with the exception of Miss Deans and her brothers, the nurse, and a charwoman."

"Where are all the servants?" inquired Mr. Moorhead, in surprise.

"They are all gone to Richmond, sir, to wait on Mrs. Deans, I am told."

"Well, perhaps it is best so. Where are my nephews?"

"They are with their sister, sir, at present."

"Very well. It is now drawing near the time, and I shall just speak to my niece; and then, Mr. Briggs, I shall leave you in possession."

"In possession?" ejaculated Briggs, "oh, dear!"

Since Briggs entered the room he had been scrutinizing every corner of it for the "gold clock," that had been described to him with much unction by his wife, but no trace of the wonderful article was to be seen.

Mr. Moorhead was not absent from the room more than a moment, when he again put in his head to inquire of

Mr. Briggs if he had the "will" with him?

"I have it here all right, sir;—breast-pocket," said Briggs.

"Be sure you come in the moment the clock strikes twelve."

"Never fear, sir, I'll be all right," again replied Briggs, who seemed in his element.

Dr. Simpkins was almost shivering with excitement as the minutes passed slowly by, and he actually started when the opening and shutting of the hall-door and an ascending step informed him that Mr. Deans had arrived.

CHAPTER XXXII.

THE WILL.

In the bed-room were John and Richard at either side of the bed on which Minnie lay propped up by pillows; her face was unnaturally pale, except where a bright spot burned on either cheek, and her eyes sparkled with the glossy brilliancy of over-wrought nervous excitement. The strain was almost too much for the frail body, and the poor girl gasped hysterically as she lay back almost senseless, but kept watchful by intense expectation. A stern expression shaded the usually frank open countenance of John, and Richard, boy-like, wondered at everything, but half comprehending the part they were each taking, and yet rather enjoying the mystification.

"Isn't it good!" cried he; "you will be on foreign ground this time to-morrow night, Minnie."

"Hush! Richard, not so loud," said John; "my father may arrive at any moment."

"Oh," gasped Minnie, "I do trust he will not come; it is unnatural—it is horrible! I feel as if I should die if I saw him looking at me again as he looked that day when I opened my eyes to find him gazing at me."

"Dear Minnie, have courage! and above all, remember that in a few minutes more you will be free!"

At this moment they heard Mr. Deans enter the adjoining room.

"Am I in time?" he whispered, as the doctor rose to receive him.

"Quite in time, sir. Mr. Briggs—Mr. Deans."

"May I inquire what is your business

here, sir?" inquired Mr. Deans, a feeling of misgiving seizing him.

"I am here from Nettlethorpe and Shelton, sir. Miss Deans's will is ready for signature. Read it over presently."

"Are you aware, sir, that my daughter is dying, and cannot make a will?"

"Just so, sir; reason she does make one," said Briggs, glibly. Not being at all in the plot, he acted quite professionally.

"Give me that absurd will, sir, I command you!" said Mr. Deans, authoritatively.

"Can't indeed, sir; much as my situation is worth. Sorry not to oblige you. 'Any child dying under age, his or her share to go to Richard and Maria Deans for their sole and separate use.' That's it—how well I remember it. Ill wind, &c. Hum!"

"Man!" said Mr. Deans, in a low, deep voice, full of fury, "you shall repent of this night's work, and so shall your employers."

"*Them, not me,*" jerked Briggs; "I'm harmless," meaning that he would be borne harmless in any case.

At this moment a gong-clock below stairs begun to strike slowly. Briggs pricked up his ears at the first stroke, and starting to his feet stood ready for the summons.

The doctor had gone into Minnie's room directly after the arrival of Mr. Deans, and now the two men stood alone in the sitting-room confronting each other.

"Give me the will!" hissed from between the set teeth of Mr. Deans, as the relentless clock hammered out the hours, each second laden with a meaning that he alone understood fully.

"Can't, sir; very sorry," muttered Briggs, as at the last stroke of the clock the door opened, and bolting past Mr. Deans, he stood in the bed-room where Minnie lay looking more dead than alive. The doctor's fingers were on her pulse, and he looked anxiously at the patient. John and Richard were at the further side of the bed, and a little table with pens and ink was placed ready for use.

"Now, miss, read the will, if you please."

Minnie looked up. Close to Briggs, and purple with rage, stood her father; his eyes glowing with fury as he turned them from one to the other.

"That clock is fast," he exclaimed at length; "this is all a farce!—it is not legal!" The words came strangely from

between his dried lips that seemed fastened to his teeth as he spoke.

"Not fast at all," said Briggs; "look here," pulling out his watch, "right to a minute. No use wasting time, though," and so saying he unfolded the will, which was very short, and read it aloud. It was simply worded, and gave all she died possessed of to her eldest brother John.

Her father ground his teeth as he listened, and when it was ended he exclaimed in a harsh voice—

"It is folly—sheer folly, to go on with this farce; don't you see that she is senseless this moment. She never shall be made to sign that will while I can prevent it. Leave the house, sir! this is my house, and I order you to leave it!"

"I shall do so directly my business is ended," burst forth Briggs, undauntedly, "as soon as the young lady signs the will I shall go. I am here on her business, and she is now of age, and can do as she likes."

"I tell you!" cried Mr. Deans, furiously and throwing off all disguise, "she shall *not* do as she likes. She is under my control, and this is my house, and I will not permit this daring attempt to cheat me to proceed any further!"

Without paying the least attention to him, Briggs, now completely roused, stepped quickly to the further side of the bed, and asked in a loud voice—

"Miss Deans, have you heard me read the will; and is it made as you wished?"

"Yes!" gasped Minnie, almost inaudibly.

"Then sign it!" He placed the pen in her hand, and with a mighty effort she raised herself a little, but scarcely had the pen touched the paper when, like a lion on its prey, Mr. Deans rushed forward to grasp it from her hand; but Mr. Briggs, who saw the rush, had seized his arm, and in a second the words "MINNIE DEANS" were appended to the important document.

The pen fell from her hand, the listless head sank back upon the pillow, and with a shudder that passed violently over her frame, the poor girl lay still and cold.

"She is dead! Oh, Minnie! Minnie!" cried Richard.

"Doctor, look to her; oh, doctor, save her!" cried John.

"I fear her troubles are ended," said the doctor, who, for the moment, believed her to be dead.

"You shall answer for this, sir; you

have killed her as you killed my mother," cried John, driven to desperation, and breaking into a paroxysm of sorrow and indignation, he rushed from the room and the house, threatening to proclaim his father's baseness to the world. A sudden idea, like a flash of electric light rushed into the brain of Mr. Deans, and turning from the room he pursued the flying steps of his son, and called upon a policeman to hold him fast or he would injure himself.

"What is the matter, sir; is he drunk?" asked the policeman.

"No, poor fellow, but he is deranged—he is a dangerous lunatic."

John's eyes glared.

"Gracious, how he looks," cried the policeman. "Come, my man, keep quiet," he added, as he secured the handcuffs; "it's no use struggling, you know."

A cab was called, and into it the policeman got with his prisoner. Mr. Deans mounted outside, and the cab drove rapidly off to a lunatic asylum famed for its strict rules.

Having stopped at the gate, the bell was rung, and Mr. Deans, after some delay, was admitted. A plausible tale was told of the young man having escaped from confinement in a distant part of the country, and bursting into the parental home just as his sister was dying; an affecting description given of her last moments made terrible by her maniac brother; and at last two physicians were found who unhesitatingly signed the declaration that the patient was insane, and he was forthwith conducted, raving and struggling, to a distant cell.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

A MARRIAGE AND A BIRTH.

BUT the scene had not passed unnoticed. A solitary pedestrian, who had been walking for some time up and down the flags at the other side of the way, saw John rush from the house as we have described, and also beheld his father come quickly after him. The whole scene, and the ravings of poor John, struck dismay to his heart, but springing into a carriage that waited for him he watched the cab drive to the lunatic asylum, and saw the terrible struggle that ended in consigning John to the custody of the keepers.

The solitary watcher was Mr. Moor.

head, and, horror-stricken at what he had seen, and at the words that had been uttered by John, he made the coachman drive as fast as he could to Westbourne-terrace, well knowing the arrangement made beforehand by Mr. Deans that Dr. Simpkins was to act as his substitute in all that concerned Minnie should she die while he was in the country with his wife, who was for the present to be kept in ignorance of the event.

On entering Minnie's room he found her just reviving from a long fainting fit, and wrapping her in the blankets, she was carried carefully down to the carriage, no one being in the house or aware of her removal but the doctor, the nurse, and young Richard Deans.

"Doctor," said Mr. Moorhead, "come with us, I shall need your assistance presently."

The doctor mounted the box, and the carriage deposited the party after a twenty minutes' drive at the house of Mr. Bingley.

"Now, Susan, dear, get her to bed at once, and be ready for me in the morning," whispered Mr. Moorhead. "I can scarcely believe that a few hours will give you to me—the dearest blessing from the hand of God that earth can bestow."

"I shall be ready, but I also can hardly realize it," said Susan, as she bade him good-night.

"I have much to do before morning still," said Mr. Moorhead, as he took his place in the carriage where Dr. Simpkins was now seated, and desired the coachman to drive to the house of Dr. —

The doctor was greatly surprised to see them at that unusual hour, but he was not yet undressed, having just returned from a party, so he at once got into the carriage and drove with them to the lunatic asylum. His name obtained them instant admission, as he was an intimate friend of the doctor who was the principal, and a highly honourable man. Their business was soon explained, and with wonder and horror mingled, the doctor of the asylum heard the story.

"Come, gentlemen," he said, "we shall visit the poor fellow and find out what state he is in."

The party entered the cell where John lay now in a state of apathy on a hard bed, closely bound in a strait jacket.

"Ah, uncle," he cried, "is it you?" as Mr. Moorhead bent over him; "but Minnie, dear Minnie, she is gone; uncle, uncle, she is gone."

It was in vain to assure him that she still lived; his cry was, "I saw her die."

In a few minutes it became apparent to the doctors that the sudden shock of Minnie's alarming fainting fit, which he believed to be death, had brought on brain fever, and it was decided to remove him into a room in a private part of the asylum inhabited by the doctor. And Dr. — and Dr. Simpkins promised to take charge of the case, and to report his state to Mr. Moorhead by every post.

Two or three hours' sleep after all the fatigues of the night, sent Mr. Moorhead refreshed to the church where he was to meet his bride. The wedding was strictly private, and after it was over the party drove to Mrs. Bingley's, where, but for the illness of John, supreme happiness would have filled their hearts. Richard had met them at the church, and amused them at breakfast by producing the will which had until that moment been forgotten by them all. It was placed in Mr. Bingley's charge; and Dr. Simpkins having given a favourable report of the patient, Mr. and Mrs. Moorhead and Minnie set out by easy stages on their way to Dieppe, where they meant to spend a month before proceeding to Pau for the winter.

Mr. Deans returned to Richmond in a state of excitement scarcely inferior to that of his son, for he had now cast his last stake, and if it failed (which the wretched man thought impossible), what was to be the result? He dared not face it. But again hope, with a kind of soothing glow, pervaded his heart. "It is well," he thought, "that she did not leave anything to Richard; all went to John, and he is a lunatic, and his share and hers are mine, for no lunatic can make a will." As Mr. Deans entered the cottage at Richmond, full of those black imaginings, and without one thought, except of rage, of the daughter whom he believed he had just seen expire, a tiny wailing cry broke upon his ear, and he knew that another innocent babe had come to call him father. The cry of the child thrilled his heart as he heard it, and tears rose in the hard dry eyes that had looked unmoved upon so much suffering.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

ASTOUNDING APPARITIONS.

A YEAR had rolled by on the well-oiled wheels of Time, and again the first day of September came round. It was a warm sunny day, the blue sky was almost cloudless, and but little of fashionable life was apparent in the West-end. At about two o'clock, two carriages turned the corner and drove slowly down Westbourne-terrace, stopping opposite Mr. Deans' house.

Mr. and Mrs. Deans were at luncheon in the dining-room at the back of the house, and the baby was crowing vociferously for a bit of chicken, his appetite being sharpened by a walk from which he had just returned with his nurse. Mr. Deans was laughing as he watched the child, and his wife was sitting in rather dignified silence, thinking the play going on between father and child rather puerile, and at the moment quite out of place, as she was very anxious to keep his attention fixed on the subject she had been talking on when the nurse and child entered the room; the matter in hand being the, to her, important one of choosing a carriage and horses, which she had almost persuaded Mr. Deans into presenting her with, and having got him nearly to the consenting-point, she felt desirous of having it finally settled before he could recede from his partly-given promise.

Mr. Deans had begun to feel tolerably secure in his position. In answer to every inquiry at the asylum, he was informed that it would be much better for him not to visit his son, whose attacks would be more violent if he should see his father (and so far he was told the exact truth, for John was so exasperated by the trick of which he had so nearly been made the victim, that his father's name almost drove him into a state of frenzy). Under these circumstances, Mr. Deans was quite satisfied not to encounter the rage of his ill-treated son, and contented himself with sending a quarterly cheque for his board, &c.

The interest on the money of his three children amply sufficed to maintain a position of an imposing appearance, and he began to think with his wife that a carriage would be a very allowable comfort.

"Come, nurse," said Mrs. Deans, "take the baby to the nursery; it is quite time that he had his midday sleep."

"One moment," replied his father.

How he tries to stand; he will walk in another month."

Mrs. Deans did not much care whether he walked or not in that time, provided she could drive in her carriage, and look down on the Bingleys, as she flattered herself she should do when once in possession of an equipage newer and more fashionable than theirs.

"Oh, you really must let him go; he will get cross presently if his sleep is interfered with," she uttered rather impatiently; but scarcely had the words left her lips when the door opened and the tall footman announced, "Mr. and Mrs. John Deans."

Had the earth opened at their feet, the utter surprise of Mr. and Mrs. Deans could not have been greater as John Deans and Fanny Vincent (now Mrs. John Deans) entered the room.

"What, sir!" gasped his father. "How is it that you are at liberty?"

"Because I am now of age, and not being, or ever having been, a lunatic, no man could keep me in confinement. I now demand an immediate settlement of my own share of the money and property left by my uncle, and of my sister's share, bequeathed to me."

The face of Mr. Deans turned ashy pale as he listened to this speech, but trying to rally, he replied, tauntingly—

"Wretched lunatic that you are, it is useless for you to make such demands; you are dead in law, you have no possible power, and I shall see if a more secure asylum cannot be found for you in future, since you have escaped from where I had placed you."

"I warn you not to go further," said his son, in a low, menacing tone. "I am not here without feeling secure as to my position, and every step you take against me will only bring deeper shame upon yourself."

"I defy you," cried the miserable man, a glance at his wife's face, in which anger and amazement were strongly depicted, nerving him to speak bravely. "Your portion is mine, as a lunatic has no power to dispose of his property; and as for your sister's share, she was not of age when she signed that absurd will—nay, she died before midnight."

John made a peculiar signal, and the door opening, the tall footman announced, "Captain and Mrs. Mordaunt." And leaning on her husband's arm, in the full bloom of health, although looking rather excited, Minnie entered the room.

In his horror at the appearance of his daughter, Mr. Deans nearly precipitated himself over the chair from which he had risen, while Mrs. Deans leaned back in hers, and stared with a blank and rigid look at the new comers.

"As you dispute my brother's claim," said Minnie, in a low but decided tone, "I am here to claim my inheritance for myself and my husband."

"Off, off, you are not my daughter! I saw her die; she is dead and buried a year ago. You are an infamous impostor!" cried the wretched man, his quivering limbs and faltering tongue giving the lie to his words.

"As you will not believe my wife, my beloved Minnie," said Captain Mordaunt, turning a look of unutterable fondness upon her—a look such as Julia had never received from him, and which galled her to the quick—"the sea shall give up its treasures to confound you in your course of infamy."

Again was the signal repeated, and the door once more revolved on its hinges, the tall footman appearing for a moment to announce "Mr. John Humphries," who entered, followed by Mr. Nettlethorpe, Dr. —, Dr. Simpkins, and the doctor of the lunatic asylum. With a yell, Mr. Deans tried to rush from the room, but half-a-dozen outstretched hands held him fast, and finding that retreat was out of the question, he flung himself on the ground, grovelling at the feet of his indignant brother-in-law.

"Rise up, you contemptible villain," cried Mr. Moorhead, in an accent of disgust. "Rise up, and listen to what I have to say to you."

Shuffling to his feet, and trembling in every limb, Mr. Deans fell into a chair, and stared with lack-lustre eyes from one to the other of the accusers who formed such a formidable semicircle before him.

In the foreground stood his brother-in-law, who regarded him with stern, relentless looks, as he addressed him.

"Richard Deans, I know every circumstance of your conduct from the hour in which you became acquainted with my will being in favour of your children to the present time. I know how you drove your affectionate, gentle wife into the jaws of death. I am acquainted with your and your present wife's share in that catastrophe; and also, madam," he added, turning upon her, "with your vile conduct to a man who, under a mis-

take as to your character, honoured you with his regard, and who, deeply thankful for his escape from such a woman, is now the loved and loving husband of my niece. I know," turning again, with burning eyes on Mr. Deans, "of all your infamous machinations against my dear niece, and both her doctors are here to prove you a murderer in design; and finally, it was I who tracked you to the lunatic asylum, and witnessed the false imprisonment of my nephew, caused by your infernal thirst for gold. You are thoroughly unmasked. The doctor to whose care you consigned him, and those two other medical gentlemen, are now ready to swear to the truth of their statement that he never was insane. You are a convicted liar, thief, and murderer, morally speaking. If you were worth it, I would make you refund every shilling of mine that you have spent, but you are a *beggar* without character, and for the sake of your children only, do I refrain from throwing you into prison to be punished for your offences. You have forfeited all ties of relationship with them. They are virtually dead to you from henceforth, and by your avoiding intruding yourself on them in any way whatever alone will you hold an exemption from the punishment you so richly deserve. A pauper you entered this house, for not one shilling had you of your own; a pauper you shall leave it. Within one hour let me see you, your wife, and your child depart from the door of it as empty as you entered it."

"Mercy! mercy!" shrieked the wretched man, flinging himself once more on his knees. "Julia," he cried to his wife, who sat as if turned to stone—"Julia, help me to intercede with him," and seizing her hand, he pulled her on her knees beside him.

"Mercy!" cried Mr. Moorhead, bitterly. "What mercy did you and she extend to my sister, my niece, or my nephew? The same mercy that you gave them you shall have, and that is—NONE! No, Minnie," putting her aside gently, as she in an angelic spirit of forgiveness, came forward to plead for them—"it is no use; the measure they gave, that shall they have. I have had mercy on him for your sakes. If *justice* was done he should not go free. Begone," he added, turning once more to the pair who lay almost prone before him; "the sight of you is hateful to me. In one hour let the house be freed from your presence,

or the arm of the law shall drive you forth;" and so saying, he turned on his heel, and, assisted by her husband, led the weeping Minnie from the room. He was quickly followed by John and Fanny, the lawyer, and the doctor, who all felt that only justice had been dealt out to the iniquitous husband and father.

CHAPTER XXXV.

AN UNPLEASANT SURPRISE.

ABOUT an hour and a half later in the day a cab drove up to the door of the house where Mrs. Vicars lodged, and rushing past her husband, who was abject in his attention to her, Julia ran into the house, and dashed breathless into her mother's apartment.

"The bubble has burst!" she cried; "it is all over—the husband you forced me to marry is a beggar!" and bursting into tears of rage, the nearly frantic Julia tore her hair in the impotency of her fury.

"What do you mean? Are you mad?" asked her mother.

"No, I am not mad, but I wish I was dead," replied Julia, bitterly. "I have nothing now to live for; the only man that I ever loved married to that hateful girl, and the vile wretch that I am united to a beggar, and worse than a beggar."

A violent fit of hysterics compelled her mother to have her carried upstairs, and while she lay almost insensible, Mrs. Vicars heard the whole story from the nurse, and hastening downstairs, she confronted Mr. Deans, who was sunk in an arm-chair in a kind of stupor.

"What is this that I hear?" she cried. "Is this infamous story true?"

The miserable man looked up without answering the infuriated woman; in fact, he scarcely heard her words.

"Answer me—is this story true?" repeated Mrs. Vicars, shaking him by the shoulder in no gentle manner.

"It is true," replied he, doggedly.

"Then what is to become of your wife and child? Have you no property whatever that can be applied for their use?"

"None," said he, almost savagely, rousing up from his apathy as he was thus driven into a corner.

"Then how do you intend to support them, pray?"

"You shall have that pleasure," replied her son-in-law, with a sardonic grin.

"Your thousand a year will suffice for us all."

"My thousand a year! Are you mad?"

"Not in the least. You cannot keep it from us when you die, so you may as well let us share it while you live. A woman of your age cannot want very much."

"Whatever my age may be, and whatever I may want, is no affair of yours, Mr. Deans," replied his mother-in-law, sharply. "My five hundred a year (I wish it was a thousand) is my own, to spend as I like. Julia cannot claim one shilling; and, moreover, it dies with me."

"Dies with you?" gasped Mr. Deans. "Then Julia has nothing?"

"Not a farthing," replied her mother; "she is as penniless as you are yourself."

"I have been nicely tricked, nicely cheated into a marriage with a beggar," cried Mr. Deans, furiously; "but *you* shall maintain her, not I; she is your daughter, remember that."

"And she is your wife, remember *that*, Mr. Deans."

"What is the use of talking," said the miserable man, dejectedly. "I have nothing, not one sixpence, but what is in that purse," flinging it on the table, "and if you do not support her and the child, they must either starve or go into the poorhouse."

"Whatever I do I shall not support *you*," muttered Mrs. Vicars, as seizing the purse she left the room.

Retiring to her dressing-room she examined the purse, and found that it contained a sum of thirty pounds. "Enough to carry him to Australia," she said to herself, "and the sooner he is off the better; it is bad enough to have to keep Julia and her child."

A very few days sufficed to arrange her plans (for Mrs. Vicars was very energetic when self was in any way concerned), and having heard of a ship that was to sail immediately, the so lately proud and imperious Mr. Deans was glad to seek shelter on board, after taking a sullen farewell of his wife. One tear lay on the dimpled face of the baby, as he turned away from bestowing a farewell kiss upon it, and in that kiss all of feeling that he had seemed to have evaporated, for scowling at Mrs. Vicars as he strode past her, he left the house on his way to the vessel. By some chance Mr. Moorhead became acquainted with the fact of Mr. Deans being about to proceed to Australia, and

he sent him by Richard a cheque on a banking house in Melbourne for one hundred pounds, and promised him on behalf of his children that sum yearly. This was the utmost that Minnie could win from her uncle, and she was thankful that even this provision was made for one who, in the distant vista of the past, still bore for her the name of "father."

CHAPTER XXXVI.

CATCHING UP THE THREADS.

WE will go back to the time of Minnie's supposed death, about which we have already mentioned that Mr. Deans had given Dr. Simpkins full authority to act in his name as regarded the funeral, from which, he said, he should be unavoidably absent, as Mrs. Deans was not to be made acquainted just then with the fact of his daughter's death. In pursuance of these instructions, the doctor had found no difficulty in hiding from him that she still lived, as there was no servant in the house, and the nurse had followed Minnie almost immediately to Dieppe.

As the winter approached the party had proceeded to Pau, where they encountered Captain Mordaunt, and close intimacy soon made him acquainted with Minnie's guileless character and pure unselfish mind, so strongly contrasted with the disposition of Julia, and Minnie loved him before she knew it, the fact being revealed to her by his earnest solicitation that she would be his wife. Her uncle and Susan, who had known Captain Mordaunt several years, were rejoiced at the prospect of her happiness, and very soon arranged all the preliminaries for the wedding, which took place on the day that John was of age, in the beginning of August, John being united (with his uncle's consent) to Fanny Vincent on the same day.

Mr. Moorhead had planned everything so as to hurl Mr. Deans from his false position at the moment that he should feel himself most secure; and to make the lesson more terrible he had selected the anniversary of his niece's birthday and supposed death to inflict it. Young Richard Deans had been at a boarding-school during this eventful year, and every trace of his former life had been removed from the view of Mr. Deans, who had begun to live only in the present; his chief drawback being the im-

perious temper of Julia, which occasionally broke out notwithstanding her habitual watchfulness—a watchfulness not dictated by the slightest regard for her husband's comfort, but simply by the intense selfishness of her nature, that feared to disgust him, and so to forfeit the large property she believed that he had it in his power to bestow on, or to withhold from her.

In her dreams of the fortune she had always calculated on the death of her husband, and the possibility that, when her own mistress and rich, she might once more draw Captain Mordaunt into a proposal, and as his wife forget that she had ever been Mrs. Deans. The woman who had not hesitated to break her own plighted faith to the man that she professed to love, and to betroth herself to a man whose wife was alive, was not likely to shrink from such imaginings, and in proportion as she had indulged in them, equally terrible was the shock that she experienced in seeing the object of them the husband of another, and that other the hated daughter of her husband. Some incoherent words revealed to Mr. Deans the dark abyss of his wife's mind, and drove out of his heart any lingering tenderness he might have felt for her. Thus to both of them crime brought its own punishment; their sin had found them out, and mutual disgust created a chasm between them that was as wide, morally speaking, as the waters that would shortly divide them.

The innocent little child, the offspring of so dark a parentage, smiled on its unhappy father as he pressed his parting kiss upon its brow, and that slight sunbeam on the tempestuous current of his life was treasured up by him, to be turned to often in the future, as the one bright speck upon the gloomy horizon of his destiny.

Mrs. Vicars dismissed the nurse in as summary a manner as she had despatched Mr. Deans, and the proud Julia had to attend upon her child and perform for him all the offices that had been hitherto the care of the nurse. Disliking children naturally, it was an intolerable burden to her to have to remain in constant attendance upon a baby of the age of her child, and before a year the poor little fellow became pale and thin from the want of fresh air, for his unfeeling mother was too haughty to be seen guiding his tottering steps out of doors. Through Dr. Simpkins, Minnie (who now had a rosy

baby of her own) learned the condition of the poor little child, and also through him made a proposal that was gladly acceded to by Julia, to receive the little boy into her own nursery, where he soon regained his healthy looks. For a long time Mr. Moorhead would not notice him, but the winning ways of the poor child at last spoke to his heart, and no one ran more gleefully to welcome "Uncle John," or was more warmly embraced by him, than little Sydney Deans.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

ROSE COTTAGE.

ONE evening, about a year after the grand *eclaircissement* at Westbourne-terrace, Mr. Briggs had entered the peaceful parlour of Rose Cottage, as he often did to escape a storm at home. He evidently had something on his mind which he would not divulge, but he had not been long seated enjoying his tea when a carriage rolled to the door and Dr. — descended from it. Dr. Simpkins hastened to meet him and conduct him into the drawing-room, and after about half an hour Annie and Mr. Briggs saw him enter his carriage and drive away. In another moment Dr. Simpkins entered the room, looking very pale yet joyful, while tears of happy feeling stood in his eyes.

While the two doctors had been in the opposite room, Mr. Briggs had behaved in a most extraordinary manner. Twice or three times he had jumped off his chair, and, after taking a turn up and down the room, exclaiming at intervals, "Grand! isn't it, though!" "What'll they say, I wonder?" "Leave him the glory of telling!" he had shaken Annie by both hands, chuckling and winking as he did so. Accustomed as she was to his odd manners, Annie was beginning to feel slightly alarmed for the little man's intellects, when her husband entered the room.

"Annie! dear Annie!" he cried, "I am almost overpowered with thankfulness. I know not how to express myself; truly my cup is running over with blessings."

"Yes, just so," cried Briggs, with a gulp, to hide his tears, and holding the seat of the chair fast with both hands, as if he feared he would otherwise rise from it by spontaneous propulsion.

"What is it, dear Willie?" inquired Annie, with brightening colour, as she looked from her husband to Mr. Briggs; "tell me the good news."

"I didn't," jerked Briggs; "left him to do it; knew it all the time, though."

"Dr. — has called to tell me that he heard of a good practice to be sold, and communicated it to Mr. Moorhead, and to our kind friends the Mordaunts, and Mr. John Deans, who had been looking out for such a thing (just think of it, Annie) for me."

"Yes, for him," interjected Briggs, in confirmation, releasing a thumb to point it at him.

"Well, dear," said Annie, drawing closer to him.

"Well, dearest Annie, this day all the legal forms were gone through, and Dr. — brought the agreement for my signature, which is to be affixed to-morrow at Mr. Nettlethorpe's office."

"Just so, ex-act-ly," said Briggs, nodding; "knew it all a week ago; wouldn't tell, though; spoil sport."

"Oh, Willie, how can we ever be thankful enough to such kind friends!" cried Annie.

"Or to the Divine Being who has put it in their hearts to befriend us so," said her husband, reverently.

Annie hung weeping tears of gratitude and joy upon the doctor's shoulder for a moment, while he pressed her to his heart, until a sympathetic sob in the corner reminded them of Mr. Briggs's presence, and they shook the little man warmly by the hand, and thanked him for his interest in them.

"Gratitude!" cried he, excitedly, in answer to their words of thanks, "gratitude indeed! I knowed you had it all right. Gratitude though, for 'Stinking gally-pot' 'Sawbones.' Oh, dear!" and an explosion of laughter shook the little man.

The doctor and his wife looked at each other in surprise.

"Drat the baby, too!" cried he, going into fresh convulsions, as he wriggled about on his chair; "it's too good." Sobering down suddenly, he turned to the two astonished observers of his antics, and asked in quite an altered voice—

"Did you hear the news?—young Mrs. Deans is dead."

"Dead!" cried both his hearers together.

"Yes, dead — heart disease. Died right off this morning—heard Mr. Moorhead say so."

"How well it is that her poor little boy is provided for," said Annie. "Poor little fellow, he is very pretty."

"He is a lovely boy, and he will be well taken care of," replied her husband, thoughtfully. "I wonder where his father is now—poor miserable man, made a wanderer by his own conduct."

"Open the door for Mr. Briggs," said Briggs, pompously, going back once more in memory to the memorable evening when he had announced the legacy. "'Ill wind' to him though," he added, shaking his head as, obeying his own order, he opened the door and vanished, leaving the doctor and his wife to talk over their happiness together.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

A CALM EVENING.

FIFTEEN years have elapsed, and a happy party are assembled at "The Hall," the hospitable abode of Mr. Moorhead. It is Christmas Eve, and the Yule log is blazing on the hearth; there are no candles, but the ruddy glow of the fire lights up the room, showing grotesque heads and marvellously-fat cherubs in the wilderness of foliage that enriches the carved oak panelling of the room; a rich Turkey carpet partly covers the polished floor, and heavy crimson curtains shut out the wind that is howling outside.

To the right of the fire sits a man bent more by infirmity than age; his head is snowy-white, and his face bears the obvious marks of deep suffering. Near him a tall, slight youth is sitting, a greyhound, erecting its slender graceful head between his feet, while he stoops down drawing its soft ears through his fingers. At the opposite side of the fireplace sits Mr. Moorhead, scarcely altered except that he has grown a little stouter; and next him is Susan, looking quite matronly, and with the genial, truthful smile of old still beaming on her face. Minnie and her husband, and John Deans and his still charming Fanny, form one side of the half circle; while at the other side young Richard Deans, now grown into a tall, dignified looking man, is giving a little chubby two-years-old boy a ride on his foot, a fairy-like woman

with golden curls laughing gleefully as he tosses the little fellow up and down. In the distant part of the room a gay group are dancing merrily to the music of a piano, played by a slender girl of sixteen; she is Minnie's eldest child, and the dancers are the united families of Mrs. Moorhead, Minnie, and John, with one little fairy-like girl of six years old, called Marian, Richard's daughter, and who is extremely like what her mother was at her age.

But who are the tall youth and the pale old man who sit so thoughtfully among the merry company? The lad is Sydney Deans, and his eyes brighten as he turns to address the old man, and calls him "Father!"

Two years before this happy evening, at just such a family gathering, a feeble suppliant, Richard Deans, had dragged himself, worn-out with remorse and sorrow, to die, as he thought, at the feet of his children. In that very room where they are now assembled he had knelt in an agony before them, and confessed his guilt and implored their pardon, and when Minnie, gliding from her husband, had knelt beside him enfolding him in her arms, and showering tears upon his head, Mr. Moorhead's heart unclosed to him once more, and his sons surrounded him, each eager to show a full and free forgiveness of the past.

A long uncertain illness followed his return to the bosom and hearts of his family, and during its continuance his children had nursed him with all the love and care that their generous hearts could bestow, until at length he took his place amongst them once more as their honoured parent. The unhappy past is blotted out from their minds as though it never had existed, and they have tried to win him to forget it by all the arts that love could supply them with. But the lesson is too deeply burnt into his heart ever to be obliterated, although with a touching humility he receives their loving efforts to efface its scathing record from the hidden realms of memory. Yet never does he allow an opportunity to pass for imprinting on the minds of his youngest son and of his grandchildren, the danger of yielding to that feeling that had shipwrecked his happy life—the accursed thirst for GOLD!

POPULAR PHYSIOLOGY.

PART VI.—THE LIVER: ITS STRUCTURE, USES, FUNCTIONS, AND DISEASES.

THE LIVER is a glandular organ of large size, intended mainly for the secretion of BILE, but effecting also important changes in certain constituents of the BLOOD in their passage through the gland. It is situated in the right hypochondriac region, and extends across the epigastrium into the left hypochondrium—the latter word being a Greek derivative, meaning that part of the body on each side which lies under the cartilages of the false ribs, while epigastrium (also a Greek derivation) means that part of the body immediately over the stomach.

The liver is the largest gland in the body, and weighs from three to four pounds. Its upper surface is convex, and its under surface concave, and both are divided into *lobes*—a right and a left one. The anterior border of the organ is thin and sharp; the posterior border is rounded and broad; its right extremity is thick and rounded, while its left is flattened and thin. As we before said, the most obvious office performed by this large and influential gland is the secretion of Bile.

The proposition adopted by Treviranus, and accepted by Paget and Liebig, is “that each single part of the body, in respect of its nutrition, stands to the whole body in the relation of an *excreted* substance”—excreted from the blood, that is. Thus the example is given, for instance, of the phosphates deposited in the bones, and which are as effectually excreted from the blood as those are which are discharged by the kidneys. Under this view—and it is a simple one—the BILE may also be looked upon as an *excretion*, having, however, obvious duties to perform. The secretion of this important fluid (unlike the gastric juice) is probably continually going on, but appears to be retarded during fasting, and accelerated on taking food. It is probably first formed in the hepatic cells, then passing through the minute ducts, enters the larger trunks, and from the main hepatic duct into the duodenum. It thus passes into the intestinal canal, so as to be mingled with the *chyme* directly after it leaves the stomach—an arrangement the constancy of which clearly indicates that

the bile has some important relations to the food with which it is thus mixed. Its direct action in digestion, however, is by no means accurately known; and probably the nearest and best guess is that which supposes it to assist in converting *chyme* into *chyle*, especially by emulsifying the fat, and thus rendering it capable of being absorbed by the lacteals. Blondlot, in his experiments on dogs, noticed that when the animals were fasting, sometimes not a drop of bile was discharged for hours, but that in about ten minutes after the introduction of food into the stomach the bile began to flow abundantly, and continued to do so during the whole period of digestion. Bidder and Schmidt's observations are quite in accordance with this. With all this apparent inaction of function, however, while fasting, it by no means follows that the excretion of the bile is discontinued; indeed, it is quite otherwise, as a ready reservoir is provided for the unceasing flow in the GALL-BLADDER, where it accumulates, until, at the next call of digestion, it is discharged into the intestine. In fact, this seems to be the chief or only office of the gall-bladder, and thereby a sufficiency of bile is constantly secreted for the purification of the blood, although it is only called into active exercise during the digestion of the food.

In its composition, BILE is not at all the single or simple substance which Berzelius and Mulder supposed it to be; later investigators, amongst whom Strecker and Lehmann may be ranked the first, proved it to be a compound of soda, with one or both of two resinous acids, which Strecker named the cholic and choleic, while Lehmann more scientifically names one the glycocholic and the other the taurocholic. In the bile of most mammalia both these acids (combined with soda) exist and constitute about 75 per cent. of the solid matter. The fatty matter of the bile consists chiefly of the crystalline substance called *cholestearine*, which may be obtained in small quantity from blood, bile, and nervous matter, and which is always solid at the natural temperature of the body. It abounds in *biliary calculi*, from which

the best specimens are got. The *colouring matter* of bile appears to be formed at the liver, and does not pre-exist in the blood. Berzelius thought it was composed of two colouring matters, which he called *biliverdin* and *bilifulvine*, but it has not as yet been obtained pure, owing to the facility with which it is decomposed. It occasionally deposits itself in the gall-bladder as a yellow substance mixed with mucus, and in this state it has been frequently examined. In cases of biliary obstruction it is often reabsorbed, circulates with the blood, and gives to the tissues the yellow tint characteristic of *jaundice*.

According to Liebig's analysis, the biliary matter yields 76 atoms of carbon, 66 of hydrogen, 22 of oxygen, only *two* of nitrogen, and a certain quantity of *sulphur*—the sulphur being combined with taurine. The saline or inorganic constituents of bile are not materially different from those found in other secreted fluids, although soda is generally given as its peculiar salt; oxide of *iron* also is a common constituent of the ash of bile, and *copper* is generally found in healthy bile, and constantly in biliary calculi.

Various estimates have been made as to the quantity of bile discharged into the intestines in twenty-four hours, although no single estimate, probably, is altogether reliable, seeing that the quantity necessarily varies, like that of the gastric fluid, in proportion to the amount of food taken. The usual estimate has been in man from seventeen to twenty-four ounces, although Bidder and Schmidt estimate the daily quantity secreted at about fifty-four ounces, while Blondlot and Haller make it greatly less. Who can be right when *such* authorities disagree?

The bile has always been described as having naturally a slightly alkaline reaction; but it has latterly been shown that in man, oxen, and pigs it is always, when first secreted, exactly neutral, although in the early stages of its decomposition it is apt to become acid, and subsequently alkaline.

But bile is not the only kind of secretion formed by the liver. According to Bernard, one of the first of modern investigators, the liver may be regarded as an organ engaged in forming two remarkable kinds of secretion—each greatly differing from the other—namely, *bile* and *SUGAR*; or rather the *glycogenic* substance (so called from the Greek word

glukos, sweet), which is readily convertible into sugar, and which said sugar appears to be almost as essential in the animal economy as albumen and fat, since if the system be deprived of it, signs of disturbed health and imperfect nutrition speedily show themselves. In herbivora, and animals living on a mixed diet, a large part of the sugar is derived from the saccharine and amylaceous (or starchy) principles taken in their food; but in animals fed exclusively on flesh (and therefore deprived of this source of sugar), the liver furnishes the source whence it is obtained. Not only in carnivora, however, but in all classes of animals, the liver is continually engaged as a "sugar-maker," and that to a large amount, since it is always sure to be found in that organ, even though absent from every other part of the body. The most curious thing about this sugar is, that the liver appears to have an inherent power of secreting it without the assistance of any intervenient substance. One of Bernard's experiments, as detailed by Kirke, seems to be conclusive on this head. "Having fed a healthy dog for many days on flesh, he killed it, removed the liver at once, and before the contained blood could have coagulated, he thoroughly washed out its tissue, by passing a stream of cold water through the portal vein. He continued the injection until the liver was completely exsanguined, until the issuing water contained not a trace of sugar or albumen, and until no sugar was yielded by portions of the organ cut into slices and boiled in water. Having thus deprived the liver of all saccharine matter, he left it for four-and-twenty hours, and on then examining it he found in its tissue a large quantity of soluble sugar, which, as a matter of course, must clearly have been formed subsequently to the organ being washed, and out of some previously insoluble and non-saccharine substance." This and other experiments led him to the conclusion that the formation of sugar by the liver is the result of a distinct kind of secretion, or elaboration, out of materials in the solid tissues of the gland itself, commencing, probably, in the hepatic cells, in which indeed the glycose has been detected. The sugar thus somewhat mysteriously formed being soluble, is taken up by the blood in the portal vein, then conveyed through the right side of the heart to the *lungs*, where it disappears, and carbonic acid and water are

formed. But it is not all lost or burned off, however, as was once supposed, since some of our most distinguished physiologists now believe that it is the carbon and hydrogen of the *effete* nitrogenized tissues which are converted into carbonic acid and water by the oxygen of the air, while at the same time the *nitrogen* of these worn-out bodies unites with the sugar, and forms therewith new albuminoids which then pass into the circulation in the ordinary course.

The rapidity of this sugar-formation depends, in a great measure, on the rapidity of the portal circulation; whatever increases the latter expedites the other. Irritation of the nervous system (at least of the most important parts of it) acts as a stimulant, and thereby conduces to the more rapid increase of sugar. The disease called *diabetes* depends on the excessive activity of this function of the liver, though what originally occasions it is still a mystery; it may be added, too, *en passant*, that no disease has proved more untractable, although M. Piorry appears to have been partially successful in some cases which he treated, by giving from seven to ten ounces of white sugar in the twenty-four hours. At least, four of his patients out of ten improved more under such treatment than under any other.

The BILE itself, produced as we have stated it to be, as a secretion from *venous* blood by the liver, is, in appearance, aropy liquid of a yellowish green colour when concentrated, but of a bright yellow when diluted. It has a peculiar musky odour and bitter taste. Liebig was the first to suggest that the essential component of the bile ought to be regarded as a resinoid soap, formed by the combination of two resinoid acids (the *glycocholic* and *taurocholic*) with soda, of which the taurocholic contains *sulphur*, while the glycocholic does not, and subsequent researches by competent hands indorse his opinion. As a secretion BILE subserves two purposes—*excrementitious* and *digestive*. As an excrementitious substance, it is specially destined for the preparation of portions of carbon and hydrogen, in order that they may be removed from the blood, and this is well exemplified by the office it performs in *fœtal* life, where the liver of the unborn child (which is always proportionally larger than it is after birth), may be said to perform a function in some sense vicarious of that of the lungs, which, during

intra-uterine life, are, as well as the intestinal canal, almost inactive; since, of course, there can be no respiration of open air or digestion of food.

As to the *digestive* functions of the bile, as we before said, we cannot speak conclusively. A good deal rests on supposition or analogy. In the first place, it is not discharged, as other excretions are, by any special excretory duct communicating with the external surface, but is made to pass into the intestinal canal, so as to be mixed with the *chyme* directly after it leaves the stomach; this fact is backed by another, namely, that the secretion of bile is more active, and the quantity discharged into the intestines much greater during digestion than at any other time. Moreover, we know that the bile is a highly elaborated fluid, formed of materials which do not pre-exist in the same condition in the blood, and is secreted by cells in a highly organized gland; so that, on all hands, we may conclude that it resembles the higher kinds of secretions which are destined to serve some important purposes in the economy (such, for instance, as we have before alluded to), and thereby differs from others which are straightway discharged from the body, almost immediately subsequent to formation. It is true, that the tendency of modern observation goes so far as to say (or to suppose), that the bile has very little influence on the process of digestion; but then it must be considered that experiments made with it out of the body must naturally be subject to doubt; and, besides, we have so many indirect proofs of its activity, that our faith is staggered. Its antiseptic and stimulant powers, however, may be taken for granted, and therefore we may look on it, at all events, as a *natural purgative* which acts by promoting an increased secretion of the intestinal glands, and by stimulating the intestines to the propulsion of their contents; while, as an *antiseptic*, it serves to prevent the decomposition of food during its sojourn in the intestines and before it leaves them.

The best known of all the diseases connected with the liver is JAUNDICE, which may attack persons of all ages and in different ways. For instance, the mother of an unborn child may be afflicted with a partial attack of it during the latter stages of pregnancy, which is generally relieved by a dose or two of blue-pill and Seidlitz powder, although, at times, it

remains until her child is born; and frequently we see it in new-born infants themselves, although it generally yields to a small dose or two of "blue powder," and a teaspoonful of castor oil in a few hours after. Very often, however, it creeps on, in an adult, more insidiously, and is by no means so easy of removal or relief. According to Budd (who is perhaps our best authority), it may be set up in two ways: first, by some mechanical impediment to the flow of bile into the duodenum, and the consequent absorption of the retained bile; and, secondly, by defective action on the part of the secretory substance of the liver, in consequence of which secretion, or the elimination of bile, is arrested.

With regard to the first proposition, there is no dispute, and it is admitted that by far the greater number of jaundice cases arise from the re-absorption of secreted bile. Of the second cause we need not speak here, as its truth or falsehood has not as yet been clearly proved. A very frequent cause of jaundice, however, originates in the impaction of a *gall-stone* in the ductus communis, which thereby proves an impediment to the flow of bile in the duodenum. Gall-stones consist of inspissated bile, and chiefly of cholesterine (the nature of which we have already explained), which in healthy bile exists in a state of solution, but which under certain circumstances is released from its solvent, and puts on a crystalline form. It is then induced to become troublesome, although when, by the aid of medicine, the obstructing stone or stones have passed into the duodenum, and are passed off by the bowels, the skin resumes its natural colour, as the cause of discoloration has been removed. When the obstruction is permanent, however, the matter may become more serious, as thereby spasms of the ducts, closure of them from adhesive inflammation of the liver, cancer of the liver and pancreas, and so on, are sometimes induced.

As sedentary occupations and high living (particularly if they are both combined) tend very much to the formation of these "obstructions," it at once becomes evident that if a perfect cure is to be expected they should be given up. Independent, however, of gentle exercise and a well-regulated scale of diet (neither too high nor too low), some medicine will be necessary. In the earlier stages we have always found that a *three-grained calomel* pill at night, followed by a black

draught in the morning (repeated perhaps after an interval of two or three days), have been exceedingly useful, while in the after treatment we recommend the following mixture, which, in our own hands, has met with success. Take of liquor of potass (*Brandish*), three drachms; aromatic spirits of ammonia, two drachms; liquor of taraxacum, four drachms; tincture of hop, three drachms, with cinnamon water sufficient to make eight ounces. Of this two tablespoonfuls are to be taken three times a day, one hour before meals. The food we sanction is mutton roasted or broiled, with an occasional roast fowl, and, after dinner, the only liquor we admit is a wineglassful and a half of dry sherry in a small bottle of soda or kali water.

There are cases, however, where the passage of a *gall-stone* gives rise to very acute pain, which may require to be suddenly relieved. In all such cases hot poultices, fomentations, and even warm baths must be resorted to, as also sedatives by the mouth. Twenty drops of that excellent medicine, *chlorodyne* (Browne's), may be given, and repeated in two hours, if necessary, or the same quantity of "Battley's sedative," in the same way and at the same interval. It may be observed, however, that in such cases the pain is intense, and the mistake has sometimes been made of giving a VERY large dose of opium at first, which has proved injurious by narcotizing the patient, when the gall-stone having passed the pain has passed with it, although the effect of the medicine has not. The doses as above given, however, to an adult are always safe.

In cases of "chronic jaundice," accompanied with obstinate constipation and a good deal of occasional pain, we think it only fair to notice an "empirical" dose, which has come under our notice, and which has "worked wonders," according to the sufferers' account. It consists of half an ounce of finely-shred Castile soap dissolved in half a pint of new milk (warm). This to be taken fasting, and repeated for some mornings. Of course it is the mineral alkali of the soap which acts as the deobstruent; many practitioners, however, have supposed that a combination of alkali and soap have a special power in dissolving biliary calculi. It is a beastly dose, and we should not be inclined to depend on it; but in extreme cases, where other remedies have failed, it may be tried, and in our own

practice we can remember three cases, one a distressing one, in which it was of use.

From what we have said of the LIVER, it may naturally be supposed that it is liable to be affected by many agencies, more or less deleterious, and in practice we find that it is so. Of these the predisposing causes are multiform. *Active congestion*, or an undue accumulation of blood in the capillary vessels of the liver, is a morbid condition very frequently met with, and although not directly dangerous, it is so in a secondary way by laying the foundation of future structural disease. The liver always contains more blood and its secreting cells are more active during the process of digestion than at other times; hence it is that excessive eating and drinking, stimulating articles of food, much alcoholic drinks, &c., will unduly stimulate the gland. Strong, healthy individuals who take a great deal of out-of-door exercise may counteract in that way some of the evil effects which flow from an over rich and abundant diet; while, on the contrary, those of sedentary habits and pursuits are sure at one time or other to victimize themselves. A long residence in hot climates or marshy districts are always predisposing causes; deranged nervous influence, also, and the suppression of habitual discharges, act as provocatives, and, of course, the cure in such cases is to be affected by a removal, as far as possible, of the cause, and by having recourse to a moderate use of aperient medicine, of which we look upon compound colocynth pill, taken occasionally at bedtime, to be the best.

Passive congestion may be looked on as a simpler form, and results from some obstruction to the circulation of the blood through the portal and hepatic veins. Violent exercise, particularly soon after meals, often causes a temporary *engorgement* of the liver, which sometimes goes so far as to compel the sufferer to stop suddenly short from the "stitch in the side" which it occasions. In such cases, there is often dyspepsia, slight nausea, and what is called "a bilious tinge" in the colour of the skin, while the bowels are generally obstinate; piles afflict the sufferer, a sense of fulness is felt, even after a slight meal, and more than usual despondency and irritability are observable, all attributable (or mostly) to a diminished secretion of bile. This state is often indicative of primary heart or

pulmonary disease, and not unfrequently ends by producing general dropsy. It is a difficult state to treat, and our treatment, at best, can be only palliative. Mild aperients (saline in composition) with light aromatic stomachics, and particular attention to diet and moderate exercise, give the best chances of relief.

The symptoms which ensue from an habitual defective secretion of bile are developed slowly, and, for the most part, insidiously. In the commencement there is usually imperfect performance of the functions of digestion, flatulence, alternate attacks of constipation and relaxation, dry skin, pale-coloured dejections, and a somewhat unaccountable falling off of flesh, and finally of strength. Percussion shows that the dimensions of the liver are gradually lessening, and as the digestive derangements lead to increasing debility, the patient, after some considerable time and suffering, becomes much wasted, and frequently general dropsy sets in which finally closes the scene. It is to be remarked, that in females this "chronic atrophy of the liver," as it is called, by no means unfrequently proceeds from tight lacing, which by long-continued compression of the organ deranges it permanently, so as that when the pernicious custom is left off the deleterious effect remains. There are, no doubt, other causes in which it may and does originate, but we are persuaded that in the cases of the young (who at the same time are pleasure-seekers at night and indolent in the day), we may fairly reckon that a fair majority of the sufferers originally bring on that state of biliary derangement by the absurd amount of compression, equally detrimental to beauty as to health.

There are many other diseases of the liver known to physicians, and which, as physicians are only competent to treat, need not be specified in a popular paper like this. We think it right, however, to give a paragraph or two to "inflammation of the liver," which, although much more frequently met with in hot climates, is by no means absent from our own, particularly among that class of "hard-goers" whose indulgences often produce adhesive inflammation and induration, not easy to be managed or subdued. We have recently heard of a case of *delirium tremens* complicated with very extensive inflammation of the liver indeed. The man died miserably.

At the outset of this serious disease

there is great tenderness over the organ, and as it progresses symptoms of typhoid fever set in—thirst, hot skin, high fever, great prostration, fulness of the right hypochondrium, pain, more or less severe, in the region of the liver (which is increased by pressure, attempts to cough, or deep inspiration), inability to lie on the *left* side, occasionally a yellow tinge in the eyes, difficulty of breathing, vomiting, sometimes excessive and troublesome hiccough. In hepatic affections, the right clavicle and shoulder become the seats of gnawing and aching sympathetic pains, which, when confined to the right side, indicate that the right lobe of the liver is that affected, while the left lobe is the

seat of the disease when the left shoulder, &c., are the troubled ones. In favourable cases, this hepatic inflammation ends in resolution; if unfavourable, it goes on to diffused suppuration, and still oftener to circumscribed abscesses, or even to gangrene. From the detail of serious symptoms given above, our readers will at once perceive that, further than a little preliminary treatment of the aperient kind, nothing more should be undertaken, except under competent medical advice, and even then it will be found that all which skill and science can do will be required to save the sufferer from the grave.

TO A ZEPHYR.

OH! hail, little Zephyr, so gay and so free,
 That one scarce can help wishing a zephyr to be.
 Who has seen half the landscapes, who's travelled so far,
 Borne so softly upon thine ethereal car?
 Thou hast swept o'er the meads when the morning was bright,
 And scattered the dew from the lily so white;
 Thou hast roved in the dales where the nightingale sings,
 And played with the plumes on her delicate wings;
 Thou hast searched in the woodlands each flowery nook,
 And mingled thy voice with the murmuring brook.
 Thou hast whispered along through the rustling corn,
 When the reaper was heated, and thirsty, and worn;
 Thou hast fanned his hot brow and refreshed him anew,
 To thrust his keen sickle the golden stalks through.
 Thou hast crept through the forest in winter's chill night,
 By the flickering stars and the moon's pallid light;
 When no murmur was heard in the stillness save thine,
 As thou shook'st the crisp snow from the towering pine.
 Thou hast wandered away to the crimson-tinged sky,
 When the setting sun's rays flashed triumphant on high,
 And the fleecy clouds looked in such bright masses rolled,
 Like mountains of silver washed over with gold.
 Thou hast breathed o'er their beauty alone thy soft lay,
 Till they purpled, and faded, and melted away.
 Thou hast kissed the fair forehead of many a belle,
 And flirted—ah, Zephyr! we know it so well,
 With half of the nymphs, and the fairies beside,
 Who far in the woods by the brooklets abide.
 Thou hast furled the thick smoke from the grim battle-field,
 When the soldier lay stretched by his sword and his shield,
 And the heart that beat fiercely an hour before,
 Is silenced for ever and stiffened in gore.

TEMPLE TALES.

BY A BACHELOR IN CHAMBERS.

No. 6.—THREE-PAIR BACK; OR, CALLED TO THE BAR: A SERMONIZING STORY.

"CALLED to the Bar!" By Jove! what a start in life I thought that to be: what an opening on the high-road to fortune, fame, and honour: what a glimpse, as it were, into the grand arcana of life! The summit of my hopes—the beginning, as it were, of existence. How egregiously, however, I was afterwards deceived, my empty purse, my lost ambition, my baffled dreams, each and all now bear full and ample testimony.

I am older than you all, old fellows, so none of you can remember when I first put on the black serge gown and elaborate wig, the insignia of forensic ability, on the night of my "call party," in the splendid old hall of the Lower Temple; but all of you having passed through the same ordeal, must remember the commonplace ceremonies usually observed on such an auspicious occasion.

The wine and the lights, the cakes and the nuts, and other concomitants of a wine party, are too well known by you to need my description, and the heavy bill which, like an *atra cura*, hangs behind the banquet, has likewise been regretfully paid by all, so I wont allude to that. Suffice it me to say, that my health was drunk as usual, and the musical honours cheerfully accorded afterwards. And so passed my first night of experience in the secrets of the wig and gown.

I remember the pride with which I exulted in seeing my name painted up over the door of the dingy three-pair-back chambers I secured in "Workhouse-court," and I eagerly looked forward for the day when impatient clients would jostle each other in crowds up my dingy staircase, and the wealth and emoluments of the far-famed legal profession be poured into my expectant lap.

However, praised be Allah! the clients came not, and necessarily Fortune likewise kept aloof. From the day I was called, some ten years hence, up to the present day, or rather night, but one single suitor have I had for my forensic eloquence, and he paid me not that fee which I expected

as a gratuity, but could not urge upon his paying as a debt. Such is life!

For some time I lived on, vainly hoping that my profession would open some path to competence; but finding, after one or two years of hopeless expectancy, that it did not, I determined to try something else; and in literature, which has often befriended a briefless barrister, I found an opening.

Partly from economy, and partly from the desire of companionship, I took an old friend to live along with me as a chum, and thenceforth, up to within a recent period, he and I carried on housekeeping together in those old chambers of mine—those dingy, three-pair-back apartments, which I even at present inhabit, *moi-même*, in my now again solitary state of existence, although merely as offices.

Most of you fellows are acquainted with my habitat, and are aware that it is about as direct a contrast to Marterel's chambers, in which we are at present sitting, as Marterel himself is to his chum Bob Burke, who is sitting opposite him. Contrast the Boulevard des Italiens with an obscure *cul-de-sac* of the Quartier Latin, or place Grosvenor-square by the side of some "Terrace" in the Whitechapel-road, and you might have some idea of the difference between the two.

Our rooms were more remarkable for their scantily furnished Bohemian characteristics than for wealthy display. In a few words, our finances were low, our credit far from good, and we lived, as it is popularly described, from hand to mouth, taking as much care as we could for the day and letting the morrow look after itself: it was hard enough indeed to provide for our daily wants, not to speak of luxuries, without caring for the future. How we used to pass existence in those third-pair back, dismal, tumbling-down old chambers to be sure! In the morning we used to breakfast together as sumptuously, or as frugally, as circumstances permitted; and after our customary matutinal pipe and pot of beer from an adjoining hostelry, we used to

separate for the day—he to his tutors, and lectures, and all the anatomical and other studies required for his medical career; and I to my usual post in the office of the *Rising Morn*, an enterprising weekly journal, whose entire staff I believe I constituted in myself. My chum (whom with your kind permission I will for the occasion term Sam) and myself did not again meet until the hour of six, when we either dined in chambers, or else sought a banquet at the Babylon (which we never frequented unless funds were very exalted indeed), or at the more modest table of the “Gloucestershire Fromage”—a well-known tavern where the usual fare consists of such hastily cooked dainties as chops and steaks, varied, as an affable waiter informed me once, by meat puddings of lofty reputation on Saturdays. After our refection, our usual plan was to return *chez nous*, and give ourselves over unto the luxurious inhaling of the weed divine, when we burnt incense before our beer tankard, or mayhap a whisky bottle, with the most praiseworthy zeal, while we conversed on all the topics of our day, and chafed each other on our respective hopes, aspirations, and peculiarities, but especially on the latter. This was all very well, no doubt, and a very easy and dignified mode of passing our time; but still we had a skeleton in our closet to make our lives a burden unto us. You know the old lines—

“Greater fleas have little fleas,
Upon their legs to bite ’em;
And little fleas have lesser fleas,
And so *ad infinitum*.”

So it was with us. It was not on account of the dilapidated condition of our chambers, not because of the general air of discomfort which they exhibited, nor of the *res angusta domi*. It was, candidly speaking, by reason of certain mice, which harassed us in droves, in battalions, and annoyed us during every waking and sleeping hour of our domiciliary existence in the aforesaid rooms; and here, my worthy sirs, I at length arrive at my text, for you must see that I am going to sermonize. To plunge into the matter at once. It was not for the daily number of our farinaceous loaves they disposed of, and rendered unfit for our use: it was not because that they would skirmish and fight, and squeak, and tumble about in their gyrations and journeyings in a dreadfully

sudden manner, and at all unexpected times, and in all unexpected places—behind the walls and skirting boards, and in our cupboards—nay, even under our very noses along the floor, and really often upon our solitary round table which stood in the centre of the sitting-room between Sam and myself. It was not so much for these reasons that we hated them and waged a perpetual *guerre à l'outrance* against them. No! Shall I tell you, my worthy friend? Listen—lend me your ears. It was—speak it with bated breath and averted head—it was on account of our tablecloth. There! the secret is out, and both Sam and myself would fully confirm the truth of it at the time I mention; but that Sam is far away now from Babel, and its cares and sorrows, and I have shaken off bachelor days and Bohemianism for good and all. But the fact is nevertheless true, that it was our tablecloths which culminated our grievances against the mice, and led to our declaring war.

It really was too bad! We forgave them much, and yet they offended more, and touched us on the tenderest point of our domestic economy. We cared not for the loaves, nor yet the cheese, nor yet the sundry other dainties, *aridum acinum*, *frustaque semesa lardi*, which they had ready at their beck and call whenever it pleased them so to beguile their willing appetites—but our tablecloths indeed! Our dainty linen, which was the joy of our existence, and the only leaning of which we were guilty towards luxury. It was too much. Those damask folds, how well do I remember them! Methinks I even now see our dissipated old drunken creature of a laundress unspreeding them, and decorating our noble mahogany therewith.

The mice, however, did not stretch their depredations so far at first, consequently for a time we bore with them, and let them run riot at their ease. But the morning—the fatal morn—when our laundress had not come in time to prepare our matutinal repast, and Sam, the early riser, had entered the sitting room, and was engaged in prosecuting the labours which she (that neglectful menial) ought to have performed, I heard him groaning and making much lamentation. The noise he made awoke me from my adjoining dormitory, for I fear he gave vent to objurgations both loud and deep. Shocking, wasn't it? We never *jurons*, do we, eh? when vexed or put out at

anything. I should think not, indeed. "Such a frightfully low habit," I hear Mr. Pharisee observe. Well, then, Monsieur Sam bemoaning something, and cursing something in a vehement and angry manner, awoke me, and I called out to him.

"Hallo! old fellow; what's the row?"

You see, my friends, our language was refined in the extreme, and similar to that used in the highest circles of fashion.

"What's the row, indeed," responded my irascible chum. "These infernal mice—these children of Pluto and destined inhabitants of Hades, whose wrong doings are beyond measure, and whose guile surpasses belief—have actually eaten up our best tablecloth, and ruined the most costly piece of linen in Christendom."

"Good heavens!" I exclaimed, urged by the frightful calamity into an expression more energetic than my ordinary wont; and I hastily donned my garments and rushed into the sitting-room, where I found Sam gazing with grief and dismay imprinted on his countenance at the wreck of the beautiful fabric which lay before him. What a sad picture was there, my countrymen! On one of the shelves of our principal cupboard were the tattered remains of an eaten tablecloth, and all around it were strewn little chips and fragments extracted by the nimble little saw-like teeth of the destructive vermin. It was really painful to witness, and Sam's grief I could readily share, for he had purchased the sad wreck in the heyday of its splendour, and had expended gold and silver on it since by reason of its many washings. Both of us sighed deeply, and spoke not at the time, but turned to business, and by the assistance of our dinner-napkins prepared our table for our sad repast—one of us superintending the cooking of sundry mutton-chops, while the other assumed the place of a would-be mistress of the household, and looked after the decoration of the table, and the preparation of that beverage which cheers without inebriating, and which is usually drunk at morning meals like the present. The aforesaid mutton-chops being soon ready, and all the other comestibles as well, we sat down and finished in a very short time our mournful breakfast. And then came a grand council of war wherein we tried the offending party or parties by court-martial. Sam reached down the tobacco-jar and

our pipes from the adjoining mantelpiece (*homo-cauda pax*, as it is described in a certain Maccaronic verse); we filled the bowls with "bird's-eye," and lit them in silence, and puffed away solemnly as suited the imposing ceremonial.

Mrs. Sweeper, our belated laundress, then coming in with her pass-key, we sent her off for the customary beer to our well-frequented hostelry, and when she brought it we dismissed her to her bedroom duties without upbraiding her even for her late coming, for our hearts were too full of our recent calamity to allow us to dwell on minor matters.

"Now," said Sam, "to deliberation: I vote you in the chair;" and I took the chair accordingly—a well-worn but comfortable American easy lounging chair, in which it was my wont to sit and moralize after my prandial refection.

"You see this mantel," said Sam, opening the debate—"I mean cloth; I remember the day that unhappy table first put it on. See what a rent the envious mice have made; there the cursed vermin tore, and reeling on the shelf, which all the while ran chips, that noble damask fell. Why did they strike it thus? and why have they thus brought us low in our misery and abased us to the dust?"

"I have it," I exclaimed, "my noble Sam. The mice have not been in fault; it was the grease. To obtain that they have sacrificed our tablecloth; but they are somewhat innocent of the offence."

"Base slave!" violently interposed Samuel, "thou trucklest under to the powerful ones; because the mice have proved stronger than us thou upholdest them, and triest to excuse their villany. Listen, and see if I will not convince thee that thou art wrong in thy deductions, and that the mice are the greatest wrong-doers on the face of the earth!"

I bowed acquiescence in my chum's demand for my silence, and he presently proceeded in his eloquent peroration.

"You allow this is a cloth?" he commenced.

"I allow nothing of the sort, my dear Sam," I answered; "this remains of a cloth, if you will."

"Well and good," he responded. "This is a remnant of what was once a tablecloth—a goodly piece of damask, of spotless whiteness and delicate texture. It was—it is ours, and its property was vested in us solely for our use, ornament, and delectation."

"*Après?*" I observed during his pause.

"This cloth, therefore, was ours, to have and to hold, and the mice, you will allow, had no right, part, or share in the said garment, cloth, or texture."

"Granted," I answered.

"Unfortunately, however, this cloth has happened to get sundry grease stains on it; its purity has been diminished, its texture soiled, but still it is our tablecloth, no matter how stained, how foul."

"Granted," I replied to this second proposition.

"Well," continued Samuel, "there happen to be certain animals termed mice in existence, and these said animals, as you know, furiously infest our chambers, why or wherefore I know not."

"True, most worthy pleader," I replied, "but still you know the mice have a right to live as well as ourselves."

"I don't deny that," replied Sam, "but still I don't see why we should pay chamber rent for them, and certainly if we do they ought to behave in a tractable and decorous manner. At all events these mice occupy our chambers as we do ourselves, and for some time we have borne their evil doings without interfering with them, and how do they reward us? Why, because our tablecloth happens to get some grease stains on it, they put forward that as an excuse for despoiling our damask and ruining our linen chest. They plead that because the grease is on the tablecloth they have a right to gnaw it. I deny that *in toto*. The tablecloth is ours, the grease is ours, but we want it not, and, at all events, we did not ask or require of them to receive the same. Consequently, they have proved themselves guilty of a crime of the deepest die, and I will do all I can, and claim your co-assistance to enable me to rid our poor rooms of such an enemy, which has compassed us round about."

"My dear Sam, you are quite right in your premises and your deductions," I rejoined, "and we will purchase traps instanter to abolish these mice—these fearful ignoble plagues of our life, and despoilers of our hearth."

As I said this Sam shouted out for Mrs. Sweeper, and she quickly stumbled into the room, no doubt expecting a rebuke, for my chum was in temper hasty, and was wont to objugate the respectable matron frequently for her faults and short-comings, not to speak of late-

comings, which constantly tended to raise his ire.

"Mrs. Sweeper!" he exclaimed, "have the goodness please to immediately purchase three strong and efficient mouse-traps,—traps that are quick in catching and long in holding their prey, and in death-dealing to the same. And bait these traps with the savoury rind of toasted cheese and with other appetizing drugs, for the mice have become an abomination unto me, and I will tolerate them no longer!"

"Lor bless you, sir," responded Mrs. Sweeper, dropping one of her frequent and bobbing curtsies at each word she said—

"Lor bless you, sir, and gentlemen, they are too cunning, sirs, for that! Why, they sometimes takes off the trap! and even if you catch a hundred, and nails even one up, as they does the awks on a barn-door, they will come again."

"That may be true, Mrs. Sweeper," said Sam, "and may be not. However, do as I tell you, and set the traps by the time we come back to dinner."

"Certainly, sir—yes, sir," affably responded the dame, and bowed another series of curtsies as she retired into the inner rooms again.

She obeyed the commands given her, and when we returned home to our chambers in the evening we found the mouse-traps each filled with a tenant in a state of death, caused, I believe, by a squeezing process; and Sam's heart was glad. But it turned out precisely as Mrs. Sweeper had said. The mice would not stop their depredations, but continued to laugh and grow fat at our expense, and invariably nibbled at our tablecloths, so that we soon had not a decent article of the sort in our possession. Sam swore at them, and inveighed against mice in general, and these mice in particular. But I pondered on the whole thing altogether, and compared them with certain other two-legged mice of my acquaintance—I may say, our acquaintance—who in their doings and depredations much resembled these same mice that infested our chambers and ruined our linen.

Have you, reader, any such mice known unto you? I confess I have, and many and various are their names, and habits, and manners. There was a fine mouse once that Sam and I knew—a well-built and handsome mouse—a plausible mouse withal, but who was in trouble and distress, and we succoured him and bade

him unto our chambers, and made up a lodgment for him on our sofa, where he might lay his head of a night and laugh at his success now he was in clover. We fondled that mouse greatly. We spent large sums on him; we raised the excellence of our banquets, and provided him with more comforts than we were wont to have previously ourselves. As he was a musical mouse, and versed in the art which Melpomene practised, we even hired a piano for this mouse to discourse us eloquent music. And we used to have bachelor parties of a night, and Sam and I tuned our pipes to the merry strains which this musical mouse evoked. For some time this went on, until we had forgotten even that he was a mouse, for in taking him in unto ourselves he had become like unto us; and we forgot his sharp ears, and nimble teeth, and whisking tail. But a day of remembrance came when we recalled all these features of his which had been kept concealed so carefully under the railway rug which we lent him on our sofa, so as to make his couch easy. The mouse left us. He had made other friends unto him, and was beholden no longer unto our bounty, so he went his way and we saw him no more. He forgot to pay sundry little sums which had found their way from Sam's and my portemonnaies into his pegtop pockets. He forgot a little piece of paper which Sam and I had put our names to on his behalf ("merely a matter of form," as he said; "for of course you know I will pay it"). And Sam and I were one day admonished that a certain little bill was lying due at a certain little office in the city; and thither had my chum and I to wend our way, and disburse notes and gold and silver to take up the same precious little document, for our friendly mouse had forgotten to meet it; and as his whereabouts was unknown, we were held responsible.

Even this, however, we forgave; for had we not allowed the other mice to nibble our bread and cheese, and confectionery, and slices of bacon, without hindering them or ill-treating them? But this mouse went further even, like those other mice who assailed our tablecloth. He spoke against us not only to other mice, but to other respectable parties to whom we were known, and he took away our characters, and described us as dissipated dogs spending our healths and our substance in riotous living. And did we

not live quietly and frugally before he came unto us?

And so Sam and I declared war against this mouse, and upbraided him through friends and through the post (for we never could see him again face to face. Sam happened to be a muscular Christian, and I believe this mouse was afraid of his thews and sinews), but it was all to no purpose. The mouse said that we had nasty stains on our tablecloths, and to get them off he was obliged to spoil our characters; and so others like himself believed him: but we never could get any satisfaction from him; he continued in his evil acts like those mice in our chambers, and even now may be nibbling away at some one else's tablecloth, even as he has spoiled others. Have you ever come across a mouse like this, reader, in your journeying along life's turnpiked and roughly-shodden road? Perhaps not—and may be you have. At all events, distrust the mouse that does not appear at first in his true character, for some do so; and, although you cannot respect them as worthy characters or respectable units of civilization, still you can pity them without despising them, which you cannot help doing some that I wot of.

There are lots of these vermin in the world, who manage to escape detection in their nefarious acts, and who hide themselves in the wainscoting of society whenever you hear them and they risk discovery. I prefer the mice that used to come, like those in our chambers, under our noses, on the floor, and pick up the spoils of the table. Sometimes, it is true, they had a knife, or other missile, shied at them, which they often escaped (Sam transixed one fat fellow with a formidable carving-knife, which played a prominent part in our *ménage*), but still they ran an open risk, which deserves some applause, even as though they were acting nobly. I was going one day down Ludgate Hill, when in front of me I saw a very courageous mouse at work. I saw him actually put his hand into the coat pocket of one of the guardians of the peace and abstract a *mouchoir*—not valuable, perhaps, so the action was mere bravado—and the thief bolted off before you could say Jack Robinson when he saw my eye on him. I informed the respectable peace-protector of his loss, which he quickly verified by feeling in his pocket. And he said, "Let him go. He's a rum card, and deserves to get off for his pluck." I need not say I acquiesced in the remark of the

noble gentleman in blue, and complimented him on the equanimity with which he bore his loss. "It's no use making a row about it," he said; "it's not worth tuppence." And I daresay he was right.

I thought to myself, however, how much less odious was the conduct of this pocket-picking mouse than that of another mouse who robs your pocket under the pretence of friendship, like the wolf in sheep's clothing, and afterwards decries you for a fool in allowing yourself to be thus robbed. Some mice do this, I know, but I do not greatly admire them for it, nor for the excuse, but prefer the less hypocritical animal that steals without any pretence of righteous doing—don't you, reader?

Another mouse I once knew, and to whom I was fool enough to lend several *sestertii*. When I asked him to reimburse me—which I did not do until a year after he had promised to pay me—he told me I did not know what a friend was, advised me never to sacrifice friendship for ingratitude, and told me he expected I had made him a gift instead of a loan. When I explained that I was too poor to give, and really wanted the money, being much pressed by a certain tailor for the balance of his account (to make up a sum of money which he had to pay on the following Monday, as he told me), my worthy mouse accused me of being extravagant, and told me he could not "assist" me then. Since which time I have never seen or heard from him. I might draw out continually many of those little experiences of the mouse tribe for the benefit of my reader, but no doubt he has met with many himself; for, as I have before observed, they have managed to naturalize themselves in nearly every country on the face of the globe, and their name is Legion—and that's not saying much. The wonder is how they generally manage to escape punishment, and continue during the years which nature has allotted them to prey on the goods and chattels of others, and even to gnaw up and despoil the tablecloths of character which belong to the said unfortunate victims of their teeth.

"My dear sir," says Monsieur, their apologist, "it's necessary to live."

Like Talleyrand, I most humbly respond—"Sir, your words are grand, and convey, no doubt, a great unknown truth; but really I am dunderheaded and dull, and for the life of me *je ne vois pas la nécessité*."

But yet they do live, and increase and multiply upon the face of the earth, and the little mousekins are, no doubt, brought up in the same Bedouin-like creed of the parents. So that there is no end to their evil-doing, for a new generation steps forward when the old ones are worn out, and are inclined to lead a virtuous life, if they can do so. There are mice of all nations, all languages, all countries. Of old it was so, and will it not be so to the end? Do you not read of a certain mouse of the name of Jacob in the early history of our forefathers, who went and nibbled away at the belongings of a certain innocent Mr. Esau, whose only fault was that he was gifted with an overweening appetite, to gratify which he sold a certain garment called a birthright for a mess of *pot à feu*? And did not the mouse Jacob gnaw through and consume the same, so that it was not fit for its lawful wearer? I daresay that canny mouse said that the garment had certain stains on it produced by the grease from the *pot à feu* which Mr. Esau in his greediness would partake of; but does that lessen the evil or condone the fault of the offender? I trow not, my worthy reader—at least in my philosophy, according to the rightful tenor of that Book in which the story is written and discoursed on. There are many mice I could point out by name. You, Mr. Pharisee, are one, *par exemple*, with your hypocritical cant and cloak of deceit, nibbling away at another's character, because of the grease spots on that covering which have been unhappily caused perhaps by yourself. Out upon you, you disgraced mouse, I scorn you! and having found you out, warn others to set their traps in time, lest their tablecloths be likewise gnawed by you in your evil course. And you, too, Monsieur Affability, with your kindly airs and how-d'ye-do address, inquiring after the health and happiness of even your friend's most distant relative, and all the time dipping your hand into your neighbour's pocket and despoiling him ruthlessly, afterwards to revile him for his innocence, and abuse him for his trust.

In the world of politics, too, are there not some ingenious mice whom you could speak of, my reader? Was there not a certain Roman mouse that assailed an ancient kingdom of Angleland, because its inhabitants, forsooth! had sundry grease stains on their covering? You say they painted, my dear sir, and wore no covering; but how about that metaphorical

garment I speak of?—was it not nibbled away by *Aut Nullus*, on account of its stained appearance? And was there not a certain land belonging to the East, and governed by moguls and Tippoo Sahibs, and who knows by whom, which was tyrannized over and despoiled by a certain wise and brilliant nation, to which of course we don't belong, because, forsooth! our neighbours had a garment which held certain attractions for us, and which we would have—not because of the garment itself, you know, but for the stains thereon—the grease stains. Is there not a certain mouse now, not far from Yankeeland, who desired to gnaw up and nibble away his brother's cloak, because it had a certain dark spot thereon? It is a very thick stain, no doubt—a stain caused by African blood, and sundry other things; but that stain they would gnaw away, no matter whether they spoilt the texture and fair proportions and *tout ensemble* of the garment. The grease is there, and that is their excuse. Do you coincide with it, my friend, and agree to the truth of the deduction which our go-ahead brother mouse has adopted?

Certain mice, too, lately, of Slavonic origin, had been hankering after the fine tablecloth belonging to a neighbouring and friendly land. It is a fine damask tablecloth, my friends, of pure Schleswig texture and Holstein fineness—altogether a noble fragment of linen; but the beautiful wherewith it was once adorned is gone off, its purity is soiled, it is stained and dusty, consequently it must fall.

What is a table-cloth, a paltry piece of linen, to my noble sirs, the German mice just referred to? Truly nought. They want it not, for have they not meal and barley and dried raisins elsewhere, like Horace's country mouse, for their wants? And yet the tablecloth, the garment of Schleswig, and the linen of Holstein, has sundry grease spots on its surface, and verily these Prussian mice would nibble them away, for was it not their duty so to do? The cloth is only a cloth; but yet grease is grease. It is savoury, it is pleasant to the taste, and thus the mice

must nibble at it—*c'est la fortune de la guerre*. Nonsense!

Go to, ye merry wags of mice, I know ye well, as I said before, and have no wish to interfere with your frolicsome little game. *Faites votre jeu*. Gamble away, ye little darlings, whisk your slender little tails, and polish your sharp petit dental organs. God forbid that I should interfere with you. *Prenez garde*, however, my little darlings, allow me just to insinuate that I can see a certain venerable tabby who is, in the choicest slang language of the period, watching your little game, and observing your merry gambols with much satisfaction. *She*, that worthy female member of the feline race, is looking out for *her* share of the booty, and verily it will be the lion's share withal. Perhaps one, perhaps all of you may fall into her capacious maw, and then, *mon dieu!* woe betide you, ye German mice, ye mice of every class and clan! Her claws are sharp, her teeth are strong, and her frame more powerful by far than thine, and her grip one from which ye will never escape should ye once get within it.

"Excuse me, old fellows," I concluded, "for sermonizing in this way—but to-night *I* feel sad, and not much fitted to enliven your party. You expected something lively and gay from me; but I could not do it to-night. Those who appear the merriest are often really the most sad. The clown often grins before an audience, while he is weeping behind his mask!"

Just as I finished my essay the church clocks in the neighbourhood all struck twelve, and the very peal of St. Clement Danes began to chime in the New Year. We all stood up, and wished health and prosperity to our hosts, and to all of our company respectively; and with a last glass, a last shake of the hand, and a last good-night, the party at Number Six separated, and Crane Buildings was left to the sole possession of its legitimate occupants, and thus ends TEMPLE TALES.

GOOD WINE NEEDS NO BUSH.

So far as the natural history of wine goes we have had essays and treatises in abundance, which give us its history in both ancient and modern times, but which stop short at some important particulars, which those who love to imbibe the generous fluid (and who does not?) would be very anxious to be accurately informed about. At the same time, although the preparation of this popular liquid goes as far back, at least, as the days of Noah, who suffered grievously from his affection for it, and although the juice of the grape has been, in modern times especially, made the subject of numberless investigations, still the question is in abeyance—*sub judice*, as we may say—since, in the first place, the varieties of wine are unlimited, and, moreover, there are certain matters in every kind of wine, of which neither the quantity nor the quality are yet determined, while many of the methods used for determining the most ordinary vinous ingredients are imperfect, and will have to be replaced by others more perfect, before science can hope clearly to see its way. We must remember, also, that science is cosmopolitan, and does not rest in any particular country or with any particular class. Shylock, also, tells us that “there be land-rats and water-rats, land-thieves and water-thieves;” and amongst wine investigators there are chemists, whose objects are praiseworthy, honest, and honourable, and others who drive what is called “a roaring trade” by the expertness of their powers of manipulation, and by producing (to order) the most recondite vintages at “the shortest possible notice;” taking care, however, that the vintage so manipulated and misrepresented is served up *impromptu*, and before “the trick” can be discovered. Thus, for instance, we have “creaming champagne,” manufactured from half-ripe gooseberries, or, in still more complex fashion, from a complication of brown and white sugar, perry, brandy, concrete acid of lemons or crystallized acid of tartar, and yeast. Should this healthful and fashionable beverage be required of the “pink” kind, a mixture of “cochineal” furnishes it at a blow. Port wine, again, of any age can be furnished to the lovers of the “good old English after-dinner tippie,” made up of cider, alderberry juice, logwood, port

wine genuine in infinitesimal doses, and some brandy. Should a “rough” flavour be required, a dose of alum furnishes it. Madeira “that has gone the rounds” is sometimes made to consist of pale malt ground and infused in water, sugar-candy, small quantities of port wine, and yeast for ferment; while “splendid dry sherry” is made in the same way, minus the port, and with a foundation of raisin-wine. In the “doctoring” of wines, in fact, the articles used are “legion,” alderberries, bilberries, Brazil and logwood, orris-root, sweetbriar, alum, sugar of lead, sawdust, filberts, bitter almonds, and various other matters, all destined to give flavour, “bouquet,” or brilliant colour to the wine. Indeed the “tricks of the trade” are so various, that it is no wonder if wine furnished from any but the most reliable sources victimize the drinkers, and leave them afflicted with various pains and penalties, which, if the beverage were the genuine article, would never be likely to ensue. The least deleterious among them are what are called “Rhine wines,” or “light dinner wines,” which are produced by the fermentation of raisins in water—six or seven pounds to the gallon, some sugar being added, while the fermentation is stopped with brandy. As a domestic wine this is by no means an unpalatable one after a year’s standing, but it is so far objectionable that it is palmed off as a different thing at an enormous profit to the maker, since, if manufactured in quantity, it might be sold at sixpence the bottle and still leave a respectable sum.

Looking, however, to even the natural habits of the vine, and considering it, as we think we ought to do, as one of the earliest and best gifts of the Creator to man, it at once becomes evident that in its great variety—suitable to or produced by difference of temperature, different modes of cultivation and manuring, and difference of soil—great difference of quality must follow. There is no plant more easily reared than the vine, as by sowing the seeds in March in good garden soil, plants spring up in two or three months, which by care, attention, and transplantation, will flower in the third year if under glass, and in the open air will flower at latest in the fifth year, and produce fruit in the sixth; so that

new varieties (or the chance of them) are always producible in six years, or earlier if required. Indeed, we have ourselves quite recently tasted a very excellent red grape of the Hamburgh kind, completely the product of accident. It occurred thus:—An invalid sat at an open window eating his dessert; immediately beneath the window was a plot of garden ground, used as a border, and into which he threw the grape-stones; the next year some of those vegetated and were cultivated, until finally in the sixth year they produced the fruit of which we were partakers.

The grape is what is called by Liebig and others "a potash plant;" and so it is, as without a large admixture of that mineral salt in the soil it degenerates and soon dies out. But to our minds, and judging from the composition of the ash, it has almost equally a right to be called "a lime-plant," since next to potash its largest ingredient is lime. Thus in 1000 parts of the ash of the Chasselas grape, Berthier found of alkaline salts 100 parts; of carbonate of lime, 35; of carbonate of magnesia, 12; and of *phosphate of lime*, 47; while in others he found a still larger percentage. And here the question arises, interesting to medical men, of how far the mixture of these ingredients operates on the production of GOUT. That the imbibition of even moderate quantities of wine contributes to the production of it (particularly in those who are hereditarily predisposed) there can be, we think, no question. Men who drink hard all their lives, but who confine their potations to whisky, gin, rum, or ale, are seldom or never afflicted with it (although there can be no doubt that such liberal potations bring diseases of their own as a sequence to indulgence), while coming up to middle life, the habitual wine-bibber begins to find "flying symptoms," which gradually settle into a determined "fit." Now chemistry comes to the physician's aid in his investigation of the causes of GOUT, and enables him to give a good and pertinent guess at them, in first place, by the combination which he knows takes place of *uric acid*, a natural organic constituent, with the *soda* contained in the wine, and thereby forming an *insoluble deposit* (urate of soda) easily created and hard to be got rid of; and again, by the formation and deposition of *chalk-stones*, caught up from the *lime* of the wine, and left in the joints of the sufferer (as phosphate of lime), and

as perpetual remembrancers of his peculiar tastes and the consequences likely to be evolved from them.

At the same time, without the presence of these salts in the soil, we cannot have good grapes, while the quality of the wine depends partly on correct manipulation when in process of making, but perhaps in a greater degree in the aspect and constitution of the growing ground of the grape. Vine-growers know this, and even in the application of their manures are sometimes finically particular. No doubt it has been stated, and with truth, that the vine is what is called "a gross feeder," and so it is. To grow grapes to the abnormal size which we admire at horticultural shows, the manure must be both rich and abundant; but it has been found that when the grosser kind of fresh animal manure (particularly house offal) has been used, the wine produced from it has a very distinct and unpleasant flavour, although it is not perceptible in the unfermented grapes, save that they are apt to be coarser, thicker skinned, and less delicate in taste than those which have been fed on daintier and better decomposed food. A friend of ours, who is somewhat celebrated as a grape-grower, and who mostly takes the prize for *flavour* in potted grapes, informs us that he uses small quantities of sulphate of soda (common glauber-salts), super-phosphate of lime, and carbonate of potash, which are thoroughly incorporated with fresh stable and cow manure, and mixed as a compost with lea-loam. This he has turned over frequently for two years in a dry shed, and never uses it sooner. Certainly his grapes are delicious, and well deserve the good fortune they meet with in public and private.

Again, there is no plant more dependent than the vine upon external influences; colour and size, form and taste, aroma and productiveness, vary in this case in a most remarkable manner. The greatest variety may be observed not alone in grapes which have been grown in different countries, but in those produced in the same country and even on the same spot. And though less marked, the same difference is often perceptible in the grapes of one vine. Protect one cluster of grapes from too great exposure to the action of the sun, and cover it with a bell of dark glass, and you will have a fruit much more finely scented, and in every way better, than if it had been uncovered. In fact, a hotter and stronger wine is pro-

duced in warm regions than in those which are colder and more temperate; and, besides this, we know that the peculiar nature of the soil, its constitution and preparation, wonderfully influence the nature of the juice when submitted to fermentation.

Heat and light evidently influence the product in a great degree. White grapes, for instance, are sweeter than purple, and this proceeds from the larger formation of sugar by the action of light and heat on the colourless and easily penetrated skin; white grapes, also, are generally superior in flavour and smell to coloured ones, which may be fairly attributed to the same potent chemical cause. Indeed, the natural components of the juice are so many, that we should be rather surprised than otherwise if the action of light and heat did not produce a decided effect; since, although we know that the principal component is water, still science also informs us that it holds in solution grape and fruit sugar, gelatine or pectin, gum, fat, wax vegetable, albumen and gluten, with extractive matters, not accurately determined; tartaric acid free, and combined with potash, as cream of tartar, partly also combined with lime; according to some, tartrate of potash and alumina, common salt, phosphate of lime, magnesia, sulphate of potash, silicic acid, oxide of manganese, oxide of iron, and some say copper. Although as yet no other ingredients have been discovered in the juice of the grape, still other materials must exist in it, which, during fermentation, impart to it the vinous smell and the particular *bouquet* which constitute the peculiar flavour of each kind of wine. In cases where, in the preparation of red wine, the skins are allowed to ferment with the juice, the elements which impart odour and flavour may be drawn from them, and also a peculiar acid (the *tannic*) is obtainable, and it is even possible to prepare lighter or darker red wines, and to impart to them more or less tannic acid in proportion, according to the quantity of the purple skins we allow to ferment in the juice. It is certain, however, that the quality of the soil (and perhaps the nature of the manure) materially determines the quality of the wine. Thus the best Burgundy comes from a clayey lime soil; champagne (genuine) from a more thorough lime soil; Hermitage from a granite, and Medoc from a sandy one, and so on. From this it may be deduced that the

nature and composition of the soil have a great deal to do with the kind of fruit produced by it; and equally true is it that *temperature* has quite as much, since it has invariably been found that in a region where the temperature of the air is not subject to great variations, but is on the whole pretty even during the development and ripening of the fruit, the quality is better, and the wine produced from it of an evener and better kind; and as the ripening of the grape by the heat of the sun is of the greatest importance, in the best vineyards the vine is kept low (seldom reaching beyond three feet in height), so that the heat reflected from the earth by day, and the warmth exhaled during night, may act upon it with full effect. It is necessary, also, in order to have the best wine to keep the different varieties of vine separate, as it has been found that a wine made from mixed grapes (however good each may be of its kind), never makes thoroughly good or sound wine. Temperature and soil, therefore, determine the quality of the grape, although it has been found that the soil may be exhausted by the vine as well as by any other plant, even though its principal ingredients, potash and lime, have been supplied artificially, since there are many continental districts which were once famous for their wines, and are now no longer so.

As to the acids contained in wine, every one knows that *tartaric acid* is the principal one; malic, acetic, and citric are also found; as also another, *racemic acid*, the wines containing much of which are both sweeter and darker than those that contain tartaric acid only, since, during fermentation, more of lime and potash are deposited from the must or juice.

Sugar in a particular form, called "grape sugar," is one of the natural constituents of the grape, and the quantity is so large in very ripe grapes as to amount to 40 per cent., although others contain a great deal less. This is of consequence, as the *alcohol* produced by the wine is the product of the fermentation of the sugar in the grape juice, and the quantity of *alcohol* must always be in exact proportion to the quantity of sugar contained in the grapes. The sweet flavour of the grapes, however, is not necessarily a test, for the genuine flavour may be masked by a large quantity of acid "cream-of-tartar," so that grapes in reality containing a great deal of sugar

need not be peculiarly distinguished by their sweet taste. In general, however, it may be considered as a fact, that in grapes "much sugar much alcohol" is the rule, and also that more flavour and aroma are possessed by such wines than in those that are weaker. As to the quantity of alcohol contained in the different kinds of wines most familiar to British palates, it may be taken for granted that the following *average* estimate is correct. In 100 parts of port wine there will be found 19 per cent. and a fraction; in sherry, 18; in Madeira, 19; in Teneriffe, 18; in Hermitage, 16; in Malaga, 15; in Lisbon, 17; in Calcavella, 16; in Cape Madeira, 16; in Bordeaux, 17; in Burgundy, 12; in champagne, 11; in tokay, 10; in Bucellas, 17; in claret (best), 10 to 12; Macon, 7; Lafitte, 8; Château Margaux, 9; and Chablis, 7. The lighter Rhine wines generally contain about 7 per cent.; but in this alcoholic estimate it must be understood that we leave ourselves a margin, since, under particular circumstances, the absolute alcohol in all wines may be increased, diminished, or modified, and therefore it is that we may sometimes have the percentage of port up to 22; that of Madeira nearly as much; that of sherry up to 21; and so on.

The aroma or *bouquet* of wines depends on the presence of *cœnanthic* ether, the formation of which in wine is preceded by the production of many fatty acids, most of which are formed in the course of time (and take time to form), and impart a peculiar kind of fragrance to old wines. This is the celebrated "bouquet." Cœnanthic ether itself is prepared in large quantities by mixing the sediment of the wine with water, and then distilling it. A weak spirit is thus procured, which is re-distilled, and towards the end of the distillation the cœnanthic ether is obtained. There are many other substances, however, which impart aroma to wine, and which either exist in it or are the products of fermentation. They do not all, of course, exist in every wine, but, in aromatic wines, one or several of them are found combined with cœnanthic ether. Among these, *acetic* ether (an ether prepared by distilling an acetic acid salt with sulphuric acid and alcohol) is the most prominent. It appears naturally in most aromatic wines, and is developed in them by time. The adulterators of wine are well acquainted with this fact, and well know how to make use of it also, since a

very few drops of it added to a bottle of non-aromatic wine give it "the genuine bouquet."

In speaking, however, of the ADULTERATION of wines, or rather of their concoction, we feel that the subject is much too large for such a paper as ours. It may be, however, that experiments and investigations are going on even now, under the superintendence of competent scientific men, which, when embodied in a "report," may enlighten the credulous public, and enable them to perceive how it happens that a vast deal more of "genuine wine" is drank by them than was ever imported from countries where the "maker" depends not on the druggist but on the vineyard, and where the wine is the product of the wine-press and the fermenting vat, and not of "wine brewers," who manage to make out a "respectable living," after a fashion which to honest Christian men, who wish "to do unto others as they would wish others to do unto them," seems to be marvellously strange, and except to themselves (and the doctor) formidably unwholesome as well.

Under the name of "blending," a system of wine-mixture is prevalent which, although it does not amount to positive adulteration, is so far fraudulent, inasmuch as those who resort to it give you, not the genuine article you require or pay for, but an inferior one made by the admixture of other wines, so artfully commingled as to pass muster for the real thing with all but connoisseurs of very accurate taste indeed. At the same time, if honestly performed with wines of equal prices, the act of "blending" has its advantages; as for example, an aromatic wine may be so mixed with one that is stronger and one that is weaker, as to make out a beverage superior to any one of the three. Many wines are thus "blended," and Bordeaux and claret perhaps more than others. If the mixture be honestly performed, there is no harm done, as there are plenty of wines, which although not very agreeable in themselves, mix very well and are improved by the process. In wines that are acid, chalk, clay, and gypsum are used to neutralize the acid; Liebig recommends the neutral "tartrate of potash;" but these are additions rather than adulterations, and may be passed over or leniently dealt with. Batilliat prescribes an opposite treatment to that of Liebig (at least in Burgundy), and recommends 15 grains of tartaric acid

to every pint and a half of that wine, by which means he states that the wine retains in a high degree its capability of bearing exportation to a warm climate. It may be observed, however, that Burgundy wines are particularly exposed to the disease (if it be one) called "bittering," although probably it is the consequence of age rather than disease, and in such cases the "bitter" may be removed by admixture with younger wines, or should this fail, Batilliat recommends that first tartaric acid and then bicarbonate of potash should be mixed with the wine; in this way he states that he has restored 8000 gallons of Burgundy which had become bitter.

It can hardly be said, perhaps, that soda, potash, or lime added to acid wine to correct its acidity, amounts to adulteration, except in so far that these additions weaken it, and sometimes require large doses of spirit in order to bring them up to their normal or natural strength. It is otherwise, however, when "sugar of lead," a deadly poison, is added, as it frequently is, although chemistry is fortunately able to detect it. Otherwise, also, is it with "made wines," which are based on raisin wine, or, cheaper still, are

prepared from the cheapest sugar, dissolved in water and mixed with ferment, to which other substances are added, in order to imitate this or that sort of wine. Crushed currants, cherries, and other fruits are employed as ferments, as also the yeast of beer. Amongst the variety of ingredients used for the fraudulent purpose of adulteration, we find logwood, brazil-wood, poppy, elder, dwarf-elder, bilberries, and so on, while ceananthic ether and acetic ether are used among other things to give it the "bouquet." The first, however, is too dear for general use, and therefore acetic ether and other aromatics, well known to "wine brewers," are substituted in its place. In conclusion, we may add, that as "good wine needs no bush," so will it always bring a reasonable price, and our readers may take our word for it, that low-priced wines, particularly if sold by auction or "at a tremendous sacrifice," never can be either genuine or safe. In fact, those who indulge in such "cheap and nasty" luxuries, may always look out for disordered digestion and a long apothecary's bill at Christmas, which, by dealing with trustworthy and reputable wine merchants, they might have saved. J.R.

CONTENT.

LET us partake of the glad feast, if round
 Our present paths be Fortune's dainties spread;
 Yet with such temperance that, if withdrawn,
 We shall not hunger madly. Sometimes joy
 Pours over us in sweetest fulness, like
 A sudden burst of golden sheen escaped
 From the dark home of summer showers, to freight
 With odorous breath of some fair garden near
 The slow-wing'd zephyrs, proudly conscious of
 The priceless load they carry. Or if now
 A softening shadow soothe the sunny glare,
 Oh, 'tis not dismal; it is only meet,
 And bids the radiant moments of a life
 Stand out the richer. 'Tis as generous sleep,
 That leaves to-morrow's strength, and makes delight
 More freshly vivid—more to be enjoyed.

R. EDWYN MILLROY.

CAROLINE HARRINGTON.

CHAPTER I.

THE REVELATION.

ABOUT two hours after the first indications of daybreak, as the gorgeous and many-hued clouds heralding the sun's approach were casting splendid and fiery tints of red and gold on high hills and waving tree-tops, leaving the valleys and the lower growth of vegetation still in a light, silvery mist of silence, save for the occasional twitter of a bird or the soft murmur of some rain-swollen brook among the bushes, two persons—a man and a woman—slowly and wearily traversed a small, secluded country lane, shaded by arching trees and thick hedge-rows, leading to the rural town of D—. One glance at the apparel and faces of these wayfarers was sufficient for an observer to class them among that vast body termed tramps. The man was of the middle height, and rather strongly built, with black hair and a dark unshaven beard, which gave anything but a pleasing expression to a face rendered, at the present moment, yet more unprepossessing by a dogged look of fierce determination, as if his brain were busy with some deep-rooted purpose, to accomplish which he had solemnly sworn. His attire was as nearly like that of an itinerant tinker as anything, though he carried no implements necessary for that trade—a napless bent hat, a short velveteen coat, high-low boots, knee breeches, and a dirty piece of linen around his throat and over his chest, called by courtesy a shirt and shirt-collar. He walked with a slouching gait, his hands thrust in his pockets, by his companion's side, who was evidently his wife, and some six years his junior. She was tidily but poorly clad, for, as the fresh morning breeze stirred around her, she pulled with a shiver a thin threadbare shawl more closely about her thin figure.

Her face had once been good looking, but was now pale and careworn, while a look of doubt and fear passed occasionally over it as she cast a furtive, timid glance from time to time up at the angry countenance of her lord and master. They had proceeded in this manner for some hours in silence, when they suddenly came on a stile placed in a gap in the hedge, around the foot of which was a

small patch of fresh green grass. Here the man stopped abruptly and looked for a moment over the neighbouring fields.

"Yes," he muttered, "there is the cussed town at last; there's the church spire glittering like goold in the sunlight, looking as innercent of it's not being the true metal, but only brass and dross, as some of them there hypocritical parsons. Here, Meg, we'll have breakfast. Heaven knows we need it, after tramping it all night."

"Yes, the walk has been a long one," the woman meekly answered, as, placing a bundle which she had been carrying on the grass, she seated herself beside it, and untying the corners began to take therefrom some bread, a piece of bacon, a tin bottle of cold tea, a smaller one of spirit slightly diluted, and a drinking-cup of the same. The man meanwhile had taken a seat on the step of the stile, and now, having cut off, by the means of his clasped knife, a huge slice of bread and bacon, began disposing of them in a methodical yet hungry air.

The woman having also helped herself, though more moderately, the two discussed their morning's meal as they had their walk in silence, until the man broke it, saying—

"Meg, pass the drink."

His wife uncorked the larger bottle, and pouring some of its contents into the cup, passed it to him. He raised it to his lips, but before the liquid could more than have touched them, he drew it back, exclaiming, with an oath—

"Why do you give a fellow such trash as that? Pass the rum; that's the only tippie for a man who's on such a bis'ness as mine."

The woman gazed at him wistfully as she complied, then ventured to say—

"Oh, James, take care! don't, pray don't be rash!"

"Rash!" he echoed. "What do yer call rash? Having yer revenge? The poor man on the rich? It's common sense and Christian justice, it is, not rashness."

"But think; are you right, James, in what you are about to do?" still pleaded his companion, timidly, while he swallowed no small portion of the contents of the bottle.

"Right! Yes. But was *he* right—

that fine young spark, yonder rector's son," and he pointed over the fields, "in deceiving my daughter—my darling—my Mary? in casting a slur on the gem of *my* home? for poor men have their household jewels like the rich, only the casket is less gaudy. No; and I swore his death, and would have had it, too, only *you* prevented me," he added, almost fiercely; "but I waited my time. I know'd it would come. I waited patiently till he married—till he, too, had a child he loved, then—*then* my revenge began—you know how; and now I'm only goin' to complete it. He's dead, was luck, but if they can see from the other world what's goin' on in this—as some scholars say—it shall be a bitter sting to him—curse him and his!"

Tears stood in the woman's eyes, while darker clouds of fear contracted her brow as she sat, with tightly-clasped hands, watching the excited yet fierce and determined passion of her husband.

He continued:

"Yes, Mary, you shall be avenged—I've sworn it; and this here paper shall be wus than daggers to one or two busums." And drawing a sheet of note-paper from his pocket with something written upon it, he unfolded it, and slowly smoothed it out across his knee. It's yer own writing, Mary, and pretty it is, quite like a born lady's; yer hand trembled, though, for yer didn't like to do it, but I made yer. I was never cross or firm with yer till then, and I swore, as yer had robbed me of his life, I would have this revenge, whatever it might cost. Ha! ha! and now the rector shall see it."

"But, James,"—and rising, the woman placed a thin hand on the man's knee—"supposing—supposing it was not true?"

"Not true! What do yer mean?" he growled.

"That paper."

The words were faintly spoken, but he heard them. Springing up with a sudden bound, and almost a howl, he caught the woman by the wrist, and hissed out—

"What do yer say? That Mary—*my* Mary would—that she has deceived me?"

"Oh, James, don't look so. No, no; for heaven's sake, don't strike me," as the man rose his clenched hand menacingly in the air. "Your words may often have been harsh, but you have never given me a blow. Oh, don't do it now." And, cowering, she clung to his knees.

Then he muttered—"Say this paper is true!"

"I—I cannot—Mary couldn't do it. She felt she was dying—she did it for the best."

For a moment the man stood silent, like a baffled tiger. But why need we go to the feline race for a simile? No description is more terrible than that he stood, a passionate, wronged man, suddenly deprived of the revenge for which for years he had been thirsting—a revenge he felt he held firmly in his grasp at the very moment it slipped from it.

"Dying!" he cried, hoarsely; "and didn't I know she was dying, and for love of him, the villain! and didn't I say for her I'd have this revenge? And I will," he added, fiercely—"I will. By heaven yer shan't rob me of it," and he seized her roughly by the shoulder, while his other hand rose in the air; this time it grasped the clasped knife, its bright blade glittering in the sunlight, that now inundated all nature. "Swear!" he cried, hoarsely, quivering with passion—"swear this paper is true—that you have lied! Do you hear? Swear!"

"James!" shrieked the woman. "Oh, in mercy, do not even harbour the thought of so foul a deed," and she shrank to the ground in terror.

"I tell you, swear and live, or by the blessed heaven I'll murder you. I will have my revenge. I have longed—I have thirsted for it, and I'll have it! Swear."

His wife gazed earnestly into the man's eyes, and trembling saw the determination of a wronged man—but no pity. She opened her mouth once more to expostulate, but he stopped her.

"Swear!" he repeated.

And she did.

"That's well," he muttered, dropping the knife. "Now tell me how it happened, curse you! Ah, she was not your daughter——"

"I loved her as one," said the woman, meekly.

"Bah! Tell me how you two managed, or tried to baulk me of my revenge; for I'll have it, I'll have it still."

She was about to speak, when he stopped her, saying—

"Here, come closer. Hedges are more likely to have ears than walls," and bending down close to the woman's mouth, he added, fiercely—"Now, whisper."

The tale was not long, but during its recital the man's face portrayed many passions; he bit his lips, and growled fiercely as word after word fell on his

ear. When it was ended, he sprang up, exclaiming—

"So she wouldn't, after all, part with her own, then; and yer wanted to cheat me, did you? But it wont do. Like most meddling women, they only make matters worse for themselves and better for others. This is a sweet addition to my revenge. Ha! ha! ha! But mind," he added, stopping abruptly in his hoarse chuckling, and turning on the woman, "if you ever break your oath, I'll murder yer, though I swing for it."

"You know you are safe with me, James," she replied, sadly.

"Well, that's right; I believe it, and only wish yer hadn't been such an idiot as to take the girl's part against me in her mad vagary. But now pack up, and then yer can remain here till I return. We may have to decamp speedily. I'm off to the town to reckonoiter and get an interview with the parson."

CHAPTER II.

THE TRAMP'S DISCLOSURE.

THE clock belonging to the little church of D— had just struck twelve, when three persons, chatting pleasantly, came along a narrow footpath, leading by a short cut from the town across the fields to the rectory.

It was the rector himself, a fine, hale old man, of over sixty, with mild, benevolent-looking eyes, a cheery smile, and hair like snow. By his side was his granddaughter. She was not much over eighteen, with still the charming blush of early maidenhood about her, and a flood of golden, curling hair, that cast wondrous and soul-entrancing shadows in the pure azure depths of her eyes. She leaned on the arm of a gentleman some four years her senior, and the possessor of a good-tempered, handsome face, dark hair, and moustache, a tall, well-proportioned, manly figure, and, more priceless than all, the love of his fair companion.

Their progress from one field to another was earnestly watched by one individual—our friend of the last chapter.

He sat upon a stile that gave entrance into the field but one before the path reached the rectory, apparently most earnestly employed in the interesting occupation of whittling an alder stick; but his dark eyes were ever and anon glancing

up under their heavy brows at the approaching trio.

On they came. He knew they must pass over the stile on which he sat. Suddenly he bent his head still lower, and whittled away as earnestly as if dear life depended on the task being speedily accomplished. He felt they were in the field near him, and he waited eagerly for them to speak.

He was soon gratified. A kind voice, clear and full in tone, presently fell on his ear,

"Now, my man, if you are not too busily engaged, we shall be glad if you will move for a moment and allow us to pass."

The tramp raised his eyes with a clownish stare. All ferocity, all anger had vanished. The only expression on the rough, dirty, unshaven face was one of boorish simplicity.

"Eh? Well, I'm not over busy, and I can move, if that's it;" and slowly suiting the action to the word, he slid off the rail, and drew on one side.

The younger gentleman advanced to assist the lady over, and while doing so they exchanged a smile at the fellow's uncouthness, not unperceived by the tramp, and a vindictive light shone for an instant in his eyes.

As the rector was about to follow, the man suddenly laid his hand on his arm, and said—

"You be the rector, ben't yer, sir?"

"Yes, my good fellow; do you want anything with me?"

"Yes. I've been a-looking for yer all the morning, sir. I've summut to tell yer."

"Well, proceed, I will listen."

"I'd rather, if it's all the same to you, sir, be without witnesses."

"Oh, certainly. Pray, Caroline, my love, and Edward, step on, I will soon overtake you—yet, stay, is your business likely to take long to relate, my friend?"

"Well, it may, and it mayn't. It's all according to sarcumstances."

"If that be the case, come up in half an hour's time to the Rectory, when I shall have more time to give you. I will leave word for you to be admitted."

"Thank you, sir, you're very kind, I'll be sure to come, you may be certain of that."

As Mr. Harrington crossed the stile and hurried after his companions the man stood for a moment motionless and silent, then he muttered, "She's like him; yes, there's no doubt she's his; but she

has golden hair like Mary's—it's not a bit more beautifuller, and she dared to laugh at me; she and that fine young swell, sweethearts, I s'pose? Ah! I'll spoil that little game. Curse them both—but curse her for her likeness to—to—her father."

And raising his clenched hands, he shook them after the retreating objects of his hate, while his strong white teeth ground fiercely together, then he resumed his seat on the stile and his occupation of whittling.

Here he remained till the neighbouring clock told him the half hour had elapsed, upon which he slowly closed his knife, put it in his pocket, flung the stick he had been taking so much pains with into the hedge, coolly brushed his knees with his hand, cast his legs over the stile, and, putting his hands in his pockets, went whistling, softly, towards the rectory to keep his appointment.

On ringing at the door, the tramp found himself expected, and was ushered at once into the study, where the rector sat, a kindly, encouraging smile on his face adapted to win the confidence of man, woman, and child alike.

The man was for an instant taken aback by the genial aspect of him it was his intention so grievously to harm; but, quickly recovering himself by recalling his own bitter wrong, he carefully closed the door behind him, and taking the chair, placed ready, sat down calmly and silently facing the rector, twisting his old hat slowly between his begrimed hands.

"Well," began Mr. Harrington, rather surprised at the oddness and ease of his visitor's manner, "I believe you had some business to communicate to me—upon which to ask my advice. Pray proceed, I have now leisure to listen."

"Humph! Perhaps I'm mistaken, sir, but I don't think as how the word *advice* was mentioned at all?"

"No; you are right. Pardon me, but so many of my parishioners come to me for that commodity, that, seeing no other way in which I can have anything to do with your business, I attributed your visit to the same cause."

"A'course, but I've come on the part of a friend," said the tramp, entering at once into the subject—"a friend that is dead. He was a true friend was James, but a terrible hater; when he did *hate*, it was hate as strong and unquenchable as the flames of—"

"Excuse me, I cannot admit such language here," interposed the rector.

"Ah, I forgot you're a parson. Well, still it was true. Now, a young man as called hisself a gentleman, did him—that is, one of his family who was dearer to him than life—a great wrong, and so James hated him, and swore revenge."

"The old story," murmured the rector, with a sigh.

"He swore he'd have the villain's life—but she—her as was deceived, and another prayed and begged and so badgered him, that he had to forego that style of retribution, but he swore another which I think wusser than the first."

"And what was it?" asked his listener; "you appear making a confession. Was this man yourself?"

"Myself!" repeated the man sharply, then suddenly, with a short laugh, "myself, sir; no, but it's the way James told it on his death-bed, when he made me swear to carry out that which has brought me here."

"And what is it?"

"Listen, sir, and I'll come to it: I must go straight forrard."

"Then do so."

"Well, James, baulked of one revenge, waited patiently—yes, patiently, for he knew his time must come—for another. This young spark, who had heartlessly robbed a poor girl of her brightest ornament—her honour, not a month after married another whose position, of course, compelled all things to be honourable. It was the death-blow of the other one; but her father thought of nothing now but revenge; he had lost his trade in striving for it; he was ruined, for he followed this man about like his shadow more nor ten months, then he laid a plan. Would yer like to know what it was, sir?"

"You are here, I suspect, for the purpose of telling me?"

"Yes, you're right. Well, at the end of those months there was another inmate in both the grand man's house and the wretched father's hovel. One was dressed in fine linen, the other in rags. It drove James mad to see it; yet he laughed, for his revenge had arrived. He dogged the house, like a thief—as he was—and once, when the nurse, in her flaunting ribbons, took her small charge for an airing, in its muslins and scarlet clothing, this man felled her to the ground from behind a tree, and fled with the child."

"Great heaven! what do you mean?" cried the rector, springing to his feet, his face blanched, and every limb quivering.

"Oh, my story is growing interesting. I thought it would," said the tramp, calmly.

"Man! what dare you insinuate? What lie are you about to utter? The child was restored."

"A child—your *son's* child; but the one who had an outcast for a mother. They both took after the father, and had the mother's golden hair."

The old rector had fallen back into his chair, and buried his face in his hands. The tramp stood and watched him triumphantly. Suddenly the former arose, and in a broken voice said—

"Man, this is a lie, I see, to extort money; you would find it difficult to produce proofs to what you say; the act you have just stated is criminal, if true, and will incur for the perpetrator transportation, and—and, therefore, you would not dare to confess it."

"I am not the guilty party. I have told you the *perpetrator* is *dead*."

"Then, where are your proofs? You say the man is dead; your tale is a lie; you dare not say that yonder young lady is not my granddaughter? For the love of heaven have pity, and say you lie! I will pay you well," and he clasped his hands beseechingly together.

"I dare *not* say she is not your grandchild, for she is."

"Ah, I knew it; you are poor, and have invented this tale to——"

"She is your grandchild, truly, but *not* by your son's wife."

"Your proofs, your proofs," gasped the old man.

"Here—James gave them me the last thing"—and he drew the sheet of paper from his pocket.

The rector grasped it, and with shaking hands, and confused sight, read its contents.

It was a confession that the children had been changed.

"And these signatures," he asked, passing his hand confusedly over his head.

"Are James's, his wife's, and daughter's."

"Why—why if this be true, was it not produced before?" suddenly demanded the rector, with a flash of hope, as drowning men catch at straws. "Ah, answer that."

"Because James, to make his revenge more complete, waited till the child had firmly entwined herself round her father's heart before he struck the blow. Suddenly your son died and robbed him of part of his revenge; then he waited till the girl had grown to love, and had become dear to others."

"Fiend, how devilish was his plan!" groaned the old man, wringing his hands in grief.

"You have not once thought of your *other* granddaughter—the rightful one in the world's eyes," said the man, with cruel composure.

"Ah, where—where is she?" cried his victim, eagerly. "Remedy some of the evil this man has done by telling me that."

The man hesitated a moment—should he tell the truth that the other child had died when but a few months old? No; that sounded like pity, and he would not harbour it; none had been felt for Mary. He answered—

"I cannot, for now I don't know; but a year back, while you were fostering the duplicate, she was a tramp, with the fields for her home."

At this terrible climax, the rector, with a sharp cry, fell forward on the table, his face buried between his outstretched arms.

The man looked quietly at him, then, approaching, touched his shoulder. He had fainted. On ascertaining this, he took up his hat and went to the door; before passing out he turned, and muttered—

"Yes; you may keep the confession. It will work; you are far too honourable to marry her without disclosing all; and you'll cause your own grandchild's misery. Mary, you are well avenged."

CHAPTER III.

CAROLINE HARRINGTON.

A VERY different scene to that described in the preceding chapter, was at the same time taking place in the little shrubbery at the bottom of the rectory garden. Edward Newton and Caroline Harrington were there together, and the former was pleading earnestly a cause that had frequently been brought by him on the tapis before.

"Dear Caroline, have you no pity? How long will you have me plead thus in vain?"

For the last two months I have besought you to name the day for our union, and you always find some means, or rather words, to evade a decided answer."

"My grandfather, Edward," began the young girl, a slight blush tinging her averted cheek.

"Your grandfather! it is always your grandfather," exclaimed Edward Newton, with a slightly petulant tone; "you know, Caroline, that I respect—that I love him as you do; but surely I am, or rather ought to be, more to you than he. Do you think twenty grandfathers should keep me one day from you? Yet your excuse is ever, 'My dear grandfather has been so kind, I do not like to seem to hurry to leave him.' Did he know this was the cause of the delay, I believe he would be justly offended."

"Remember, Edward dear, his age is great—he is near seventy."

"But still hale and hearty. May his years yet be many. And would you leave the parting till he is weak and feeble? Fancy what would it be then. Better let him, while he is strong, learn to look on our home as his own. But perhaps, Caroline, you intend waiting till his death? Till we are grown a grey-haired, elderly couple?"

The bright blue eyes glanced archly up into his, and then the cherry lips parted with a sweet, rippling, merry laugh, in which Edward soon joined.

"Caroline, dearest, it is no jesting matter, though," he speedily proceeded; "and if you continue so perverse, I—I—why, I shall fancy you do not love me."

"Not love you, Edward?" And the bright eyes were again bent on his, but now they were dimmed with tears.

"Forgive me, darling!" he cried, catching her in his arms. "My words were harsh. No, no; I could never doubt a love so pure as yours. What in this world could part us, wait as long as we might?"

"Nothing," she said, faintly but firmly, as her golden curls rested on his shoulder.

"But, dearest, we shall *not* wait so very long, shall we?" he asked, in a coaxing tone. "Will you not name the day?"

"No," she answered, smiling at his rapid return to the charge. "But do not look so grim, sir; I will give you permission to ask my grandfather to do so. Let him name it, and be it soon or late, I will abide by it."

"Heaven bless you, Caroline. He will be unable to withstand my prayers; so hold yourself prepared for an early date. May I go to him now?"

"Yes, Mr. Impetuous."

"But he has that strange-looking fellow with him."

"No; I saw him leave a quarter of an hour ago."

"Ah, cruel one; you are not so anxious as I am. Stay here—I will soon be back."

And running across the lawn, he entered by the French windows into the dining-room, and proceeded from thence to the study.

It was well a quarter of an hour had elapsed since the departure of his unwelcome visitor, for it had given Mr. Harrington time to recover both his senses and composure, and with them came the thought, as he caught sight of the young people in the garden, that now their union was impossible; for he was too honourable to conceal, if he could, the true birth of Caroline, and he knew Edward Newton's father was a stern, proud man, who with difficulty had been brought to consent to his son's marriage with a rector's grandchild. He had read and re-read the confession signed by those three wronged people, and each time felt convinced that what he had heard was true. His first idea that it might be for the purpose of extorting money had wholly been dispelled, for the informer had left without hinting such a thing, and without leaving the least trace by which to find him. No, it was true—terribly true—A truth that he dared not conceal from some persons, and perhaps not even from the world, for now it was his duty to search for his other, his rightful grandchild, who had been thus cruelly cast on the world.

As he had reached thus far in his meditations, a tap was given on the door. Almost unconsciously he said, "Come in," and Edward Morton's happy, manly face, a picture of smiles, appeared.

"May I come in, sir, or do I disturb you? I trust not, as I am burning with impatience to explain my business."

"No, no; come in. I—I wished to see you, Edward. Close the door, and be seated."

Edward did so; then for the first time noticed a change in the rector.

"But you are ill, sir," he exclaimed. "The walk has been too much for you under such a sun. I will defer what I

have to say to another time. Pray lie down; you are quite pale."

"No, my young friend, remain where you are. I am perfectly well; that is, pay no heed to me, but go on."

"It was about my marriage with Caroline that I wished to consult you, sir," said the young man, looking down.

"I feared so," exclaimed the rector, with a sigh.

"Feared, sir!"

"Yes; because—be calm, my dear boy—I now fear it is impossible."

"Impossible! never, sir—never; what can this mean?"

"I asked you to be calm; pray be so for my sake, and listen."

The young man, now pale in his turn, resumed his seat, and tried patiently to pay attention.

"The business that brought that tramp we met this morning to D—— and to me was of far greater importance than I imagined."

The old man's voice trembled, but steadying it with an effort, he proceeded—

"You have no doubt heard, while visiting our family, that my son's child, when not three month's old——"

"You mean Caroline?"

The rector merely bent his head, and went on.

"Was stolen from her nurse, by whom was never known."

"No, sir, but she was speedily found again, or rather she was returned late at night."

"A child was returned!" cried the old man, starting up, no longer able to master his emotion, the tears rolling down his cheeks—"but not the true one; great God! they had been changed, and she who is called Caroline Harrington is my son's child by a fallen woman," and burying his grey head in his hands, the rector sobbed aloud.

"Just Heaven!" exclaimed Edward Morton, staggering back as from a blow.

For a moment he was stunned, silent, then he said—

"Sir, this is impossible. Where are the proofs?"

"Here. It was done, as here stated, for revenge," and he handed him the paper. "God forgive me for saying it, but my son's character was not such as to make me disbelieve it. It is, I feel, but too true."

"Then let it be. Why should it sepa-

rate us? Surely you cannot think so meanly of me, sir, as to believe I love Caroline for anything but her own dear, priceless self. Nothing in this world shall part us."

"Well and nobly spoken, Edward," said the rector, placing his hands affectionately on the young man's shoulders. "The words came direct from the heart: you are as noble and as generous as I thought you. I did not look for change *here*; but your father—will *he* be so charitable?"

The young man's colour came and went, then he answered—

"Need he ever know it, sir?"

"Yes, for many reasons, my dear boy; and one is, Caroline, though a poor woman's daughter, has been educated in a right and honourable path, and she must not enter a family to be made miserable by the heavy cloud of a hidden secret constantly depressing her, poor child, with the dread that at any moment it may be discovered."

"Then, sir, let my father refuse, I am of age to act for myself."

"Again, impossible, my poor boy. If I know Caroline rightly, she will not subject herself to the indignity of forcing herself into a family to be despised and looked down upon by them."

"Oh, no—never," said a voice, and Caroline Harrington suddenly appeared at the open glass door, pale, almost haggard, and sadly changed. The communication intended for her lover's ears alone had by accident reached hers. What wonder that her merry, happy face was thus altered? Her voice was firm and distinct, yet it would rise almost to a cry, as if the agonized heart strove to assert its supremacy over the firm will. To see the young girl thus was terrible.

"He is right, Edward—dear Edward. It is as he says; our marriage can never be. I will be true to your teaching, dear, dear grandfather, for oh, pray let me call you by that loved name a little while still, though I dare not rightly claim to do so. Edward, do not speak," she cried, beseechingly, "for the love of Heaven, do not. I must—I will be firm. Oh, grandfather, help me to be so, and pray to God for me that my heart may not break." And sinking forward, she fell fainting into the old man's outstretched arms.

THE SIEGE OF MALTA.

WHEN Solymon, Sultan of Turkey, had resolved to extirpate the Knights of Malta, pursuant to his ultimate design of taking vengeance on Philip II. of Spain for the loss which he had suffered in the reduction of the (as he supposed) impregnable Penon de Valez, and for the hostility which the Spaniards had visited upon the Morescoes, to which may be added the incentive of radical religious differences, for the depredations which those famous warriors had visited upon his commerce, he gave the command of his fleet to Piali, and that of his land forces to Mustapha. Having equipped all of the ships in his empire, to which were united the corsairs of Hascum and Dragut, vice-roys of Algiers and Tripoli, he ordered them to repair to the siege of Malta.

The Christian powers on the Mediterranean, having heard of his extensive preparations, were in doubt as to the destination of the Turkish fleet; but it appearing from the report of spies that it was bound for Malta, the grand master called immediately upon the Catholic king, the Pope, and the other Christian princes, for their aid in withstanding their common enemy, the Infidels. These powers were under no small obligation to the Knights, who had made it a part of the faith which they held in unity with these powers, to destroy them upon every occasion which presented the opportunity. But, to their disgrace, these powers discovered an ungrateful hesitancy in responding to this demand, save Philip, and even he, the historian relates, was actuated by motives not wholly engendered by a sense of honour, and whose tardiness was well nigh fatal to the cause which he professed to zealously espouse, and upon which the Knights of Malta relied for success.

About the middle of May, three hundred years ago, the Turkish fleet arrived in sight of Malta, with a strength of upwards of 40,000, composed chiefly of janissaries and serapis, the bravest troops of the Ottoman empire.

John de la Valette, the master-spirit of the defence, commands our highest admiration for his intrepid efforts in inspiring every aspect with the buoyancy of hope, if, indeed, we consider that the Latin Church, perverted as it is, and which, at that time, offered its most revolting front

to history in its extensive growth of inquisitorial courts whose familiars swarmed throughout Europe, spying upon those whose enlightenment was punished at the stake, inasmuch as this struggle assumed a religious phase, was more meritorious than that against which they consecrated their arms. The troops at his disposal to stay this tide of destruction, which set so furiously against his little sea-washed isle, amounted to only 700 knights and 8500 soldiers, which flattered Solymon into the egregious error that it was an easy conquest to his janissaries and serapis, who, under their distinguished commanders, were accustomed to victory.

The Turks landed at some distance from Il Borgo, and, unresisted, devastated the defenceless territory; but they now drew near a goal which was calculated to deceive those who entertained the fantasy that an easy victory awaited them.

Mustapha, in view of the Spanish forces daily expected to relieve the enemy, counselled an immediate attack upon St. Elmo. This was a fort deriving much of its strength, as well as importance, from its natural advantages. It was situated on a narrow neck of land which was washed on either side by important harbours; it was accessible only over a road which was either bare rock or thinly covered with gravel, and, in the rear, communications with Il Borgo were protected by the forts St. Angelo and St. Michael.

The basha, to secure himself a safer approach to St. Elmo, caused to be erected a parapet of heavy timber, covered toward the fort with a mixture of earth, straw, and rushes, to receive the enemy's missiles. Here he planted his heaviest guns and prepared for the siege.

The governor of St. Elmo delegated a member of the fort to convey intelligence to La Valette, the grand master, that the place could not sustain an action for a great length of time; the messenger represented, in exaggerated colouring, the information that the fort could not withstand the siege for more than a week. La Valette, in his reply, administered a rebuke, although convinced that it could not, with its limited capacity for sustaining troops, remain long in the possession of the Order; but he was none the less

impressed with the policy of holding it, even at a great sacrifice, till the arrival of the viceroy of Sicily, who had been instructed by the King of Spain to represent the kingdom, in response to the call of the grand master. He concluded, in view of the necessities of the case, to head in person a body of reinforcements; but being dissuaded by the importunities of the Knights, he consented to intrust its charge to De Medran, in whom he placed implicit confidence.

Stung by the rebuke, and encouraged by their new accessions, the garrison sallied forth upon the offensive, dealing consternation to the unwarned foe; but having recovered from their surprise, the Turks turned upon their assailants, who were discomfited by a perverse wind which blew the smoke so as to obscure the enemy, and drove them within the walls. When the smoke cleared away, what was the dismay of the Knights to discover that the Turks had planted a battery in such juxtaposition as to compromise much the security of the fort. It was, unquestionably, a doubtful advantage which the Christians obtained by quitting their works, as they now found it necessary for a greater vigilance to be called into action.

The tireless infidels having discovered a gun-port but a few feet from the ground, well nigh made themselves masters of the cavaliers by means of ladders. But after slaughtering many Christians, the garrison, aroused from sleep and inspired by their sense of danger, compelled, by the fury of their assault, the Turks to retire into the ravelin. The conflict was now renewed upon the part of the janissaries, and the contest raged with unabated vigour from daylight till noon, when the besiegers were forced to withdraw. About a hundred and twenty soldiers and Knights were killed at a cost of nearly three thousand to the enemy.

The situation of the fort was now grown critical. Mustapha held the ravelin, and, conscious of its significance to the foe, whose attempts to regain it were strenuous, filled up the ranks as fast as the desperate struggles thinned them. La Valette sent reinforcements; still the infidels persevered in battering breaches in the walls. Fearing lest Mustapha would attempt to effect his purpose by storming, the faltering Knights applied a second time to the grand master, recommending a desertion of the works.

La Valette, in opposition to the majority

of his council, held, though regretting the fate which awaited his brothers in the Order, that the place must not be evacuated, and called upon the defenders to execute their vow, if necessary, which bound them to sacrifice their lives for the welfare and perpetuity of the Order. He also determined to follow soon his reply in person, and fall in the common cause of Christianity. Such was the grand master, who withstood, alone and unsupported, as we might say, the whole Infidel forces, and who declared his fealty to the cause in so determined a manner—a manner not weakened by faltering acts—as to inspire courage into the most craven heart.

Some murmured at this response, and fifty-three of the malcontents addressed him a letter, in which they expressed the purpose that, unless on the next night he sent boats to take them away, they would seek sudden death without the shelter of the fort. To this letter he replied by sending three commissioners to examine the tenability of the works, and explaining to the disaffected soldiery their paramount duty to the organization, and the futility of sacrificing their lives to no good end, which were now so needful to sustain the defence against the enemies of their holy faith. Two of these commissioners concurred in pronouncing it untenable, but the third, Constantine Castriot, esteemed the fort far from being reduced. To guarantee his good faith he offered to attempt its defence with what soldiers the dangerous post would voluntarily command.

La Valette gladly accepted the offer, and, with consummate address, informed the hitherto clamorous Knights that they might now obtain their discharge; that he would relieve them by another garrison; and also promising them facilities for transportation to Il Borgo. "You, my brethren," concluded he, "may be in greater safety here, and I shall then feel less anxiety for the preservation of the fort."

Conscious of the infamy that would await them upon their return, and stung by the latent expression of the letter, they resolved to only quit the fort when called to face the enemy. The grand master, to try their feelings, intimated that willing troops were preferable to those who were mutinous. This answer greatly affected the Knights, and they humbled themselves still more till La Valette gladly receded from his rigour.

Having now consecrated themselves for

the immolation, and more troops having come to their relief, operations were resumed. An invention productive of great mischief to the enemy was resorted to by the fertile genius of the besieged. Hoops were constructed of very combustible material, and ignited and thrown among the Turks as they were crowding to the assault. These were calculated to clasp a few of them together, and, in the confusion, to render relief impossible, and a horrid death probable.

For a month the engagement was daily renewed, and Mustapha was as frequently repulsed. On the 16th of July, intent upon a grand, overwhelming assault, the Turkish fleet was drawn up near the fort, supported by 4000 musketeers and archers in the earthworks. The Turks attempted to rush in at the breaches, now filled up with the invincible Christian soldiery. But the immense number of the former defeated the end they sought by so great a force. The cannon belched forth a broad-sweeping desolation among the assailants for six hours; the enemy were terrified almost beyond control of the officers, till, at length, Mustapha was mortified in having, without gaining any advantage by the slaughter which his command had sustained, to recall them.

Mustapha despairing, after this sanguinary resistance to his arms, of subduing the garrison so long as communication was kept open with the town by which the attenuated ranks were supplied with fresh troops, resolved, as his surest resort, to extend his works across the neck and connect with the harbour in the rear. This work was executed with much difficulty and loss. At this time Dragut, the most accomplished naval officer of the Ottoman empire, was killed. Great as was this loss, Mustapha did not hesitate, but seemed with every new adversity to strengthen in his purpose of encompassing the Christians with ruin.

Having rendered, by this precautionary expedient, the reception of supplies from the town impossible, he again renewed the assault. The four spirited attacks which were made upon the 21st of July were repulsed by the Knights and soldiers, displaying, in the words of our author (Watson), "a degree of prowess and fortitude which almost exceeds belief, and is beyond the power of description."

Intelligence having been conveyed to the grand master of the perilous situation of the fortress, troops were despatched to the rescue; but they were forced to re-

turn, leaving the little garrison weak but determined, faced with certain destruction, yet prepared to meet it heroically. It commands our deepest admiration to see, even through the film of distance, that little band, undaunted, cooped up within that fiery furnace awaiting that doom which was drawing nearer and nearer, and which heralded its dreadful approach with a pageantry at once terrible and sublime; to see them with the blazing canopy showering death down upon their uncovered heads; to see them, having only to regret their former cowardice, adding to their already resplendent laurels. A prouder moment does not come to the historian—a moment more replete with the fulness of joy than can ever be known to the fictionist, as he lingers with enchanted pen upon such scenes; and yet, when followed by those which are revolting to our more refined sense of enlightenment, he painfully discharges his duty.

Having spent the night which witnessed the blasting of every hope of relief in prayer, they bade each other affectionate adieus, and repaired to their death-posts. To throw themselves upon the mercy of a foe which indeed knew no mercy to the persecutors of their faith, was not for a moment entertained by those who were wedded to the Romish church. The wounded and disabled, at their request, were placed where sure death might meet them. St. Elmo was attacked upon the 23rd of July, 1505, which day saw the Infidel flag flaunting triumphantly over its ramparts, so soon to be struck in disgrace and be replaced by the standard of St. John. The resistance which its handful of defenders made provoked rather the rage of the Turks than incited their admiration, and, after an unparalleled struggle of four hours, nothing was left but the broken walls to urge resistance to the overwhelming foe. Supremely grand was the terrific display which its heights commanded amidst the fiercest of the strife! A multitude of swaying human beings actuated by a maddened revenge, hurtling one against the other, stretching away, whilst those more closely drawn to its sides were in numbers joined in fiery chains, and in the embrace of their blazing bonds expired with the wildest shrieks of agony! St. Elmo, wrapped in fire, arrayed in its funereal pall of lowering smoke, became the prey of the Turks.

Mustapha surveyed the scene of his

dear-bought victory with feelings no doubt adverse to those which flattered him upon his arrival. Brutal indeed were the means by which he sought to carry consternation to Il Borgo; all that had been found yet alive were ripped open, and, with the holy symbol of their faith gashed upon their bodies, they were thrown into the harbour, and winds and tides invoked to beat these messengers to the gates, to inform the town of the fall of St. Elmo.

But a period awaited the siege of Malta which reflected more disgrace upon Mustapha than one hundred victories could efface.

La Valette looked out upon the harbour now filled with the floating bodies, horribly gashed, of the gallant defenders of St. Elmo, but no one could read his reflections as he viewed those dead-freighted waves depositing their burden upon the beach; no matter what his acts may have been when suggested by such an inspiration, for they were no index by which to read his heart.

We are informed by the historian that he dissembled his true feelings that the Knights and soldiers might not see in him a cowardly exemplar. But it is not impossible that the grand master looked unmoved upon those whose dress and sacred wounds alone betrayed them to have been bound to him by the endearing ties of the Order. His retaliation, however, is not in accordance with our finer conceptions of right, but who will question the justness of *war-expedients*? La Valette was the master-spirit of the defence, and he evinced himself not unworthy his station. For had he been less decided, and succumbed to the importunities of his subordinates, indeed the siege of Malta would have been of short duration; no Spanish forces that would have been sent could have retrieved the advantage that would have been lost by a cowardly precipitation. And thus to him may we ascribe the glory of the long masterly defence which kept an enemy, thirsting for Christian blood, at bay, and which made an ultimate recovery practicable; which indeed made the Turkish triumph but preparatory to an indelible disgrace. La Valette's emotions of sorrow soon hardened, and he ordered his captives to be decapitated and their heads shot from the cannon's mouth into the enemy's camp. The significance of this act, in part, may justify its commission, though it would be more in harmony with

our ideal to believe him incapable of perpetrating such an offence. The object which Mustapha aimed to accomplish in forwarding those ghastly dead to Il Borgo was to intimidate the place into submission; the return which La Valette made was designed to bespeak an unwavering disposition, and to hurl defiance in the face of the infidels.

Mustapha, incensed at the undaunted response made to his white flag, and the message sent back by his Christian slave, that they hoped soon to bury him and his janissaries in the only ditch which they could consistently surrender, immediately invested the town and recommenced the carnage. Subsequent to the fall of St. Elmo, the basha had been strengthened by the arrival of Hascem with the Bravaes of Algiers, amounting to 2500 choice troops.

Il Borgo and St. Michael were now continuously under fire; but to expedite his purposes, Mustapha adopted the suggestion of Piali to make the Christian slaves draw their shipping across the neck upon which stood St. Elmo, into the harbour, that there might be a simultaneous charge from both land and naval forces. This hardship was rendered necessary because the grand master had caused a heavy chain to be swung across the mouth of the harbour, to which impediment were added the resources of St. Angelo, which commanded its entrance.

Having mastered this difficulty, Mustapha consented to the pompous demands of Hascem to intrust to him the assault of St. Michael, promising to support him if necessary. Hascem shared his command with Candelissa, an experienced corsair, who was to sustain the attack by sea.

With much display, Candelissa proceeded to perform his part. Meeting with unexpected resistance in the staccado which had been erected to perplex his landing, he suffered great loss from the fort, which did not delay in improving so cardinal an advantage. He resolved to abandon this, and attempt the intrenchments under the care of Gulmaran; the Christians reserved their fire until it might be spent effectively, and at their first discharge, cut down 400 of the assailants. Candelissa pushed vigorously on whilst Gulmaran was reloading, and gained the shore; the latter, having prepared for such an emergency, now threw from his cannon grapeshot, which did overwhelming execution, and Candelissa,

seeing with dismay his wavering troops, ordered his boats to be put off a little from the shore.

The Algerines, seeing no avenue of escape, were conscious that through success alone could they secure their safety. They therefore marched forward with maddened resolution upon the earth-works. Before their irresistible charge the Knights fell back in confusion. But stung with shame upon seeing the Infidel colours planted upon their works, they rushed to the rescue, having been reinforced; the ardour of their charge struck terror to the hearts of the assailants, and Candelissa was among the first that fled. Of 4000 only a fifth escaped. The Christians continued firing upon the boats, sinking many, and covering the waters with wrecks. Amidst this vast devastation, dying and dead bodies were mingled in the wildest profusion. This defeat was decided, and Candelissa's untimely exultation which characterized his reparation to the contest, was of a marked contrast to his inglorious return as his craft ploughed their way through the thickly-strewn waters. The Knights were in nowise discouraged in this sudden turn in the fortunes of the day.

In the meantime, the attack was also going on by land. Hascem had well nigh expiated in disgrace his vaunting threat; having led his troops to the charge, he was confounded with the confusion which the fearful havoc wrought among the ranks. Being driven back, he renewed the assault in the face of the belching cannon roaring defiance to his arms in vindication of the sanctity of invaded rights, but to no purpose. His mortification was extreme in being compelled by the intrepid garrison to sound a retreat. The basha now advanced with his janissaries, and the united forces compelled the Knights to retire from the beach, where, with undaunted spirits, they had proceeded to meet the fresh troops. But they did not yield without the most strenuous exertions, and the invaders had paid a dear price for the dreadful spot. Though exhausted by fatigue, their determination knew no abatement, and they awaited within the breach the renewal of the conflict. Their hopes were now reinspired by the addition of those forces which had contributed so largely to the discomfit of Candelissa. The janissaries, unable to withstand their onslaught, were forced to retire amidst the showering

missiles and cheers of the gallant Christians.

Mustapha, enraged beyond control by the obstinate defence, employed one-half of his troops under Piali against the town, and with the remainder resolved to reduce the fort at any cost. To secure every chance of success he raised more batteries, dug new trenches, sprung mines and prepared in every way possible to facilitate his design. But upon every hand did the valiant Christians, animated by the presence of the grand master, baffle his arms. Mustapha's principal engineer constructed a machine, upon the efficacy of which they entertained high hopes; it was a huge cask, firmly made, and filled with powder, chains, bullets, and everything calculated to work mischief which the place could command. This was projected into the midst of the Christians, who, ere it exploded, managed to roll it back upon its artificers, which did fearful execution among them. Whilst yet the Turks were paralysed by the effect of its report, the Knights rushed out and engaged them hand to hand. Many of the Infidels were killed and the remainder made good their escape. But Piali was not idle. Though coping with superior strength he was more successful against Il Borgo than his rival against St. Michael. He had gained great advantages, and as night terminated his operations, he prepared the minds of his intimates for the glorious entry which he proposed to make on the morrow. He had, by a piece of stratagem in calling off the attention of the garrison by a furious assault, managed in another and important position to erect a platform of earth and stones. It was upon this that night closed his work, and which inflamed within his breast lively hopes of speedily terminating the siege, and of reaping new laurels.

A council of the Knights was now held, and an abandonment of the works advised by the principal part; but La Valette was inexorable, and defeated every such proposition by his superior wisdom. He employed all available hands in digging trenches during the night, and by a master-stroke gained possession of the cavalier which had so excited the exultation of the Turkish basha. He detailed a select body of troops to steal along the foot of the wall, and who, when arrived at the spot designated, raised a loud shout and rushed upon the guard; these, supposing that the whole garrison were upon them, precipitately fled. The Chris-

tians were not slow in securing this advantage beyond any hope of recovery which the Turks might entertain.

The delay of the Spanish troops was inexplicable to La Valette, who attributed it to the treachery of the Viceroy of Sicily, but which historians impute to the infidelity of Philip. Now, the grand master was aware that their only hope was to hold out till they brought relief; and the bashas were fearful lest they should arrive after so long a delay at this very opportune moment.

Piali, receiving intelligence that the Spanish forces were to be landed at St. Angelo, lay in wait there, after interposing every obstacle practicable to impede their progress. Resolved to urge every possible resistance, the Infidels awaited the Spanish sail, and were ill prepared for the tidings which came, to the effect that they were already landed in another part of the island. This was accomplished by the duplicity of the Catholic king, a result which was not anticipated; his object in landing his forces at the extreme of the island was to shield, as far as possible, his subjects from the rigours of the siege. But Mustapha no sooner learned of their approach than he withdrew all of the Turkish forces into the shipping. In his haste he had deserted St. Elmo, manned with his best cannon. Ere long he was informed by a deserter that he had thus disgracefully fled before a force of 6000 poorly officered Spaniards, the same being only little more than one-third of his own numbers. His rage knew no bounds. From this indelible disgrace he knew his only escape was to disembark and retrieve his fallen fortunes; but his command was shared by those whose personal considerations and jealousies prevented them from extending any sympathy to him.

La Valette improved the interim in taking every precaution to prevent the fort from again falling into the hands of the Turks. The grand master was now looked upon as the one to whom too much credit could not be given, and

whose orders were obeyed with cheering alacrity by all who were able in any way to assist. A stronger affection was generated towards him, to which his merits entitled him, as the most fitting reward which the Knights could return.

Mustapha having convened a council of his principal officers, they determined with little dissent to land and renew the siege. The soldiery, greatly disheartened at their late reverses, were very reluctant to obey, and frequently force was resorted to, to compel them. But it must have been patent to the commanders that thus being forced to use compulsory means, they could not expect them to effect what willing and eager troops could easily accomplish. Mustapha was unable to stay the current of flying soldiers, and was hurled along with it; twice was he jostled from his horse, and was with difficulty rescued from being captured. Such was the overwhelming defeat visited upon Mustapha's command, who, we doubt not, would have welcomed even captivity rather than faced the Sultan, whose arms he had thus signally disgraced. What the reflections were that this destiny animated in his mind, we are left to infer—a destiny so different from what he anticipated for the thousands who were to destroy the Knights of Malta, only as an insignificant incident collateral to the brilliant career which awaited them at the hands of the larger Christian powers. When he saw the mere skeleton of his army returning, he might well be impressed with the vanity of human calculations.

The siege of Malta continued four months, and it, amid the general destruction, worked no little benefit to the Knights of Malta. This success created joy throughout Christendom, which was expressed in the most gratifying manner. If they were left to fight their battles alone, it was only to achieve the greater glory. And thus ended the famous siege of Malta, whose valorous defence is unparalleled in the records of history.

THE OLD MUSICIAN.

IN a room in the upper story of a house in the Friedrichstadt of Berlin sat an old man, reading musical notes that lay on a table before him. From time to time he made observations with a pencil upon the margin, and seemed so intently occupied that he noticed nothing around him. The room was poorly furnished, and lighted only by a small lamp that flared in the currents of wind, flinging gloom and fitful shadows on the wall. A few coals glimmered in the grate; the loose panes clattered in the window, shaken by the storm without; the weathercocks creaked as they swung on the roof, and the moaning blast uttered a melancholy sound. It was a night of cold and tempest, and the last of the old year.

The figure of the old man was tall and stately, but emaciated; and his pale and furrowed visage showed the ravages of age and disease. His thin, snow-white locks fell back from his temples; but his eyes were large and bright, and flashing with more than youthful enthusiasm, as he read the music.

The bell struck midnight. From the streets could be heard festive music and shouts of mirth, blended in wild confusion; and the wind bore the chant of the *Te Deum* from a neighbouring church.

The old man looked up from his occupation, and listened earnestly. Presently the door was opened, and a young man entered the apartment. The paleness of his face appeared striking in contrast with his dark hair; his expression was that of deep melancholy, and his form was even more emaciated than that of his companion.

"Did you hear the hour strike?" asked the old man.

"I heard it; it was midnight."

"Indeed!"

"You had better go to rest."

"To sleep, mean you? I do not need it. I have been reading this legacy of my father. Would that you had had such a father, poor Theodore! What is the new year?"

"Eighty-four."

"Eighty-four! when it was thirty-seven—we will not speak of that!"

"You always talk thus," said the young man. "Am I never to know who you are?"

"You might have asked that the day we first met; the day I found you—a madman—who had placed the deadly weapon against his own breast. I pulled it away; I said to you, Live! even if life hath nothing but woe to offer! Live! if thou canst believe and hope; if not, bid defiance to thy fate; but live!"

"You saved me; you see I live, old even in youth."

"You have many years to number yet."

"Perhaps not; I suffer too much."

"But tell me your name, perverse old man!"

"He who composed that noble work," said the old man, pointing to the music, "was my father."

"And have you not torn out the first leaf, on which was the title and name? You know I can guess nothing from the notes; they speak a language unknown to me. Speak, old friend; who are you?"

"The Old Musician."

"Thus you are called by the few who know you in this great city. But you have another name. Why not tell it me?"

"Let me be silent," entreated the old man. "I have sworn to reveal my name only to one initiated, if I meet such."

The youth answered with a bitter smile. There was a pause of a few moments; the old man looked anxiously at him, as if noticing for the first time his sunken cheek, and other evidences of extreme ill health. At length he said—

"And have you no better fortune, Theodore, for the new year?"

"Oh, yes, Fortune comes when we have no longer need of her."

He drew a roll of money from his vest pocket, and threw it upon the table.

"Gold!" exclaimed the old man.

Theodore produced a flask from the pocket of his cloak.

"You have drunk no wine," he said, "for a long while! Here is some—the best of Johannisberger! Let us greet the new year with revel!"

The old man turned away with a shudder, for recollections of pain were associated with the time.

The youth took a couple of glasses from the cupboard, drew another chair

to the table, and sat down while he uncorked the flask. As he filled the glasses, a rich fragrance floated through the room.

He drank to the old man, who responded; and the glasses were replenished.

"Ha! ha! you seem used to it!" cried Theodore, laughing. "It is good for you. Wine is better than Lethe; it teaches us not to forget pain, but to know it the frivolous thing it really is. What a pity that we find the philosopher's stone only in the bottom of the cup!"

"And how, I pray, came you by such luck?"

"I sold my work to a spendthrift lord travelling through the city."

"It is a pity you had not a duplicate, for your work will never become known, thus disposed of."

"Ah, but how much is lost that deserves to remain! Those sketches cost me seven years of more than labour; all I have thought, lived, suffered; the first dream of youth; the stern repose after the struggle with fate! I sacrificed all—I spared not even the spark of life; and I thought, when the work was finished, the laurel would at least deck the brow of the dead. Dreams, fantasies! Wherever I offered my work, I was repulsed. The publishers thought the undertaking too expensive; some said I might draw scenes from the Seven Years' War, like M. Chadowiski; others shook their heads, and called my sketches wild and fantastic."

"Yes, yes!" murmured the old man, musingly. "Lessing, who died three years ago, was right when he said to me, 'All the artist accomplishes beyond the appreciation of the multitude brings him neither profit nor honour.' Believe me, Theodore, I know well by experience what is meant by the saying, 'The highest must grovel with the worm.'"

"And I must grovel on, old friend! As long as I can remember, I have had but one passion—for my art! The beauty of woman moved me with but the artist's rapture! Yet must I degrade my art to the vain rabble; must paint apeish faces, while visions of divine loveliness float before me; must feel the genius within me comprehended by none; must be driven to despair of myself! Gifted as few are, free from guilt, I must ask myself, at five-and-twenty, wherefore have I lived?"

"Live;—you will find the answer."

"Have you found it—at seventy-four? You cannot evade the question; it presses even on the happy. Had I obtained what I sought, the answer might be—I have lived, and wrought, to win the prize, to shine a clear star in the horizon. So shines Raphael to me; and to you, some old master of your art; and we are doomed to insignificance and disappointment."

"Be silent!" exclaimed the old man; "that leads to madness, and madness is terrible! They tell me I was thus a long while."

"Have no fear of that, old friend! We are both too near a sure harbour! Come, finish the wine; welcome the new year! Hark! to the music and the revelry below in the streets; and we are exalted like the ancient gods on the top of Olympus, sipping the precious nectar, and laughing at those who rejoice in their being. Drink, as I do! Well, yonder is your bed, and here is mine. I am weary, and wish you a good night!"

The old man also retired to rest; the storm ceased to rage without. The music and ringing of bells continued throughout the night.

The first beams of the sun poured into the chamber, and awoke the old man. It was a clear and cold morning; the air was keen and bracing, the sky blue and cloudless, and the frost had wrought delicate tracery on the panes.

The old man looked out of the window awhile, then went to awaken his young companion. Alas! the hand that lay upon the bed-clothes was cold and stiff. Theodore's sorrows were ended. The spirit so nobly endowed had broken in the struggle with destiny.

Long did the old man gaze upon the pale remains, his features working with intense emotion. His last stay was broken; his only friend had departed; he was alone and forsaken in the world.

He sat down by the body, and remained motionless the whole day. As night came on the woman who kept the house came to deliver a message to Theodore, and found the old man sitting by the corpse, exhausted and shivering with the cold. She led him into a warmer room, and gave him food.

The Old Musician and Theodore had lived together nearly two years. The youth supplied their wants by his small earnings as a portrait painter, and by his receipts now and then for a drawing. The old man had nothing; and the landlady,

who saw that what Theodore had left would not last long, urged him to go to the overseer of the poorhouse and seek an asylum. He repelled the idea, and answered—

"No; I will go to Hamburg."

"To Hamburg!" repeated the woman.

"That you cannot do. Hamburg is a long way from Berlin, and before you reach there you would be on another journey."

But the next day the old man seemed to have forgotten his purpose. According to his custom before he met with his young friend, he wandered through the streets of Berlin, stopping to listen wherever he heard music. Sometimes he would go into the houses, being seldom prevented; for many remembered the Old Musician, whom they had concluded dead, and were glad to see him once more.

As he wandered one evening through the streets he stopped in front of a palace brilliantly illuminated, from whence came the sound of music. He was about to enter, according to his wont, but the Swiss porter pushed him rudely back; so he stood without and listened, and in spite of the cutting night wind continued to stand and listen, murmuring often expressions of pleasure and admiration.

A lacquey in rich livery running down the steps encountered the old man, and cried in surprise—

"Ha! is that you again, Old Musician? It is long since I have seen you. But why do you stand there shaking in the cold?"

"The Swiss would not let me pass," answered the old man.

"The Swiss is a shallow-pate. Never heed, old friend, but come in with me, and I will bring you a glass of wine to thaw your old limbs. My lord gives a grand concert!" And he led the old man up the steps, saying to the porter, "You must never hinder him from coming in; it is no beggar, but the Old Musician. He comes to hear the music, and my lord has given orders that he shall always be admitted."

The lacquey led the old man to a seat near the fire in the ante-room, and drew a folding screen before him.

"Keep yourself quiet, my good friend," he said; "you are out of view here, and yet can hear everything. I will fetch you a glass of wine presently."

The old man sat still and listened to the music in the saloon; it thrilled

through his inmost heart. He remained there many hours till the lacquey, who had frequently visited him in his corner, came and said—

"It is time now to go, my friend; the company are dispersing. I will send my boy home with you."

"That was admirable music!" cried the old man, drawing a deep breath.

"I am glad you were pleased," replied the lacquey. "All you heard to-night was composed by the same master, who is now the guest of my lord."

"Who is he?"

"Master Naumann, chapel-master to the elector of Saxony."

"A Saxon!" cried the old man. "Naumann! That is well. Where is he?"

"Here, in the house."

"Let me speak with him."

"Certainly, if you want to ask anything."

"No, not to ask; I want to thank him."

"Well, you may come to-morrow morning."

"I will come."

Naumann was not a little surprised when the servant the next morning announced his strange visitor. To the question, Who was the Old Musician? the man could give no other answer than—"He is the Old Musician, and nobody in Berlin knows his name. He is sometimes half crazy, but is said to have a thorough knowledge of music."

"Let him come in," said Naumann; and the lacquey opened the door for the old man.

Naumann rose when he saw him, for in spite of his mean apparel he had a dignity of mien that inspired with involuntary respect. Advancing to meet him, he said—

"You are welcome, my good sir, though I know not by what name to address you. But you are a lover of the art, and that is enough. Be seated, I pray you."

The old man, still standing, answered—

"I came to thank you, sir chapel-master, for the pleasure of yesterday evening. I was privately a listener to the concert in which were performed your latest compositions. I will not conceal from you my name—I am FRIEDEMANN BACH!"

Naumann stood petrified with astonishment.

"Friedemann Bach!" he repeated at length in a tone of deep and melancholy

interest; "the great son of the great Sebastian Bach! It is strange, indeed! Only last year I saw your brother Philip Emanuel at Hamburg. The excellent old man mourns you as dead."

"Let him do so," was the reply, "and all who knew me in better days; for the knowledge of my life as it is would make them unhappy. Even in Berlin none know that Friedemann Bach yet lives—not even Mendelssohn, the friend of Lessing, to whom I owed that while he lived I needed not to starve."

"What can I do for you?" asked Naumann. "Your brother told me your history. How shall I tell you all the admiration, the affection, the sorrow I have felt, and still feel for you? Tell me, what can I do?"

"Nothing," answered Bach; "you have done everything for me in showing me what I could and should have done. I strove after that which you have accomplished. You know wherefore I failed, how my life was wasted, why I fell short in all my bold and burning schemes. But you need not the warning of my history. You walk securely and cheerfully in the right path, and I can only thank you for your magnificent works. The blessing of God be with you! and

now I feel that I have nothing more to do in this world."

The Old Musician departed, and Naumann, when he had collected his thoughts, inquired in vain where he could be found. Friedemann had not suffered the boy who went home with him the preceding evening to go to his door. At length Naumann happened to meet with Moses Mendelssohn and mentioned what had occurred. Mendelssohn was amazed to hear that Friedemann Bach was yet living and in Berlin. The two made an appointment to go the next morning to the ancient abode of Lessing, where the Old Musician had lived.

They went together to the house of Lessing in the Friedrichstadt. The landlady opened the door.

"Does M. Friedemann Bach live here yet?" asked Mendelssohn.

"Ah, pardon me," cried the woman, wiping her eyes with her apron; "just at this time yesterday they carried away my poor Old Musician! He died exactly three weeks after his young friend the painter, whom he loved so well."

Her voice was interrupted by tears.

Mendelssohn and Naumann left the house in silence.

THE CREMATION GHAT AT CALCUTTA.

AN intelligent foreigner, the Hungarian Count Emmanuel Andrasey, gives the following striking account of the scene presented, until very recent times, at the great Cremation Ghat at Calcutta. The third day of his arrival at Calcutta, the count says, he went out as early as six in the morning to make an excursion outside of the town. Following the banks of the Hooghly, he found all the population of the town already on foot; activity reigned in every direction; the tradesmen were at their shops, the workmen at their employments. Even the classes who do not live by the sweat of their brows were up and taking the air, some on horseback, some in carriages, but all alike bent on enjoying the early morning breeze. Outside of the town the same animation prevailed; the road was crowded with comers and goers, so much so that it was almost difficult to make one's way.

He had followed the course of the river for about a mile and a half, when a strange

smell came to affect his olfactory organs in a very unpleasant manner; a thick cloud of smoke arose from behind a very repulsive-looking wall, poisoning the air around, and what was more singular was, that a number of birds of prey were perched along the top of the wall: these were vultures with naked fleshy necks; falcons of various colours and sizes; and even small hawks, fat and dirty as they generally look after a feast, and the sight of which caused an involuntary feeling of disgust.

The only vulture that frequents the shambles and banks of rivers in India, preying on flesh, is the so-called Indian vulture. Falcons and hawks are birds of prey, feeding mostly on what they kill, although it is true that the Pondicherry eagle also eats the remains of dead animals. The great scavengers of India are however the adjutants, or gigantic storks or cranes, which somewhat resemble the African marabut, or holy stork, and which are pro-

tected in the streets of populous cities on that account.

These birds did not seem to trouble themselves with the passers-by; but some slumbered, while others, disturbed by vermin, thrust their bills through their feathers.

The count says, he stopped his carriage in order to discover the enigma of the scene, and to ascertain whence the smoke came that ascended over the wall. He was told that it was the place where they burnt the dead, and that that was the cause of the smoke and of the presence of birds of prey.

And this, he says, he found to be really the case; it was in this place that the bodies from the quarter inhabited by the natives were burnt, or rather broiled; for no sooner is the body slightly blackened by the flames than it is removed from the fire and taken away to be cast into the sacred waters of the Hooghly. The birds along the shore await this moment to do their work, so that the relatives of the deceased can actually stand by and see with what limbs these ravenous creatures begin to disembarass the dead of their carnal envelope. The struggle had just begun with a body that lay exposed on the shore, and wishing to witness so strange a spectacle, our traveller moved towards it, passing over a heap of bones, scattered here and there, and he thus came within a few paces of where the anatomical operation was going on; he wished to determine what kind of bird was most skilful in dissecting dead bodies, and he saw that it was decidedly a stork provided with a long appendage to its breast. This excellent anatomist in many respects resembles the European species, but it is stronger and taller, being four feet in height. Its bill alone is about a foot in length—it is as hard as stone, and consequently well adapted to tearing up its booty; it does not indeed give itself much trouble in that matter, for it can swallow a cat in a single mouthful. The substances taken up by this enormous bill are allowed to fall into the pouch in front, and it is only after undergoing a preliminary process of softening there that it is finally swallowed and disposed of in the interior stomach.

Thanks to these peculiarities, the bird becomes thus a member, as it were, of the privileged castes, for it can walk proudly in the streets, in the midst even of crowds, without any one disturbing it; there is, indeed, a fine of fifty rupees against any one who should do them

an injury; to kill one would be a crime. The city of Calcutta cannot indeed be too grateful to these birds; it is they who pick up, in the midst of refuse, the remains of animals, birds, and fish, and but for their presence, considering the idleness and indifference of the inhabitants, they would run the risk of encumbering the streets and fatally poisoning the atmosphere.

These two-legged scavengers have a perfect sense of their importance and their utility, for the count declares that the governor's palace is their favourite residence. How many times, he says, has he been witness from his window, which was directly opposite to the palace, of the irregularities which these sacred hosts permitted themselves over the head of the British lion, when early in the morning they lined the palace terrace! These funereal and irreverent birds were from five to six thousand in number. The governor himself had the deepest respect for this guard of honour; for he never dared to put his nose out of his window to see what was taking place on the top of his residence.

Count Andreaty was disturbed from his observations by a noise which sounded like crackling, and turning round he saw that a body had just been placed upon the fire behind him. Two others were already exposed to the flames; and the fire was kept up by two men as black as ebony; around and lying on bundles of straw, and even on the naked ground, were other bodies waiting their turn; they were completely nude, although it is only the middle classes who have the bodies of their relatives burnt; the poorer order are satisfied with throwing them into the river.

It must not be imagined that this cremation has any relation to the ceremony formerly practised in Rome on similar occasions. With the ancients, it was a pious custom; children, brothers, relatives, friends, servants, in fact, all those who were attached to the deceased by the ties of relationship or affection, gathered round the body, mourning and in tears; the ashes were carefully collected, and deposited in an urn.

But in India no one seems to trouble himself with the dead, save those who are employed in the act of cremation itself, for as far as, the count says, he could observe, it is seldom that a relative of the deceased is seen there. Besides, nowhere in India are bodies respected; they seek to get rid of them as quickly

as possible; they are indeed sometimes in so great a hurry that they are often deposited on the banks of the river before they are quite dead. If, as it sometimes happens, persons so exposed come to life again, they cannot return within the precincts of the city; they are obliged to emigrate to a distant district situated on the borders of the Ganges, where there are whole villages of resuscitated beings. The Hindhus despise and avoid places thus peopled. Formerly, bodies could be burnt anywhere on the banks of the Hooghly; but now-a-days the authorities have limited the accomplishment of the ceremony to one special point.

It was only when he left this sad scene, and found himself in the midst of a purer atmosphere, that the Count says he became fully sensible of the poisonous exhalations with which even his clothes had become impregnated.

Till within a very brief time ago, Count Andree's description of the Cremation Ghat of Calcutta, however coloured, did not in reality exceed the truth. After quitting the European part of the city and the shipping, together with a great part of the congregated fleet of native store-boats from the provinces, that crowd the bank near the northern division of the city, the first object that used to attract attention was a certain bare and dismal-looking quadrangle, open at the river side, upon the high walls of which, overlooking the ground immediately contiguous, where a certain native hide-merchant and contractor with the Conservancy Commissioners carried on his delicate operations in connection with the defunct quadrupeds of Calcutta, were perched some fifty or more hungry and expectant vultures; whilst amongst them or beneath, stalking amidst bones and rubbish, and anon scared from their object by a pack of equally hungry and disgusting-looking pariah dogs, disputants for the prize, were seen a score or so of the adjutants, or gigantic crane.

This building was known as the "Burning Ghat," a spot inclosed and appropriated by the Hindhus for the purpose of burning their dead. When the Hindhus are said, all who can afford it must be understood, which, unfortunately, not one-half of the community are enabled to do. As with a very small exception (certain classes and persons who die ascetics) Hindhus do not bury their dead, it becomes naturally a matter of curiosity to know how the poorer classes are disposed of. They are left upon the bank

of the river, whither, indeed, they are often taken to die, until carried away by that river's sacred tide—that river from which Calcutta is, in a great measure, supplied with drinking water!

Some years back, a very sensible proposition was published in one of the Calcutta papers, recommending the establishment of a subscription fund, in order to put it in the power of the poor as well as of the rich Hindhus, to dispose of their dead after that manner which, with very trifling exceptions, is not less acceptable to Hindhu prejudices and desires, than advantageous in a sanitary point of view; but, unfortunately, although it was shown that the expense could be brought within two rupees for each cremation, nothing came of it. Instead of there being a cremation fund, therefore, the police had to keep certain boats, and men belonging to them, called *domes*, whose office it was to remove, by sinking, all offensive objects found floating on the river, which they did often only after the spectacle had passed through the whole fleet, and found, at length, a resting-place against the chain of some ship, or the paddle of a steamer, more luckless than the rest. So the eye was relieved at last at the expense of the stomach! for who could doubt that the evil thus cherished and confined to one spot must become a loathsome source of impurity to the water about it?

Since then the subject has been brought under the official notice of Government, the old "dismal quadrangle" has disappeared, and a new and improved building has taken its place. The hide-merchant, likewise, has shifted his ground further north, and so the present cremation ghat is being deserted also by vultures and cranes, and promises soon to be left in quiet and decency. Unfortunately many of the abominations connected with the exposure of the bodies of the poorer classes remain in full force; the fires of Delhi, Meerut, Cawnpore—and where not?—intended to wrap the European population of India in the flames of one stupendous pyre, put all lesser schemes of improvement and amelioration out of the field.

Albeit the burning of the dead, it is to be remarked, is strictly enjoined by the Shasters, and is one of the first ceremonies performed by the Hindhus for the help of the dead in a future state, there are certain persons and sects who constitute exceptions to this rule. These are—

1. Stubborn children, or infants under

two years of age; 2. Persons afflicted with leprosy, or other specified diseases; 3. Suicides; 4. Persons who, under certain circumstances, are killed by violence—the bite of snakes, &c.; 5. Persons guilty of certain civil or religious crimes; 6. Persons who die followers of sects of mendicants, Voistnanees; 7. Persons who die ascetics, or Purrumbungohees; 8. Jogeas, a low caste of Hindhu weavers. The bodies of infants, of the mendicants, and the Jogeas, are buried. The bodies of those persons referred to under other classes are, according to the Shasters, to be thrown into a forest or river “like logs of wood,” without any sort of funeral ceremony; with this exception, that the bodies of ascetics are required to be put into a stone or wooden chest, or tied to two earthen jars filled with earth, and sunk in the midst of the river. Beyond these cases, no other necessity exists for committing the dead to the water than that of poverty—inability to purchase the wood, oil, and other requirements for the ceremony of burning, which inability compels the relatives to be content with applying a little fire to the mouth of the deceased, and then committing the body to the river.

Much painstaking, inquiring, and argument were brought together to show the difficulty of reconciling the matter to all parties and prejudices, but with something of that impatience which disgust at the continuance of barbarous and revolting practices creates, one is almost led to exclaim—less in the words than in the spirit of Corporal Trim—“One home-thrust of the bayonet were worth it all!” The number of human bodies thrown into the river at one particular ghat at the north end of Calcutta is said to average 4000 in the year.

It is certainly to be hoped that the day is not far distant when this most revolting and sickening custom, with all its offensive consequences, will be numbered with the diabolical, cruel Suttee, and the almost equally cruel doom of perpetual widowhood, which the courage of Lord Bentinck and the perseverance of a Rothimercus have swept from the land. It may, with safety, be said that there are no educated or intelligent natives who do not already look upon the fiery immolation of the poor Hindhu widow with much of that astonishment and horror with which Englishmen now recal the one-time burning of witches; and in like way will the Hindhu yet learn with surprise and derision the past follies of those prejudices

which could add misery to misfortune, and vice to both, by compulsory widowhood; and in no less degree will they view with disgust, equally with their European friends, the barbarous, indecent, and loathsome practice of exposing their dead, “like logs of wood” and dead dogs, upon the surface of that stream which they reverence and those waters of which they drink.

The progress of conversion in the Hindhu mind upon these points has been slow, but not less certain. It is now nigh half a century since the Marquis of Wellesley issued an ordinance prohibiting the sacrifice by parents of their infant offspring to the Ganges; the edict, demurred to at first, is now not only acquiesced in, but is warmly applauded by the natives. It is much more recently that the disgraceful pilgrim-tax has been abolished. With whatever pain the worship paid in the idol temples may be viewed, government are bound on the principles of toleration to leave it unmolested; but it was quite another thing to levy a tax on each pilgrim, and to receive the offerings presented on the altar. Out of this the temples were kept in repair, the salaries paid to the officiating Brahmins, and the balance went to the exchequer. It was argued that the raising of a million sterling, in seventeen years, from the four principal temples of Juggernaut, Allahabad, Gaya, and Tripetty, was a measure which would ultimately prove hostile to idolatry; but it was justly remarked upon this, that were it not for the sanction thus afforded to idolatrous practices by the government, and the excellent order in which the temples were kept, there would be a rapid decline of the whole system. It is true that the examples of conversion in India are so few that in a national sense they may be considered as nothing, but we do not on that account despond. Their confidence in the Shasters and the Vedas is becoming shaken; the most formidable of all obstacles, that of caste, is sensibly diminishing. Moral revolutions among every people, even after long and ineffectual exertions to bring such about, in general break forth suddenly at last. The greatest changes in history are illustrations of this great fact. That there is such a silent preparation in the Indian mind appears evident from the prevalence, among a numerous and influential class, of English habits and ideas, and the growing disposition to form themselves upon a European model.

THE LITTLE PARADISE.

A STORY FOR CHILDREN.

I WAS a hearty, good-humoured, merry boy, and nine years of age, when my father was made the pastor of a village upon the banks of a stream, whose musical waters gradually rolled into one of the finest rivers in Germany. No tree then was too lofty for me—no ditch too deep or threatening—no distance too far away. I had the will to brave obstacles of every kind. Soon I discovered most of the birds'-nests for half a league from our dwelling, and I made no scruple to take away the eggs and the young ones. I had little commiseration for small creatures, although my heart was soft and pitiful on other occasions. It never entered my brains that brute beasts could suffer grievously; and my father, sealed up in his quiet study-place, knew nothing of my daily adventures.

Something happened which changed me altogether, and then I would turn from the footpaths to avoid crushing an ant or any creeping thing, and old as I became the scruple continued to be my guide.

Between our village and the stream were green meadows; but as the river was rapid and often overflowed, spreading the mud and gravel over the land adjacent, and rending away whole slices of border land in its fuming rage. Along the waterside were large beds of soil and declivities, where alders and willows flourished bravely, forming here and there impenetrable barriers. Seldom was the foot of any human being in these coppices, where nightingales, redbreasts, and little water-wagtails enjoyed life with perfect security. A slender rivulet which passed through the village joined the river not far from the point where the stream of the mill came to the like-termination, and the ancient manorial mill stood upon the verdant land, almost an island, which lay between the blending waters.

The active, shining fish swimming against the bright waves, engaged my thoughts and attentions no less than the song-bird with its brilliant plumage, for I had been well practised as an unwearied bird-catcher, always armed with traps, and loops, and hoop-nets, and limed twigs; and I was a boy of the most ob-

stinate patience as an angler in the stream.

I had early found out that the "almost an island" between the mill-canal and the village rivulet was the best place for an angler. There the fish came in a throng, and I was generally well rewarded by quick booty for the pains I took to have them upon the dry land. The little time my father permitted me to go about after school hours, was hardly sufficient for the gratification of my juvenile inclinations—it was on the afternoon of Saturdays and Sundays; I was as proud as an imperial baron. Then quiet was the order at home, and surely I never was made for tranquillity, so my kind mother seemed very well pleased when I thrust my meal into my pocket, only she bade me be careful of my clothes, and with that away I bounded to take my fill of delight in the free, wide lands of the Almighty One.

With line and rod away I hurried to my favourite situation, and there it was my custom to remain till the sun was hiding himself behind the great western hills. I must tell you, moreover, how nicely I had arranged matters at my little fishing-station.

Just at the point of land where the mill canal and the aforesaid rivulet came into the deeper river together, there were two great alders garnished with branches to the very soil at the roots. Some of these I knotted and bound together just as they left the ground, and made of them a capital seat, and a very secure one.

Covered with moss, this was as soft as any cushion could be. Fixed there I could glance up the river as far as Manorial Mill. Just here, too, the banks were bordered by narrow bands of turf, overshadowed by willow-trees and tufted alders; the little carpeting of verdure was enamelled by myriads of myosotis flowers.

One day a slight sound drew my attention thither. It was "Rosette of the Mill," who frisked in the grass, and made posies of the dear little flowers. Rosette was a delicate and beautiful child, and just eight years of age. She was my schoolfellow, and I always very much

liked to see her. She did not perceive me, but continued going nearer to my snug place at the point of the island, and childhood's love of mischief got the better of me.

"Wait now," said I to myself, "and I will frighten her!" I imitated the loud mewings of a cat. She shivered with fear and turned to run away, but a doubt came, and she again stood still, and her eyes were directed to my retreat. I was so earnest to know the result of my mewings that I thrust my head from behind the trunk of the tree which had hidden me. She saw me.

"Oh, you naughty one!" said she, with droll displeasure; "why did you terrify me so much?"

Leaving me no time to answer she ran, and she leaped, and threaded a way through the willow-trees, and laid fast hold of a branch of an alder-tree above, and with a spring reached my situation.

Face to face we began to laugh aloud. In vain she tried to scold me well for my naughtiness; fresh laughter hindered the child.

"What are you doing here?" said Rosette.

"Don't you see—I fish with a line."

"What a nice place is this!" turning and looking all around. "Did you arrange this pretty place so charmingly?"

"Certainly; who else could have made it?" said I, complacently.

"Well! well!" said she, "of course I know nothing about that."

"No one knows of it, Rosette, but you and myself."

"Are you frequently in this place?"

"Every evening, and every Saturday and Sunday in the afternoon."

She clapped her little hands.

"Ah!" she cried, "I will come every day, and we will play together."

"You are welcome, Rosette; but no one should know of our retreat."

"Oh, no; I will take care of that, be sure."

At that moment my float plunged down; sharply I plucked the line, and a small fish fluttered over head suspended by the hook. She looked sadly at the little thing, and then at me.

"What has the poor little fish done?" she said.

"To me?" I replied with confusion, "oh, nothing."

"Then why do you plague it so? See, the hook tears its lips, it is bleeding! Oh, it is sure to die miserably."

She caught hold of the captive and threw it into the water.

"Oh! you lads are very cruel in your sports. Do you think it is right to torture poor beasts? My mother told me 'never to torture any living things, for God made them, and made them to enjoy their lives.'"

Even now, after long years, memory renews that scene, and well do I remind me of the impression those few words made upon me. You might have preached me a long sermon without the effect of those few reproaches of a simple child. I staggered as if an electric shock had passed through me, and hung down my head for very shame. I felt the words to the bottom of my heart, and with the habitual force of my inclinations and of my deeds, I broke my fishing-rod to pieces and flung it to the breadth of the river.

"I will never fish any more!"

She did not seem to take any notice of me.

"What a passion you are in!" said she; and after a short pause, "Do you blame *me*?"

"No, no, Rosette; you are in the right. I will fish no more with my lines."

"And perhaps you will not plunder little birds'-nests; for schoolfellows say you often do so."

A fiery blush spread over my countenance.

"No, no, I will do so no more," said I, with a feeling of repentance I had never experienced before.

"Now that is very, very good of you," she replied. "Do you know, my mother always says it is just like kidnapping children. The parents have a mortal blow; and think you not they complain to one another of the wicked wrong done to them?"

My conscience was troubled. How often had I listened to the cries of the sorrowful ones, and never felt one thrill of pity for them; now the cries seemed to return to me all again, and I was heart-sick as could be.

Rosette was aware of my sorrow, that was certain. She took a small piece of bread from one of the pockets of her apron and crumbled it into the water. Legions of fish gathered together and snapped up the crumbs. It was pleasant to see them. My remorse went clear away at the sight of them.

"See you," she cried; "that is the way

I amuse myself with the dear little creatures!"

When she had given all her bread, came a feed with my own luncheon, and it was with delight we served out a full meal to innumerable small fishes.

From that day I was an altered being. I shunned the society of the great rude boys of our village, and rambled no more like a wild creature into the woods and the meadows. So soon as the school-time was over, I hastened to the beloved retreat, and Rosette was ever first in the enclosure. There we had a little kitchen, and a little chamber, and abundance of necessary furniture and utensils. We fed our little fishes, which grew so very knowing that I had only to whistle to bring them to the river-side in hungry legions. There we played—there we mimicked the operations of cookery—there we cuddled together and told our pleasant stories; in brief, the hours flew away like thoughts, and we were never interrupted, because no one knew of our charming place and our hidden pastimes. Never—never could childhood have passed away with more felicity, simplicity, and concord. Winter somewhat disturbed our pleasant ways, but the hope of the spring-time cheered us even then; and one time after another, when my impatience was troubling, I would seek my Rosette down at the mill, where we sported together under the care of the good mother as happy as in the verdant bower of the summer season.

Spring-time returned, and we were free, but we found that our little Paradise had been sadly damaged by the floods of the winter-time and the period of the thawing of the ice and snow. I did much work to put all in good order again, and then our sports began, and continued until the vintage was near, when a rude blow came, which afflicted us exceedingly.

One of my father's friends was rector of a college in the next town, and he considered it was full time I should enter on to his establishment, and my father thought so too, because his own studies left him no leisure to mind my education at home. It was settled, then, I should go to college on the first day of October. I protested—I supplicated, and defended myself behind my poor mother, but the pitiless moment of separation arrived.

I communicated this to Rosette, and of course she fell to weeping.

"Who, then, will play with me so delightfully and kindly?" said she, with unfeigned sorrow.

I tried to comfort her, and said I would get holiday sometimes on the Sunday, and would be sure to play with her; but this failed, and her grief was just the same. The next Sunday, at noontide, she ran joyfully to meet me at the rendezvous, for I was first there.

"Now," said she, clapping her hands, "I have found a way to keep you here."

"How?—tell me," said I, with emotion.

"Sit down; I will tell you everything. Look you," said she, merrily, "I know the whole history of my papa and my mamma: a little time ago they were conversing, and they talked of the time when they were sweethearts, and spoke of their friends and relations, who did not like them to be found together, and wished to separate them for ever, but they were betrothed, and then they were married, and then no one could separate them. We will do just the same. I will be your betrothed, you mine; then we will be married—then you will not have to go to the college, but you will stay always with me, just as papa lives always with my dear mamma."

I simpered awhile at this fair scheme, for I had as little liking to leave my Rosette as to go from the village to the town.

We talked the matter over, and considered the project in every point of view, and as to the chief thing we were quite of one mind.

Brimful of childish anticipations, we took leave of each other.

That evening at home they were speaking of the college and of my departure.

"Father," said I, "I am *not* going to the college."

My father looked at me with all his eyes.

"What is the young bird crowing at?" said he, with evident surprise.

I answered confidently, "I shall marry Rosette of the Mill *directly*, so that I shall have no need to go to college. We are already betrothed."

My parents stared awhile, and burst into loud laughter.

"Now then, younker," said my father, "just tell me who put that idea into your head?"

"Rosette," said I, with tears between my eyelids, for their amusement hurt my feelings dreadfully.

Then they both cross-questioned me, and with childish simplicity I told our history and all its romance.

My father drew me nearer to him.

"Children of your age," he said, "know nothing of such things. You must have done growing, my boy, before you marry, and even then you must first of all consider if you gain sufficient to support your wife!"

"Very well, father dear, I will be miller at the Manorial Mill; I could learn that trade directly. I know every part of the mill-works, and I know how they grind the corn."

Father perceived it was a difficult matter to quiet me by reason as he desired, so he ceased speaking rather abruptly, and next morning I was packed off to the new school without the permission to wish Rosette good-bye!

That grieved me as much as separation from my parents. At college I soon had the "school-fever," with all its severe symptoms, with all its remembrances, regrets, and weeping.

The rector of the college soon found out the occasion of my malady.

"Should you not like to see the village again?" said he. "You can leave this on the Saturday and return on the Sunday evening, and the time is very near, too."

This, to me, was like a heavenly invitation, so on the Saturday I hastened home and saw Rosette.

"It is all over with our wedding!" said I sorrowfully.

She wept.

"O, yes!" she replied, "mamma told me the same; but still we may love one another, may we not?"

And we *did* love one another. However, other ideas came on by degrees. Soon I was sent to a college farther from home, and I was obliged to renounce all which had been the bliss of earlier hours; but even then the memory of those happy times revived the scenes of childhood, and they came to me sleeping and waking like visions of Paradise.

When I returned home for the vacation Rosette was away. The miller, yielding to the importunities of his wife, who wished her child to have a better education than other village maidens, had placed her in some far-off seminary. I could not see her, but I heard she was doing well, and I tried to feel contented with the information.

After this, I had four long years at the university, and at the end of the fourth year again I was at home.

I inquired for Rosette, and not without an evident emotion.

"She is a wedded wife," replied my mother; "your *betrothed* one was untrue." She smiled as she finished the reply.

"*Perhaps*," I whispered to myself, but I felt a grievous pain in my left side, as if I had been stabbed through the heart with a poignard.

I assumed as much coolness as I could supply, and said with a low voice, "Is the girl married well, mother?"

"No, indeed! You know our miller is wealthy, and he has only two children; Rosette was very beautiful, and modest and genteel; and so, notwithstanding her youthful appearance, she had many admirers. Though her father often grumbled, she refused them all, till at last there came a certain miller's son, a fine-looking young man, but as vulgar as could be, and not at all the fellow to match with Rosette's inclinations. Her obstinacy was of no avail, they were determined he should have her. I was very sorry for the poor child. It is about twelve months since the wedding took place. Her husband has no sympathy with his wife; he ridicules her tastes, and calls them her *affectations*, so she is now quite an altered being, very reserved, and keeps everything and all her thoughts to herself. I am sure she is unhappy, and I feel concerned for her health, her countenance is so changed and so melancholy; and then, her complexion is of transparent whiteness, with that singular rosy redness upon the centre of each fair cheek which gives me more concern every time she calls upon us; her health is surely broken."

I was a student of medicine—it was to be my profession, and these words affected me more than if I knew she was still the good and holy idol of my heart.

A few hours afterwards I was reading in the garden-bower, and my mother occupied herself with the flowers of the parterre, when, all at once, I heard a sweet but resonant voice wishing "good day!" to her. Twofold were the feelings occasioned by those ominous sounds; as a medical man, I well detected the particular one which confirmed the fears of the existence of consumption of the lungs, and again it was the voice of Rosette—that voice so dear to me, and whose childish music vibrated still with wonted delight along the responsive chords of memory. I trembled like a leaf in the breeze. Cautiously, I drew aside the branches near to the bower, and there was poor Rosette, and I gazed at once

into her large and eloquent eyes, so solemn, so piercing, so full of thought and beauty. I looked once more upon her slender, graceful form, and into her angelic face, where so plainly you might read the sorrows that vainly would be concealed; but over all was a smile of more than human fascination.

And I gazed, and my whole heart was profoundly moved, and my fast tears fell to the ground, and I said thus to myself, "Oh, poor dear girl! how near are thy footsteps to an early grave." And with piercing regret I exclaimed, "United, how joyful would our lives have been."

She was not aware I had returned home. My mother purposely withheld conversation that would have related to me and my affairs. When she had taken leave, I left the bower. What was my duty now? I took the advice of my mother, who counselled me to avoid meeting again with Rosette.

Next day I left home, and visited London, Vienna, Paris, and Rome, and again, two years afterwards, I returned to my father's dwelling. Alone with my mother, I asked—

"Is Rosette living?"

She looked mournfully upon me, and replied—

"Rosette grieves no more; she died six months ago. It was her particular desire I should be with her in her last sad hours of existence. She bade me give

you her farewell! There is one more angel in the skies."

Tearfully then she arose and went her way.

The day declined. I shadowed my brow with my hat, and went into the fields, and I knew not whither I was going. Instinct guided me to the loved retreat, where in childhood we played so fondly together and so frequently. Loved hands had enclosed the place with a hedge of pure white roses, and had planted upon a level place in the centre bunches of myosotis—the simple blue flower of remembrance.

Heartbroken, I sat down upon the mossy bank we loved in other days, and I seemed to see Rosette, running and bounding, and forcing her gay form through the surrounding bushes. Scarcely had I absorbed myself in the reverie when twilight speeded, and the moon came forth brilliantly into the blue sky. The evening breeze murmured and sighed in the branches of the alder trees, and the soul of the dear departed one seemed grieving all around me.

I arose and staggered; my weeping mother was near to me and held me in her arms.

"Mother! Rosette!—the only female fond ones that I truly loved"—how many years have gone away since the hours which separated us in this changeful world. You await me in the better world, and my hopes will not decay!

F. B.

UNSHED TEARS.

ONCE I believed that tears alone
Could tell of sorrow deep;
O blessed those whose eyes o'erflow!
Within my heart I weep.

And many think me calm, because
My cheek unwet appears;
The happy ones! they never knew
The pain of unshed tears!

BELLS.

As far back as the Anglo-Saxon times, before the conclusion of the seventh century, bells had been in use in the churches of this country, particularly in the monastic societies of Northumbria; and were, therefore, in use from the first erection of parish churches among us. Those of France and England appear to have been furnished with several bells. In the time of Clothaire II., King of France, and in the year 610, the army of that king was frightened from the siege of the city of Sens by ringing the bells of St. Stephen's Church. They were sometimes composed of iron in France; and in England, as formerly at Rome, they were frequently made of brass. And as early as the ninth century many were cast of a large size and deep note.

Weever, in his work on funeral monuments, says—"In the little sanctuary at Westminster, King Edward III. erected a clochier, and placed therein three bells, for the use of St. Stephen's Chapel. About the biggest of them were cast in the metal these words:

"King Edward made mee thirty thousand weight and three;
Take mee down and wey mee, and more you shall find mee."

But these bells being taken down in the reign of Henry VIII., one wrote underneath with a coal:—

"But Henry the Eight
Will bait me of my weight"

This last distich alludes to a fact mentioned by Stow, in his survey of London—ward of Farringdon Within to wit—that near to St. Paul's School stood a clochier, in which were four bells, called *Jesus' bells*, the greatest in all England, against which Sir Miles Partridge staked an hundred pounds, and won them of Henry VIII. at a cast of dice.

Matthew Paris observes, that anciently the use of bells was prohibited in time of mourning. Mabillon adds, that it was an old practice to ring the bells for persons about to expire, to advertise the people to pray for them—whence our passing-bell. The passing-bell, indeed, was anciently for two purposes—one to bespeak the prayers of all good Christians for a soul just departing; the other to drive away the evil spirits who were supposed to stand at the bed's foot.

This dislike of spirits to bells is mentioned in the Golden Legend, by Wynkyn de Worde:—"It is said, evill spirytes that ben in the regyon of thayre, doubte moche when they here the belles rongen; and this is the cause why the belles ben rongen when it thondreth, and when grete tempeste and outrages of wether happen; to the ende that the fiends and wycked spirytes shold be abashed and flee, and cease of the movynge of tempeste." Another author observes, that the custom of ringing bells at the approach of thunder is of some antiquity; but that the design was not so much to shake the air, and so dissipate the thunder, as to call the people to church, to pray that the parish might be preserved from the terrible effect of lightning.

Warner, in his History of Hampshire, enumerates the virtues of a bell by translating the lines from the "Helpe to Discourse:—

"Men's deaths I tell by doleful knell;
Lightning and thunder I break asunder.
On Sabbath all to church I call;
The sleepy head I raise from bed;
The winds so fierce I doe disperse;
Men's cruel rage I doe assuage."

Four of the bells of the ancient Abbey of Hexham were dedicated or baptized; and although the old bells no longer exist, the legends upon the whole six have been preserved, and a free translation given by Mr. Wright is as follows:—

1. "Even at our earliest sound,
The light of God is spread around.
2. "At the echo of my voice,
Ocean, earth, and air rejoice.
3. "Blend thy mellow tones with mine,
Silver voice of Catherine!
4. "Till time on ruin's lap shall nod,
John shall sound the praise of God.
5. "With John in heavenly harmony,
Andrew, pour thy melody.
6. "Be mine to chant Jehovah's fame,
While Maria is my name."

These epigraphs or legends on bells are not uncommon. The Rev. W. C. Lukis, in his notices on church bells, read at the Wilts Archaeological Meeting, gave the following instances:—

At Aldbourne, on the first bell, we read, "The gift of Jos. Pizzie and Wm. Gwynn—

"Music and ringing we like so well.
And for that reason we gave this bell."

On the fourth bell is,—

"Humphry Symson gave xx pound to buy this bell,
And the parish gave xx more to make this ring go well."

A not uncommon epigraph is,—

"Come when I call
To serve God all."

At Chilton Foliat, on the tenor is,—

"Into the church the living I call,
And to the grave I summon all.
Attend the instruction which I give,
That so you may for ever live."

At Devizes, St. Mary, on the first bell, is,—

"I am the first, altho' but small,
I will be heard above you all."

And on the second bell is,—

"I am the second in this ring,
Therefore next to thee I will sing."

Which, at Broadchalk, is thus varied :—

"I in this place am second bell,
I'll surely do my part as well."

On the third bell at Coln is,—

"Robert Forman collected the money for casting this bell
Of well-disposed people, as I do you tell."

At Bath Abbey, on the tenth bell, is,—

"All you of Bath that hear me sound,
Thank Lady Hopton's hundred pound."

On the fifth bell at Amesbury is,—

"Be strong in faith, praise God well,
Frances Countess Hertford's bell."

And, on the tenor,—

"Altho' it be unto my loss,
I hope you will consider my cost."

At Stowe, Northamptonshire, and at St. Mary the Virgin, Oxford, we find,—

"Be it known to all that doth me see,
That Newcombe, of Leicester, made me."

At St. Michael's, Coventry, on the fourth bell, is,—

"I ring at six to let men know
When to and from their work to go."

On the seventh bell is,—

"I ring to sermon with a lusty bome,
That all may come and none can stay at home."

On the eighth bell is,—

"I am and have been called the common bell
To ring, when fire breaks out to tell."

At St. Peter's-le-Bailey, Oxford, four bells were sold towards finishing the

tower, and in 1792 a large bell was put up, with this inscription :—

"With seven more I hope soon to be
For ages joined in harmony."

But this very reasonable wish has not yet been realized; whereas at St. Lawrence's, Reading, when two bells were added to form a peal of ten, on the second we find—

"By adding two our notes we'll raise,
And sound the good subscribers' praise."

The occasion of the erection of the Westminster Clock-tower is said to have been as follows :—A certain poor man, in an action for debt, being fined the sum of 13s. 4d., Radulphus Ingham, Chief Justice of the King's Bench, commiserating his case, caused the court roll to be erased, and the fine reduced to 6s. 8d., which being soon after discovered, Ingham was amerced in a pecuniary mulct of eight hundred marks, which was employed in erecting the said bell-tower, in which was placed a bell and a clock, which, striking hourly, was to remind the judges in the hall of the offence of their brother. This bell was originally called Edward; "but," says a writer in the "Antiquarian Repertory," "when the Reformation caused St. Edward and his hours to be but little regarded, as other bells were frequently called Tom, as fancied to pronounce that name when stricken—that at Lincoln, for instance, and that at Oxford—this also followed the fashion, of which, to what I remember of it before it was hung up, I may add another proof from a catch made by the late Mr. Eccles, which begins—

" 'Hark, Harry, 'tis late—'tis time to be gone,
For Westminster Tom, by my faith, strikes one.' "

Hawkins, in his "History of Music," says,— "The practice of ringing bells in change, or regular peals, is said to be peculiar to England: whence Britain has been termed the *ringing island*. The custom seems to have commenced in the time of the Saxons, and was common before the Conquest. The ringing of bells, although a recreation chiefly of the lower sort, is, in itself, not incurious. The tolling of a bell is nothing more than the producing of a sound by a stroke of the clapper against the side of the bell, the bell itself being in a pendent position, and at rest. In ringing, the bell, by means of a wheel and a rope, is elevated to a perpendicular; in its motion, the

clapper strikes forcibly on one side, and in its return downwards, on the other side of the bell, producing at each stroke a sound." There are still in London several societies of ringers. There was one called the College Youths (bell-ringers, like post-boys, never seem to acquire old age). Of this it is said Sir Matthew Hale, Lord Chief Justice of the King's Bench, was, in his youthful days, a member; and in the life of that upright judge, by Burnet, some facts are mentioned which favour this relation. In England the practice of ringing has been reduced to a science, and peals have been composed which bear the names of their inventors; some of the most celebrated of these were composed about fifty years ago by one Patrick. This man was a maker of barometers. In the year 1684, one Abraham Rudhall, of the city of Gloucester, brought the art of bell-founding to great perfection. His descendants in succession have continued the business of casting bells; and by a list published by them at Lady Day, 1774, the family, in peals and odd bells, had

cast to the amount of 3594. The peals of St. Dunstan's-in-the-East, St. Bride's, and St. Martin's-in-the-Fields, are among the number. The following "Articles of Ringing" are upon the walls of the belfry in the pleasant village of Dunster, in Somersetshire. They are dated 1787:—

1. "You that in ringing take delight,
Be pleased to draw near;
These articles you must observe,
If you mean to ring here.
2. "And first, if any overturn
A bell, as that he may,
He forthwith for that only fault
In beer shall sixpence pay.
3. "If any one shall curse or swear
When come within the door,
He then shall forfeit for that fault
As mentioned before.
4. "If any one shall wear his hat
When he is ringing here,
He straightway then shall sixpence pay
In cyder or in beer.
5. "If any one these articles
Refuseth to obey,
Let him have nine strokes of the rope,
And so depart away."

SWEET HOUR OF EVENTIDE.

THERE is an hour when I am blest,
A sweeter hour than all beside,
When daylight gently sinks to rest,
And Nature's hushed at eventide.
Sweet evening hour, I owe thy power
That brings my loved ones to my side;
Enrobed by thee, my sorrow's free,
And I am blest at eventide,
The sun goes down across the fields,
The lengthened shadows, spectral, glide;
My soul to the enchantment yields,
And loved ones come at eventide.
Fond memory, in her backward flight,
Calls dear ones, who early died,
And now they come in robes of light,
At the sweet hour of eventide.
And loving ones, though absent far,
And long since parted from my side,
Look mildly as yon evening star,
And speak my name at eventide.
And sorrows flee, 'mid dewy showers,
For truest ones are by my side,
And whisper of the happy hours
When we shall meet at eventide.
Then, quiet hour, within thy bower
Of memories loved my soul will hide
Till storms are past, and peace at last
Smiles when we meet at eventide.

DWARFS.

WE can scarcely believe that the ancients gave any credence to the fabulous accounts of dwarfish nations, or could be persuaded of the existence of those pigmies spoken of by Aristotle and other writers, who, in all probability, described as such a species of diminutive monkeys.

Athenæus mentions a race of dwarfs who were in perpetual war with cranes, who harnessed partridges to their chariots, and were obliged to cut down corn with felling-axes, like forest trees. Pliny asserts that their constant enemy, the crane, drove them out of Thracia, but that they still were to be met with in Ethiopia, near the source of the Nile, and above the rise of the Ganges, where they were named *Spithania*, their stature not exceeding three palms. Nicephorus Calixtus, in his "Ecclesiastical History," mentions an Egyptian who was not longer than a partridge, and who, at the age of twenty-five, displayed considerable mental endowment. Strabo, however, judiciously observed that these stories arose from the circumstance of the small size of every animal in intemperate regions. Various modern travellers have recorded the most absurd stories of diminutive men, as well as of gigantic nations; but to most of them we may apply the words of Congreve—

"Fernandez Mendez Pinto was but a type of thee,
Thou liar of the first magnitude."

It is nevertheless true, that man exhibits differences of stature in various climates. The Laplanders and Samoides in Europe, the Ostiacks and Tungoses in Asia, the Greenlanders and Esquimaux in America—all the natives indeed of high northern latitudes are remarkably short, measuring little more than four feet; and Niels Sara, the Laplander mentioned by Von Buch in his "Travels," and who measured five feet eight inches, may be considered as a gigantic exception. It had been reported by travellers, that a nation of white dwarfs, called *Quimos* or *Kimos*, existed in the interior of Madagascar; but Flacourt has positively denied the fact, although Commerson, the naturalist of Bougainville, and De Modave, confirm the former statement. It has also been remarked by various travellers, that dwarfs are not uncommon

amongst robust and manly races, instanced in Poland and Lithuania. Sigismund de Herbestein made the same observation in Samogitia, the population of which was of a high stature.

It is by no means evident that climate or any external agency invariably produces this effect; for, in the very regions inhabited by the stunted Hottentot, the shortest race in Africa, since the Bosjesman tribe scarcely ever exceed four feet, we find the strong and tall Kaffir. Amongst these it is also to be remarked, that there exists a singular difference between the sexes. Langsdorf thus expresses himself on the subject: "The Kaffir women were mostly of low stature, very strong-limbed, and particularly muscular in the leg: the men, on the contrary, were the finest figures I ever beheld; they were tall, robust, and muscular. A young man of about twenty, of six feet ten inches high, was one of the finest figures that perhaps was ever created. He was a perfect Hercules; and a cast from his body would not have disgraced the pedestal of the deity in the Farnese Palace." He further adds, "There is, perhaps, no nation on the earth, taken collectively, that can produce so fine a race of men as the Kaffirs: they are tall, stout, muscular, well-made, elegant figures. They are exempt, indeed, from many of those causes that in more civilized societies contribute to impede the growth of the body. Their diet is simple, their exercise of a salutary nature; their body is neither cramped nor encumbered by clothing; the air they breathe is pure; their rest is not disturbed by violent love, nor their minds ruffled by jealousy; they are free from those licentious appetites which proceed frequently more from a depraved imagination than a real natural want. Their frame is neither shaken nor enervated by the use of intoxicating liquor; they eat when hungry, and sleep when nature demands it. With such a kind of life, languor and melancholy have nothing to do. The countenance of a Kaffir is always cheerful, and the whole of his demeanour bespeaks content and peace of mind."

Are diminutive races more productive than those of stronger formation? The brute creation has been taken as an example in support of this opinion; large animals producing one or two young ones,

while the smaller species are singularly prolific. The lioness seldom brings forth more than two or four whelps, the cat will have a litter of eight or ten kittens; the pullulation of insects is incredible. But is not this circumstance an illustration of the wisdom of Providence? If the larger species were as abundant as the lesser races, where could they find sustenance in regions where the produce is, under the influence of the seasons, occasionally abundant or scarce? In the ocean, this is not the case; the myriads of its creatures suffice to support each other, and we therefore meet in the deep, the largest of animals in numerous shoals, while the small fry are generated in marvellous abundance.

That the facility of obtaining food and the nature of the nutritious substances that animals may find, influence their stature, is evident. In sandy and arid plains poor in pasture, we find horses and cattle of a stunted breed: the herds of Flanders widely differ from those of Wales and of the Ukraine, and the Scotch and Welsh cattle cannot be compared to those of Holstein. At the same time, it must be observed, that in regard to dwarfs, although it frequently does occur that they are labouring under a hereditary lowness of stature, this is not invariably the case. In these instances dwarfs may be considered as morbid phenomena. Thus Bebe, the dwarf of Stanislaus of Poland, who was thirty-three French inches high, was weak, of delicate health, became deformed as he grew up, and died at the age of twenty-three; his parents were of the usual stature: whereas the Polish nobleman Borwlaski was well-made, active, intelligent: he measured twenty-eight inches; he had a brother of thirty-four inches, and a sister of twenty-one. Stöberin, of Nürenberg, was nearly three feet high at twenty, well-proportioned, and possessing a cultivated mind: his parents, brothers, and sisters, were all dwarfs. Such natural dwarfs have been known to evince brilliant qualities. Uladislas, king of Poland, surnamed *Cubitalis* from his only measuring a cubit in height,

was renowned for his warlike exploits; and we find a dwarf of the name of Kasan, a khan of Tartary, boldly leading their enterprising bands. These individuals sprung from dwarfish parents; whereas the dwarfs we generally meet with are deformities of nature; their head is voluminous, their intellectual faculties obtuse, they are mostly childish in their ideas and pursuits, and are rarely able to propagate their race.

Held in contempt by the people, dwarfs naturally become peevish and irritable; and the diminutive names given to them to match their apparent natural imperfection tend constantly to increase their irritability. Thus the Latins called them *Homunciones*, the Italians *Piccolomini*, the Flemings *Mennekin*, — whence, no doubt, our term *Mannikin* given to little men, and *Minikin* applied to small pins. A very curious case of a dwarf born from parents of the usual stature was exhibited in Paris in 1819: her name was Anne Souvray; she was born in the Vosges, and was only thirty-three inches in height. She was at that period seventy-three years of age; was gay, animated, good-humoured, and danced with tolerable grace with her sister Barbe; seventy-five years of age, and taller than her by two inches. In 1762, King Stanislaus wanted to marry her to his Bebe; the bridegroom, however, did not live to contract so desirable a match; but, faithful to her lover, she ever afterwards called herself *Madame Bébé*.

Jeffrey Hudson, the dwarf of King Charles, must also have been of a very diminutive stature, since we find that he was served up in a pie to the royal table, and jumped out when the crust was raised. It appears that introducing live pies in those days was not an uncommon frolic; hence there may be some truth in the old song of

“Four-and-twenty blackbirds bak'd in a pye,
When the pye was open'd the birds began to
sing,
Was not that a dainty dish to lay before the
king?”

I'M POSITIVE.

"He's a bad man, I tell you—I'm positive—and I never was deceived in my life."

"How do you know, uncle?"

"Oh—why—indeed it would take a long time to tell. There are a thousand reasons why I think so. One is—but then it's no matter. I tell you I'm positive."

But Uncle Meredith had told almost his only reason for disliking any person who was the subject of conversation. The two last words, pronounced with extra emphasis, conveyed the principal cause of his antipathy. He had taken a dislike, and he was "positive." Clara knew that to press the matter further would only make the case worse; she desisted, and the conversation ceased just in the nick of time—for in another instant Mr. Charles Stanwood, the identical "bad man," was announced. Clara had time to check her smiles at the awkwardness of his apparition at such an inopportune moment, and positive Uncle Meredith took care to disappear between Mr. Stanwood's approach and his entrance. Brief morning call commonplaces between the lady and the gentleman may be imagined by the reader, and then he shall follow us down town with Uncle Meredith.

Uncle Meredith was a bachelor of forty-five. He took a father's care of an orphan child, who called him uncle. With the best heart in the world, and every requisite to fill the place of that useful man in society, a husband and a father, he had remained a bachelor from the influence of the only fault in his character—his obduracy, and unwillingness to relinquish an impression he once entertained. Warm-hearted where he formed an attachment, and as sudden in conceiving his likes as his dislikes, he passed through love passages in his early days, enough to earn for him, with those who did not know him, the character of male coquette. Justice, however, compels us to say that Uncle Meredith never, even in the heyday of youth, commenced marked attentions to any one whom he had not fully determined beforehand to make a wife. From the first moment that he entertained a penchant he was "positive." Some of his attachments—most of them, indeed—were snapped by the high spirit of the young ladies, who

did not like his imperial way of wooing, as if he delayed proposing only to suit his own convenience, sure that when he did come to particulars, he had only to name the day, and hear it assented to. Once or twice he was "ridiculously jilted," after he had gone so far as to order his wedding suit, and intimate to his friends the precise hour when the ceremony was to come off. This cruel mode of punishing a rather innocent presumption might have broken another man's heart, but Meredith only said, "The loss is as much hers as mine," and dismissed the lady from his memory with—"She will wish she *had* married me—I'm positive." So one of them did. She married a man who not only squandered her property, but broke her heart, by a course of base conduct, ending in desertion. Clara was the offspring of this unfortunate marriage, and her mother showed her appreciation of Meredith's character, by bequeathing to him the care of her unprotected and penniless child. When Uncle Meredith said to Clara, "I never was mistaken in my life," he referred particularly to his prediction in relation to her mother, but of course he was too generous to impart to her that bit of history. She could not tell what made him repeat the sentence so earnestly and pertinaciously; and the graver he became, the more she smiled, till oftentimes she laughed outright. It was too merry and innocent a laugh to offend. The bachelor would shake his head imploringly, and Clara, puzzled, would check the outward manifestations of her mirth, in deference to her kind-hearted guardian.

"He is a bad man, I know. Birds of a feather fly together, and why should Mr. Charles Stanwood be so often seen with that wretch Bingley? And what brought the man here, when everybody thought him dead and buried? Why didn't he die while he was gone? He could not have done a better thing, I'm positive. But here he comes—he must not know that I recollect his villain face."

And at that very moment, who should he meet but Bingley? The two men passed each other. Uncle Meredith looked as intently as possible upon nothing in particular, turning his eyes neither to the right nor left. Bingley stole fur-

tive glances at the sturdy bachelor as he passed him, and, thinking himself not remembered, stood still looking after Meredith, as if to make sure he was not mistaken in his man. And as Meredith could not resist the impulse to take a look back also, their eyes met. It was awkward, very. Old Meredith's neck had a "crick" in it for a week afterwards, from the suddenness with which he averted his head, and he stumped away as industriously as if he were running from a serpent. He could not conceal his disgust, and it convinced the other of his identity.

"If he would but give me ten minutes' conversation," sighed Bingley. "Like all the rest of the world he would annoy me with too much, if I chose to apply the true open sesame to men's lips. But I will not. If the pauper gets a few words, he generally gets direct ones, and tolerably honest."

And the old man pursued his way—a stranger among those whom he rightly judged that he could make emulous friends in outward courtesy and seeming, if he chose. No one had a glance of recognition for him; for if any, like Meredith, remembered him, like Meredith they chose also to deny their acquaintance. The few who recollected him were generally feeble old men like himself. A younger generation made the bustle through which he picked his noiseless and unobtrusive course, and he felt more isolated among the thousands of eager passengers hurrying to and fro, than he did when alone with his Maker in his silent apartment. His countenance bore the traces of a long-remembered grief—grief which had *once* been remorse. But over that pervaded an expression of calm resignation, as if he felt that he had done all within human power to atone for past misconduct; and that his repentance had been accepted, and he had been forgiven. He was conscious that his remaining days were short, and he was anxious to perform some still unaccomplished duty.

"If I could have one word with him," Bingley said again, aloud to himself.

Two light-hearted girls started as his cracked voice unexpectedly sounded in their ears. A shade of melancholy passed over their countenances as they turned to look at one, whose like Holmes has so touchingly described, as "the last leaf on the tree." The prettier and kinder of these girls was our friend Clara—Clara,

of whom, by the way, we have not given one word of description! Was ever sketcher so ungallant? Haste we then to supply the omission.

Clara's lips were not as Cowley hath it, and all the modern poets after him, "twin cherries on one stem." Nor was her neck alabaster, for we have already deposed to her having turned her head, and flexibility is not a trait of any mantel ornaments, save those horrid Chinese mandarins which used to nod their points at you in Dunn's Collection. Her teeth were not pearls, her eyes were not stars, nor were her cheeks vermilion and white velvet. She was a good, healthy beauty; cheerfulness irradiated her expressive features, and easy propriety marked her manners. There, sir! If you cannot fall in love with such a woman, you may look further and fare worse. We have forgotten whether her eyes are black, blue, or hazel—and the reader must follow Mistress Glass's kind general permission, and colour "to taste." At any rate, they were of the right shade to be filled with Charley Stanwood; and if your lady's eyes are of a hue as propitious, you need care not for a colourman's classification of them.

It is evening. Clara is amusing Uncle Meredith with a song, accompanied by herself upon the piano. He will insist upon "The Young Froggy," "Lord Ullin's Daughter," and that song about a well in some happy land, the waters of which conferred domestic supremacy upon the husband or wife who should first drink of them after marriage. The bride of this "romaunt" took a phial from the magic well with her to church, which she drank at her leisure, while her husband ran back to the spring, astonished that his wife did not contend with him in the race. Such were among the piano music which Meredith had heard "in the days when he went Philandering—a long time ago," and he will not believe that any modern music can approach them. He had just said for the thousandth time—"It's the way all women would do, I'm positive," when Mr. Stanwood was announced. There was no escape for the old gentleman now, for he was in his slippers, and it was two full hours to any rational approach to bedtime. To attempt to flit would be too marked an insult, and Meredith dared not so much disoblige Clara; for he loved his ward, and she needed no other "gramarie" than her winning ways to hold his eccentricities in awe in the presence of

visitors, before whom indulgence in them would make her unhappy.

No young lady will probably require to be told how awkward one feels, when a person is present whose attentions are certainly not disagreeable to her, while an elder friend is fastened to the room, feeling himself not merely *de trop* in his own house, but unjustly so, as the compulsory host of a man whom he heartily dislikes. Clara trembled—not for the fear that any explosion, or any expression of her uncle's real feelings would occur then, but lest Charles, in his happy innocence of any knowledge of the old gentleman's dislike, should drop some expression, harmless in itself, which positive Uncle Meredith would torture into a new count in his indictment against him, to edify her withal at their next breakfast. And, as is usually the case where a lady or a gentleman undertakes, in nervous agitation, the direction of conversation in order to steer it clear of quicksands, Miss Clara herself stumbled upon the very difficulty she would of all others have avoided. If she had let the old man alone, he might have fallen into inattention to their conversation, or have caught here and there a disconnected word only; but she chose to draw him out, and to compel him to converse, while she saw that it cost him immense struggles to be so gracious as to mingle more than by monosyllables.

"You must have hurried down town this morning, uncle—for I went out directly after you, and did not catch one glimpse of your hat even. I wanted to see you just then, very much."

"Yes, Clara, I did walk a good pace. And the old man fell to cogitating within himself. Stanwood then must have made a short call. Uncle Meredith reviewed his experience and found that circumstances were ominous. When he was young and gallant, his general attentions to a young lady, made without a very particular object, led him to trifle away whole forenoons. His short calls were business visits, devoted to direct and important questions. He had invariably received direct answers, closing the negotiations abruptly. It was evident that Stanwood had met no such misfortune that day, or he would not have been at the house in the evening. Clara wanted to see her uncle *just then*. Meredith dropped into the brownest of brown studies, and Clara, despairing of making anything of her uncle, addressed her next

remark to Stanwood, who, too, began to show symptoms of discomfort. It was really an icy party.

"I dare say Jane and I must have lost our last chance of catching him when we stopped to look round at such a dear, unhappy old man——"

"Ahey—what?—I'm positive——"

"Why, uncle! You have really waked up again. I am glad there is something that can fix your attention this evening." Uncle Meredith looked as if he were anything but glad, and Clara proceeded. "So venerable—so infirm—such an expression of loneliness and patient sorrow in his countenance! Nobody appeared to know him, and he knew nobody. Just as we passed him, he startled us with an exclamation—as if some former friend had refused him comfort. Now who could be so cruel to a feeble old man?"

Uncle Meredith fidgeted, and made no reply. Stanwood seemed elated, yet uneasy, that the conversation had taken such a turn. He addressed leading questions to her, as if he guessed who the dear old man might be, and wished to establish his identity with some person whom he himself knew. Meredith meanwhile growing more uneasy at every word—till he rose at length from his chair, and paced the room in an agitation which he no longer made any effort to conceal. Clara looked at him in astonishment, utterly unaware what circumstance or utterance could possibly have given affairs this unpropitious turn—as unexpected as unpropitious. Charles waited a few moments, and then broke the silence, speaking in a tone that indicated his knowledge that the simple and apparently unimportant declaration he was about to make, required all his moral courage to breast the storm which he was sensible it would raise.

"Miss Meredith, the person who has attracted your sympathies is entirely worthy of them, and as needy of solace as he is deserving of it. I am proud to say that he is my best and dearest friend."

Old Meredith stopped, utterly aghast at the boldness of this declaration. He raised his hands and then let them fall at his side, as if the effrontery of the avowal just made had filled him with surprise too deep for words, and with indignation too extreme for expression.

"Tell me at least," he at last said, "Mr. Stanwood, that you do not know this man's history."

Was he a murderer—a parricide—what

horrible crime *had* he committed? A thousand questions suggested themselves to Clara's mind in an instant, as she leaned forward, her lips parted in earnest attention to catch Charles's denial. She shared her guardian's horror when Stanwood very calmly answered—

"I know every line and passage of his life."

"Why, he's the worst man alive—and if you—well if he *is* your friend, and if there is anything in community of thought and character—then—I'm positive! But there, young man, I won't think so badly of you. You have heard *his* own version of the story—and he's an old deceiver. He has cozened you, and you will cast him off when you know all."

"He has told me the truth and the whole truth, sir. I have found it corroborated by circumstances, and by the concurrent testimony of those who know him as well, apparently, as you do. When men assume a false character they do not claim a bad one. Cleaner breast could not be made by confession than Bingley has made to me. Cast him off I cannot, as I hope not to be cast off for my own errors and follies—not to say crimes—in which it was his superior judgment and experience that arrested me."

Clara thought Charles had never before looked so manly, or spoken so nobly. Even the old man seemed struck with the generous conduct of the young advocate of the absent. He tendered him his hand, and as he pressed it said—"You are a generous young man—or," and he dropped the hand again rather suddenly, "you are a rogue arch enough to be a match for Bingley in his best days. One or the other—I don't know which—but—I'm positive! Come, sit down, and tell me all you know of him."

"Must a witness criminate himself?"

"You've a merciful judge there, you rogue—and as for me—why, hang me if I don't like you too. You are too frank to be wicked—I'm positive. But I'll send Clara off—oh, I recollect, she wanted to see me. I thought she fingered wild on the piano, before you came in—and now I remember she tried to help me to bread instead of potatoes, with a spoon, to-day. Yes—she does want to see me, I'm positive—and what she wants to say can't possibly concern you. I'll send you off, if you please, and talk to her first—or, I'll take one of you at a time into the library, while the other is left here to

poke out the fire. See how the poor child blushes! There's something in this, I'm positive."

Clara rose, blushing to her temples. Charles beckoned her to sit again; and, to tell the truth, she was not at all disinclined so to do. The subject had become very interesting to her—and no less confusing; for how to trace the disjointed connexion which seemed to exist between Bingley, Charles, her uncle, and herself, she could not imagine. And yet a connexion there certainly was, of some mysterious description.

Charles commenced—

"You know I have made the tour of Europe——"

Old Meredith knew this, and had been "positive" when he first saw Stanwood, that no good could come of a young American who brought home a pair of moustaches and an imperial. Charles proceeded.

"During that tour, I spent a month in that centre of fashion, elegance, frivolity, and genteel vice, the city of Paris." Clara looked "hush!" Charles smiled, and continued—"One night I had lost large sums at play——"

Old Meredith "humphed." Young Clara traced the borders of a nondescript flower in the carpet with the toe of her slipper.

"I was about to stake my purse and its contents on a last throw, in my desperation, when an old, awkward servant stumbled against me with a salver in his hand, and we both fell. As I stooped to raise him, he whispered, 'It was intentional. Play no more, but meet me in a few minutes outside the door! The interruption made a good pretext for desisting from play, and I followed the old man's advice. He met me, according to his appointment. 'Your gentleman was cheating you,' he said, 'and none but an *habitué* could detect him.' I wished to go back and demand reparation. 'What!' urged my new friend. 'Better far accuse yourself of some crime to the first police agent you meet. It will be a pleasanter way of getting into prison, and save the awkwardness of violence. Don't go back at all to-night, or ever,' he added, earnestly, drawing me from the door. 'I was ruined there. Where I once played for thousands, I now sweep the floors, and look eagerly in my morning dust for such coin as may have fallen from the tables over night.' 'Why do you remain there?' I asked. 'Why do

"I eat, and drink, and live?" he answered. "It is the best service for a ruined gamester. If I must serve my fellows for a menial's livery, who of them will take me with a character from *there* as my last place?"

Clara felt relieved, and appealed to her uncle with a look of triumph.

"So far so good," said old Meredith. "The servant was Bingley, but no doubt he forgot to tell you that the property he lost there was, in part, stolen from his wife, and in part the proceeds of forged paper."

"Indeed he did not. I proposed to him that I would dismiss my Frenchman, who had kindly piloted me to the gambling houses of Paris, and take him instead who had led me away from them. Then he told me that I could not trust him, and assigned the very reason that you have given. I did trust him, and found in him a mentor as well as a servant."

Old Meredith paced the floor again.

"It will all come out, I'm positive. It must—and the longer it is deferred the worse it will be."

He walked to Clara's chair, and as he leaned over her his tears fell upon her neck. He caught her to his heart, and then turning suddenly to Stanwood, said—

"You believe in this man's reformation. One more test, and that will settle your sincerity, I'm positive. Would you marry his daughter?"

"If I were unengaged—and—" He stopped—amazement was preparing for Clara. The old man said abruptly—

"There she sits. Yes—my ward—my more than child is Bingley's daughter, born after his flight in disgrace. It can't be helped—it must be known—prove your sincerity or you are a bad man, I'm

positive; and I never was mistaken in my life!"

Charles took the poor girl in his arms, and saved her sinking to the floor under this revelation, astounding as it was to both of them. The old man capered about the floor like a madman—then dashed tears from both eyes at once, and clasped the pair in his arms, in a manner less sentimental than a younger man might have done, certainly with a heart as sincere.

"All right!" he shouted, "now I *am* positive, and I never *was* mistaken in my *whole* life!"

A few words finish the story. Bingley had come over to New Orleans as Stanwood's servant. In that city he received the unexpected intelligence that the decease of some distant connexions had left him heir-at-law to a large property. The proofs of his early crime were lost, the obligation to make good his peculation never could be. Nor did he desire it. He was ready to restore all to the uttermost farthing. When a lovely daughter was presented him as the crown and comfort of his old age, and that daughter the affianced of his other best earthly friend, his happiness waited only their nuptials to be complete. We need not say that this was not long delayed.

Uncle Meredith protests that he always liked that young Stanwood—he knew he was a sterling fellow from the first—he was *positive* of it—and he "never was mistaken in his life!"

The moral of our sketch is obvious. Let no man's ability for reformation be distrusted, and no one's repentance be despised. While He who made us accepts forgiveness, it is only man's wicked self-righteousness which would impotently deny the pardon which Heaven has accorded.

C. H. W.

A RUSSIAN WOLF-HUNT.

WHILE connected with the American legation in Russia, I received a very pressing invitation from Count Potowski to visit him at his castle in the country, about twenty leagues from St. Petersburg, where he promised me some rare sport in hunting wolves.

"I think," he said, "you will find our mode of destroying these beasts sufficiently novel and exciting to repay you for your trouble."

"Don't speak of trouble, Count, in connexion with a visit to your castle! I am certain I shall find myself indebted to your lordship for some of the happiest hours of my life!"

It was toward the close of a long, dreary winter, that I found myself in very sumptuous quarters at the castle referred to, which stood upon a high eminence, commanding an extensive view of a level, open plain, which was the beginning of a wilderness that stretched away unbroken for many and many a league. It was on this open plain, now covered with a heavy incrustation of snow, that the count proposed we should have our wolf-hunt, which to me did indeed prove to be novel and exciting, and even perilous beyond anything I had ever known.

Armed with double-barrelled guns and some five hundred ball cartridges apiece, the count, a friend of his, and myself, set off one afternoon, in a troika, for the place where we were to begin our exciting sport—which, premising it may be as new to others as to me, I will endeavour to describe somewhat in detail.

In the first place, troika is a sledge, (in our case large enough to give ample room to three persons besides the driver,) and is drawn by three horses, from which fact it takes its name. These horses, trained for the purpose, are harnessed to it all abreast. The one in the centre, the principal beast to be relied on, moves with his head down, and always in a trot, and is called the "Snow-Eater;" while the two others gallop along beside him, with their heads loose, and are termed the "Furies." To manage all these properly, and keep the troika from upsetting, as it skims and dances over the frozen, glistening snow, up hill and down dale, requires a driver of great skill and experience. Ordinarily the upsetting of this sledge may not matter so much; but

when surrounded by a large pack of hungry wolves, it is certain death!

In such a sledge and such a manner, we set off, one clear, cold afternoon, for the scene of our exploits, carrying with us a half-grown hog, which was to serve us for bait. We reached our first destination just as the sun was sinking in his snowy bed, and the full round moon was rising to silver over the scene. Then the hog was taken out and attached to the troika by an iron chain, from four to six feet long, and the horses started forward at a brisk pace over the level, glistening plain. The hog began to squeal, and the count turned to me with a laugh.

"How do you like the sport, Mr. Kingston?" he said.

"I think I shall like it better when I see something to shoot, and this screeching brute gets his sharp tones a little modified!" I replied, half-stopping my ears.

"You will have other noises to take off your attention presently," said the count.

"Do you think we shall be fortunate enough to draw out any wolves in this way?" I asked.

"Give me half an hour," rejoined the count, "and if I don't show you more wolves than you would care to face afoot, then consider me your debtor for what you please."

After going some distance, our hog, greatly to my relief, changed his tune from his shrill, ear-piercing squeal, into something resembling a mournful whine. The sun went down, and the moon rose in full splendour, pouring over the white, polished snow a brilliant light, that, by refraction, was rendered almost dazzling.

"Hark!" cried the count, as a long, low, peculiar howl came sweeping over the plain: "did I not tell you so? There is our first answer to our complaining friend behind. And there again! do you hear?—there is another, and another!—we shall soon have work before us. See!" he almost immediately added, pointing away to the left, "there they come!"

I looked in the direction indicated, and saw, dimly in the distance, what appeared to be two or three small, moving shadows; I looked to the right, and beheld more of the same kind; and on all sides we now heard those long, dismal howls by which

one wolf calls to another, and I knew they were gathering in force, and would soon be around us.

Our chained hog continued his plaintive cries, and the wolves fell in behind, and pressed forward, till they came up within fifty yards, where, for a time, their timidity seemed to hold them. As their numbers increased, which they did every minute—the beast at times appearing to spring from the earth in a mysterious way—their boldness increased also; and they gradually drew nearer and nearer, snapping, snarling, and growling, and so frightening our horses that the driver had much difficulty in holding them down to a reasonable pace.

"Now, then, gentlemen," said the count, "let us begin our sport, and Heaven send us a safe deliverance from its perils!"

With this he fired two shots at the row of fiery eyes behind us. A sharp yelp followed, and one of the animals began to limp and fall back; whereupon the others, perhaps smelling and getting a taste of his blood, sprung furiously upon him, tore him to pieces, and devoured him in almost the time it takes me to tell of it. In two minutes more the hungry beasts were pressing forward more eagerly than ever. I fired next, and brought down another, which was also torn to pieces and devoured in less than a minute, and then the furious beasts again drew nearer, and in still larger numbers.

From this moment the animals increased with startling rapidity. For more than an hour we loaded and fired as fast as we could, and for every one we shot, it appeared to me as if there were half-a-dozen to take its place. Emboldened by numbers and a taste of blood, they pressed up closer and closer, till we could almost reach them, the foremost bounding around and snapping at the poor hog, which was now terrified almost to death, and exerted itself to the utmost to escape from their sharp fangs.

Up to this moment I had been so busily engaged, and so excited with the sport, as to give no thought to our own danger; but now, I confess, I began to feel very uneasy, not to say alarmed. Where had all these beasts come from? and what was to be the end of the gathering. It seemed as if all Russia had poured them out on one spot. There must have been a thousand—perhaps five times that number—for I could not count them. They

had arranged themselves in the form of a crescent, the centre of the arc resting on the hog, and the two wings reaching forward to the rear of the horses, which snorted with fear, and required all the skill of the driver to hold them. It was a wild, impressive sight, with just enough danger to make it sublime. The heavens were clear, the moon round and full, the plain almost a dead level, the snow as white as milk, bright and glistening, with here and there a thin, light covering, over a hard crust, that flew up in fleecy clouds, like the fine spray of a waterfall, and over this we were dashing, with three fiery horses abreast, and a black, rolling cloud of wolves to the right, left, and rear of us, in the form of a crescent, their keen eyes looking like so many little balls of fire. We were all standing up, loading and firing, the count directly to the rear, and his friend and myself to the right and to the left.

As I have said, I had begun to feel somewhat alarmed—for I saw that, should any accident happen, such as the fall of one of the horses, or the upsetting of the troika, we could scarcely hope to get off with life, but I did not like to mention my fears to persons who had had so much experience as my companions.

At last, seeing that matters were steadily becoming worse instead of better, and that, great as were the numbers of our foes, they were still increasing, I ventured to say—

"Count, these ravenous beasts are pressing up very close!"

"Indeed they are!" he replied, taking a quick, keen survey of the whole scene. "They are getting pretty well forward, too!" he pursued, with an anxious glance toward the horses. "I confess I don't like that. What do you say, Paul?" he added, addressing the driver.

"My lord, I find it very difficult to manage the horses."

"Do you think we are in any serious danger now, Paul?"

"I don't like to see the beasts creeping so far forward, my lord."

"Nor I, and I think we had better knock over a few of the foremost."

We now, by the count's advice, directed our fire at the two horns of the crescent; but though we shot down the foremost with great rapidity, and continued to do so till our guns became heated, I could not perceive that it thinned them in the least, or had any good effect. It broke their regularity and threw them into some

confusion, it is true; but this, so far from being an advantage to us, I fancied worked against us, by causing them to become bolder and press up around us still closer.

"By my faith!" at length exclaimed the count, in a tone that betrayed some degree of alarm, "we must get out of this soon, or the beasts will be upon us! I never saw so many before in my life, and I have shot till I am tired. Let me see! We must have fired some three hundred times apiece; and allowing that only every other shot has been effectual, we must have brought down, say, five hundred wolves; and yet they are here, closing up around us, more numerous than ever, a countless legion! One trip, one stumble, one tilt, and we are gone! How now, Paul, my brave lad—how are you going to get us out of this?"

"By giving the horses their heads and letting them take a steady turn to the left, so as to change the position of the whole body of pursuers at once."

"Are you sure of the animals?"

"I think I can trust them."

"And the troika, Paul?"

"I shall do my best, trusting to Heaven, my lord! I think the risk far less than riding as we are."

"Then save us at your will, Paul, and look to me for a handsome reward when you shall have put us safe within the castle gates!"

The next few minutes were exciting beyond anything I had ever experienced in my life. The driver shook the reins, gave a peculiar chirp and whistle, and our noble steeds, as anxious to escape as ourselves, sped away like the wind. I fairly held my breath, feeling that a crisis had come involving life and death. Away, away we flew, the keen air cutting our faces, the light snow blinding our eyes, and the little troika bounding over the glistening surface like a gallant boat on the foam-crested billows. I watched the dark rolling cloud of living animals, with their lolling tongues and eyes of fire, and saw with a feeling of joy that I cannot express, that they were slowly but per-

ceptibly falling behind; that we were gaining on them—inch by inch, it was true—but still gaining on them. If the noble horses could but hold out at this speed and no accident should befall us! We were all breathless with intensity of feeling—the single chirp or sharp whistle of our driver being the only human sounds that issued from our party.

Gradually the horses began to turn, slowly turn, in a broad circle to the left, so as to flank that horn of the crescent. As we came gracefully round, so as in a measure to face our snarling pursuers, surprise and fear for the moment threw them into confusion. Impulsively they parted and suffered us to pass through their dense ranks and gain a homeward start before getting a clear comprehension that we were actually escaping and leaving them behind. Then with loud, angry yells they laid down to the chase, but were no match for our fleet coursers, that every moment widened the space between them and their foes. Oh, how I loved the noble brutes that were so gallantly saving us!

"Bravo!" at length burst in a wild yell from the excited count; "bravo, my noble steeds, and bravo, gallant driver!—this night's work shall be remembered to you all!"

His words of rejoicing were instantly changed to a cry of dismay, as one of the horses stumbled, staggered, pitched forward, and came down upon his knees, checking up his companions and almost hurling us upon their backs. The noble brute, as if he knew that death to all of us was threatened through him, made a tremendous struggle to regain his footing and pace; and with success, thank God! or this tale had never been told.

In another half hour the ravenous wolves were far behind us, and an hour saw us safe within the castle gates uttering prayers of thanksgiving.

The next day we rode out upon the snowy plain, and found it strewn for miles with the bones of the wolves we had slain on that to me ever memorable night.

ON MUSIC.

MUSIC, it is sometimes said, is not an intellectual art. *What does this mean?* Does it mean that music employs no intellect in the artist, and excites none in the hearer? The assertion in both cases is untrue. Music, as a study, must, I think, be profoundly intellectual. In the oldest universities it has always had a place among the abstract sciences. But, considered as an enjoyment—considered in relation to the hearer—we should first need to settle what we understand by an intellectual enjoyment. To work a problem in algebra, or to examine a question of theology, may be each an intellectual pleasure; but the pleasure, it is manifest, is in each case very different. These both, it is true, agree in taxing the *reasoning* faculty; but is nothing intellectual but that which formally taxes this faculty? Is nothing intellectual but that which involves syllogisms—but that which implies demonstration or induction? Prayer is not intellectual, if we identify intellectuality with logic; and if we do this, it is *not* intellectual to feel the merits of a picture, but peculiarly so to understand the proportion of its frame. According to such a theory, it is intellectual to analyse with Aristotle, but it is not so to burn and soar with Plato. To speculate with Jeremy Bentham is intellectual, but it is not so to be enraptured by the divine song of Milton. Assertions which lead to such conclusions must be radically false. Whatever puts man's spiritual powers into action, is intellectual. The *kind* of action engaged will, of course, be ever according to the subject and the object. The intellectuality of a statesman is not that of a bard: the intellectuality which concocts an Act of Parliament is not that which composes a "Song of the Bell." Music is neither inductive nor ratiocinative. It is art; that is, it is an inward law realized in outward fact. Such is all art. In this music agrees with all arts, for all arts are but the outward realities of inward laws. But some of these are for utility, others for delight. Music is of those arts which spring from the desire for enjoyment and gratify it. It bears the soul away into the region of the infinite, and moves it with conceptions of exhaustless possibilities of beauty. If ideas, feelings, imaginations, are intellectual, then is

music; if that which can excite, combine, modify, elevate—memories, feelings, imagination—is intellectual, then music is intellectual.

An art which, like music, is the offspring of passion and emotion, could not but take a dramatic form. The lyrical drama, secular and sacred, civilized humanity could not but produce. Nothing is more natural than that the gaiety and grief of the heart should seek the intense and emphatic expression which music can afford. It would, indeed, be extraordinary if a creature like man—so covetous of excitement, so desirous of varying his sensations—did not press into his service, wherever it could be used, an art which has no other equal to it for excitement and variety. The opera, both comic and tragic, is a genuine production of this desire. The burlesque, the odd, the merry, the absurd, and still more, pity, love, jealousy, vengeance, despair, have their music in the rudest states of society; it is only in the order of things that they should in cultivated states of society have a cultivated music. Such music, as a matter of course, would connect itself with a story, a plot, with incident, character, scenery, costume, and catastrophe. It would thus become dramatic. Thus it has become; and as such, it has a range as ample as that of human life, as deep as human passions, as versatile as the human fancy and the human will. Hence we have the opera. The opera is that form which the drama assumed among a people musically organized—among a people whose love of music was, therefore, intense, constitutional, and expansive. But no art remains within the limits of its native space, and the opera is now as extensive as civilization; as extensive, certainly, as modern civilization. The ballad is the first comedy or tragedy. There are germs in the words of the ballad for the genius of Shakspeare—there are germs in the air of it for the genius of Rossini. Many object to the opera. First, they say, it is expensive. All our amusements are expensive—expensive as they ought not to be—expensive as they would not be with a higher and a purer social culture. Artistic amusements are expensive, especially, by the want of taste, which hinders the many from sharing

in them—by the want of taste, which makes *expense* itself distinction. True taste coincides with true feeling; delights in beauty, as it delights in goodness, for its own sake; and true feeling being wide as nature and humanity, the more widely its delight is shared the greater its own enjoyment. Were there among the people a diffusive taste for elevated music, we cannot but feel that music could be cheap as well as noble. But, secondly, many say that the opera is unnatural. It is absurd, they quizzically aver, that persons should sing their love-talk, their madness, their despair, &c., and grieve or laugh, and die or be married, in sharps or flats, in major or minor. And yet this is exactly what nature does. Nature sings all its stronger emotions. The moment expression becomes excited it has rhythm—it has cadence; and the tune of Rossini is nearer to instinct than the blank verse of Shakspeare. Who will say that genuine passion is not in this wonderful blank verse? But who is it that could *impromptu* speak it? So in the tones and harmonies of music. In both nature is carried into the region of art, out from the region of the actual; and within the region of art the musical utterance of nature is no more strange than the poetical utterance of nature. The moral view of the opera I do not here pretend to deal with. My purpose is to speak on music as an element of social culture; and it is not beyond the range of possibility that beautiful truths can be united dramatically to beautiful tones. If they cannot, then society has an immense loss; and if a noble story cannot be told by music—cannot be told to a moral purpose—then music ceases to be an art, as it has always been considered as associated with the divinest impulses of our nature. The abuses of which the opera is susceptible, are the abuses of which every form of art is susceptible. The artist stands—he has ever stood—upon a point between the human and divine. He may carry his art into gross sensualities of the human, or into lofty spiritualities of the divine. With the purification of society we shall have the purification of art and of the artist; and, therefore, I can see no reason why the opera might not be made effective in the best culture of social humanity. The lyrical expression of humanity is not less human than it is religious.

The sacred lyrical drama, or oratorio, seems to be a remnant of the old mys-

teries. In these mysteries a scriptural subject was exhibited to the people in a theatrical manner. The scriptural subject is all that remains of the old mystery in the modern oratorio. Stage, scenery, costume, have departed, and music takes their place. Music, therefore, in the oratorio must, by its own power, indicate character, sentiment, passion; it must unite grandeur and diversity with unity of spirit; it must unite them with unity of expression. Yet even the oratorio has not escaped objection. But, if it has been wrongly attacked, it has been as unwisely defended. What, it is triumphantly asked, can inspire deeper devotion, more fervent piety, than the sacred compositions of Handel? The mistake of the *artiste* on this side of the question has its only measure in the mistake of the ascetic on the other. The strains, even of Handel, may be in unison with the highest and purest aspirations of the mind; but, if high music confers a pleasure that harmonizes with the mind's best faculties—if it prepares the mind's best faculties for their best exercise; if by lifting the mind up into the sphere of great emotions from that of mean ones; if, by withdrawing it from attention to selfish desires, it carries it into lofty thought, music exercises for the mind, even in the temple, a sacred power, though its power should yet only be artistic. No mind, for instance, can be in a low or degraded condition while it is in sympathy with the pure and delectable genius of Haydn. No mind can have communed with him through his oratorio of the "Creation," can have drunk in its liquid melodies—its gladdening hymns of praise—its soft and heart-soothing airs—its songs, which seem to sparkle with the light which they celebrate—with the dew that bathed first the flowers of Paradise—with its anthems of holy exultation, such as the sons of God might have shouted—with the whole breathing in every part, as it does, with the young soul of goodness and beauty—no mind, I say, can be in such communion, and, for the time, be otherwise than transported beyond all that can be little or defile. But Handel excites a profounder sentiment. He is not so cheerful as Haydn. He could not be; for this he is too massive and austere. He does not, like Haydn, lead the mind out to nature; he turns it in upon itself. Not loveliness, but mysteries make the spirit of his music. We find in Haydn the picturesqueness and the buoyancy of

the Catholic worship; in Handel, the sombre, the inquiring, the meditative thoughtfulness of the Protestant faith. By Haydn's "Creation" we are charmed and elated; by Handel's "Messiah" we are moved with an overcoming sense of awe and power. Though nothing can surpass the sweetness of Handel's melodies, yet interspersed amidst such masses of harmony, they seem like hymns amidst the billows of the ocean, or songs among the valleys of the Alps. Handel's genius was made for a subject that placed him in the presence of eternity and the universe. His moods and movements are too vast for the moods and movements of common interests, or the common heart. They require the spaces of the worlds. They require interests coincident with man's destiny and man's duration. Though Handel's airs in the "Messiah" are of sweetest and gentlest melody, they have majesty in their sweetness and their gentleness. We can associate them with no event lower than that with which they are connected. In such tones we can conceive the Saviour's birth celebrated in the song of angels; in such tones we can fancy the Redeemer welcomed in hosannahs by those who ignorantly dragged him afterward to Calvary. And then the plaintiveness of Handel in the "Messiah" has its true horizon only in that which girds the immortal. It is not a grief for earthly man, it is a grief for Him who bore the griefs of all men—for Him who carried our sorrows—who was wounded for our transgressions—who was bruised for our iniquities, who was oppressed and afflicted, and who bore the chastisement of our peace. It is not a grief in which any common spirit dare complain. It is fit only for Him who had sorrows to which no man's sorrows were like. It does not cause us to pity, but to tremble. It does not move us to weeping, because there lie beneath it thoughts which are too deep for tears. And then, in unison with this dread and solemn pathos, is the subdued but mighty anguish of the general harmony. When the victory is proclaimed—the victory over the grave—the victory over death—the victory in which mortality is swallowed up of life—we are lost in the glory of a superhuman chorus; our imagination breaks all local bounds; we fancy all the elements of creation, all glorified and risen men, all the hosts of Heaven's angels united in this exultant

anthem. Handel truly is the Milton of music.

The grandest office of music, however, is that in which, no doubt, it originated—that in which, early, it had its first culture; in which, latest, it has its best—I mean, its office in religion. In the sanctuary it was born, and in the service of God it arose with a sublimity with which it could never have been inspired in the service of pleasure. More assimilated than any other art to the spiritual nature of man, it affords a medium of expression the most congenial to that nature. Compared with tones that breathe out from a profound, a spiritually musical soul, how poor is any allegory which painting can present, or that symbol can indicate! The soul is invisible; its emotions admit no more than itself of shape or limitation. The religious emotions cannot always have even verbal utterance. They often seek an utterance yet nearer to the infinite; and such they find in music. You cannot delineate a feeling—at most you can but suggest it by delineation. But in music you can, by intonation, directly give the feeling. Thus related to the unseen soul, music is a voice for faith, which is itself the realization of things not seen. And waiting as the soul is amidst troubles and toils, looking upward from the earth, and onward out of time, for a better world or a purer life, in its believing and glad expectancy, music is the voice of its hope. In the depression and despondency of conviction; in the struggles of repentance; in the consolations and rejoicing of forgiveness in the wordless calm of internal peace, music answers to the mood, and soothingly breaks the dumbness of the heart. For every charity that can sanctify and bless humanity, music has its sacred measures; and well does goodness merit the richest harmony of sound, that is itself the richest harmony of heaven. Sorrow, also, has its consecrated melody. The wounded spirit and the broken heart are attempered and assuaged by the murmurings of divine song. A plaintive hymn soothes the departing soul. It mingles with weeping in the house of death. It befits the solemn ritual of the grave. The Last Supper was closed with a hymn, and many a martyr for Him who went from that supper to his agony, made their torture jubilant in songs of praise.

Music is an essential element in social life and social culture, and our times

have few better movements than the increasing introduction of vocal music into popular education. The higher kinds of music might be included in all the higher kinds of education for men as well as for women. Milton so teaches in his great tractate; and so the Greeks practised, in whose training no faculty was wasted or overlooked. The music which is now most wanted, however, is music for the common heart. If education will give us the taste for such music, and give us the music, it will confer upon us a benefit, a blessing. It is not desired that music in the home, or in the friendly circle, should never wander out of the sphere of the home or the friendly circle, only let not these spheres of feeling be without any strains peculiarly suitable to themselves. Let the theatre have its music; let the camp have its music; let the dance-room have its music; let the church have its music; but let the home and the friendly gathering also have their music.

We have, for the cultivated, music of rare powers and in great abundance; but we need a music for the people—and no music can be music for the people but that which answers to simple and direct emotion. It is a most important need. The music of the opera, granting it were ever so pure, and had no resistance to encounter, can be had only in cities, and can never reach the scattered masses of the population. The music of the oratorio must have a limitation even still more restricted. Popular music must be domestic, social music. We have it not; therefore we are a silent people, and our writings have no lyrical inspirations. The finer and deeper elements of popular life have no true medium of exposition. These subtle, delicate, wordless idealities of the soul, which the rudest have, are without music; that alone which can take them from the confining bosom, and give them to the vital air. Our rural life is gladdened by no song—is the subject of no song; and our social life is almost as silent as the rural. National music we have none; and our political songs are, generally, a shame to doggrel and a libel upon tune. Complaining on the want of social and domestic music will not, I am aware, supply it; and yet it is no less a want. We want it on the summer's evening, when our work is done, to rest the spirit as we rest the body; and while the eye is filled with visible beauty, to bring the soul into harmony with invisible goodness. We

want it in the winter's night, by the winter fire, to cheer us while the hours pass, and to humanize in amusing us. We want it in our friendly re-unions, not for delight alone, but also for charity and peace; to exclude the demon of idle or evil speaking, and to silence the turbulence of polemical or political discussion. We want it in our churches. Christianity is the home-feeling and the social feeling made perfect. The music of it should be the home feeling and the social feeling consecrated. As it is, our Protestant churches, at least, have either a drawling psalmody with the monotony of a lullaby, or they have patches of selections that want unity, appropriateness, or meaning. A music is wanted in our Protestant churches such as Christianity ought to have; a music, simple yet grand—varied but not capricious—gladsome with holy joy, not with irreverent levity; not sentimental, yet tender; solemn but not depressing—not intolerant to the beauties of art, and yet not scornful of popular feeling. If a true and natural taste for music should spring up and be cultivated through the country, not in cities only, but in every village and district, it would be an auspicious phenomenon. It would be a most vital and a most humanizing element in social life. It would break the dulness of our homes; it would brighten the hour of our meetings; would enliven our hospitality, and it would sublime our worship. "Let who that will make the laws of a people," some one said, "but let me make their songs;" to which a great and patriotic composer might add, "Let who that will supply the words of a people's songs, if I shall be allowed to give these words to music."

The art of music, whose power has been acknowledged by the most profound thinkers of all ages, is of later growth than her sisters, poetry, sculpture, and painting; and its means of communicating ideas are also less positive and direct; but the principles which govern its manifestations are strictly analogous, and we recognise in its very vagueness that yearning after the Infinite, that feeling for ineffable loveliness, which, defying, by the electrical rapidity of its action upon the mind, the slow deductions of reason and all powers of analysis, approaches the Divine in its bright mystery and inexplicable influence upon our sentiments and emotions.

H. G.

THE EPERNAY DIAMONDS.

CHAPTER IV.

MADAME DISAPPEARS.

"AFTER the countess had left, I went to my room, but I did not go to bed, as she had told me, but sat down in my old arm-chair and fell asleep.

"I had slept, as it seemed to me, a long time, when I was suddenly awakened by a sobbing, choking cry. I sat up and rubbed my eyes. Was it a dream, or was it a reality? I scarcely knew which. I looked round me; all was still and quiet. I was sitting in the recess in the corner in deep shadow, and the dying embers on the hearth flung a dark, red light over the familiar room; everything was as it used to be; that boding cry was the coinage of my own unrestful brain, or at the worst the scream of some startled heron, so I said to myself, and then began to debate whether I should go to bed or not. The night, as I guessed by the time I had already slept, was far spent, and feeling an indolent unwillingness to rise, I turned round in my chair, and soon fell asleep again. From this second slumber I was awakened by some one fumbling at the handle of my door. Almost at the first noise I awoke, and almost at my first awaking I took the resolution of remaining perfectly quiet, and contenting myself with watching the intruder. After an infinite deal of trouble he succeeded in turning the handle very softly, and the door was gently pushed ajar, and some one kneeling or lying outside introduced his head into the room, and looked all round it. Then, apparently satisfied with his scrutiny, he got up from his knees, and entered with considerably less care than he had at first shown. It was my master, Count Renart. The red light shone full on his face, and on that face and on his hands there were stains which showed darkly red in the ruddy glare of the decaying embers; but for those stains it was ghastly pale, and he trembled all over, and his teeth shook and chattered incessantly. He had no light with him, but he went straight to the basin which I kept for washing the glasses, and began to wash his face and hands. After he had done this he went to the window and poured out the water; he then came

to the fire and put something on it; what it was I do not know, for I could not see it, for he stood with his back to me, between me and it; but whatever it was it must have been wet, for it would not burn at first, and he would not leave it, but fought away with it, and it burned at last, and he stood watching it, quivering all over as if with an ague fit. When it was all consumed to ashes he went away, and I remained sitting in a sort of helpless, stupid state of fear. That some frightful tragedy had been enacted I did not doubt, but what could I do? I was only a poor servant, and if she was gone he would be powerful—all-powerful, indeed. In short, monsieur, it was cowardly and base, I admit; but I did the worst thing I could possibly have done under the circumstances; I resolved to be silent, at least for a time.

"In the morning madame was nowhere to be found; every one was surprised at her absence excepting myself, but no one affected greater surprise than Monsieur Renart. He was about at first, I imagined, to enact the rôle of a bereaved and inconsolable husband; but Providence, which so often, by some slight and apparently casual event, defeats the machinations of the guilty, overruled this design of his, and he chose rather to declare loudly that madame had eloped; and when asked if he had any suspicions as to the partner of her flight, boldly and unhesitatingly declared that it was Olivier, his trusty and trusted servant.

"This accusation surprised every one fully more even than madame's disappearance had done. It was so unlike her, no one knew what to think, and there were not wanting other appearances to cast doubt on Monsieur Renart's assertion. At a certain part of the grounds the shrubs were broken, and the grass torn up and trampled, as if a desperate conflict had taken place; there were also one or two drops of blood, and a trail slightly marked with blood, as if a heavy body had been dragged through the underwood. This trail continued for a short distance only, and then disappeared altogether. None of the servants could in any degree account for this, but Monsieur Renart

could: he came forward, frankly candid, and explained that after leaving his wife's apartment on the night of her flight, he found that a wolf cub he kept as a pet had broken its chain, and that he had followed and overtaken it at that part of the grounds, and after a severe struggle mastered it, dragged it a short way, and then succeeded in inducing it to follow him home. After he had secured it he had gone to the butler's room and washed his hands, being unwilling even in the least degree to disturb madame. I was not in the habit of sleeping in my room, and how he suspected that I might have been present on that night I cannot comprehend, but my story, which I now told, went to support his. Public suspicion was not satisfied, but it had no longer any ground to go upon, and Monsieur Renart seemed about to emerge triumphantly from this trial, as he had done from so many others, when Olivier suddenly appeared upon the scene, surly and indignant, neither to be appeased nor to be bought off. He had been kidnapped, sold to the galleys, he said, and had with difficulty escaped from his captors. As for madame, he had not seen her since the fête day of our Lady, when she had given him certain moneys wherewith to enjoy himself at the cabaret; but he was not surprised to hear of her disappearance; he had long suspected that her doom was fixed. These and other vague accusations, which he did not scruple to bring against his master, coupled with the complete contradiction which he gave to madame's flight, roused the popular fury again against Monsieur Renart. He was taken into custody, and a complete search ordered by the magistrates, which resulted in the finding of a small diamond among the trampled grass, which had the appearance of having been loosened or torn from its setting, and which no one doubted was one of the famous Epernay diamonds. The rest of the diamonds were nowhere to be found, and Monsieur Renart denied all knowledge of their whereabouts; truly, as it afterwards appeared; truly, as it seemed to us even then, for they were nowhere to be found, and he had had but little time to secrete them. No trace, no direct trace at least, was found of madame, but Jean the goat-herd came forward again—it seemed as though it were to be his fate to be for ever crossing Monsieur Renart's path—and told that he had seen her on that

fatal night crossing the grounds towards Father Martin's house, and that a dark figure, muffled in a cloak, was gliding stealthily after her. He was asked if he was sure that it was the countess he saw. 'Yes, he was quite sure that it was his lady.' Nothing could drive him from that; no woman about the château was so tall, and he heard distinctly the rustle of her silk dress.

"In course of time Monsieur Renart's trial came on before the Parliament of Aveiron. No fresh fact had appeared to criminate him. There was nothing against him but madame's disappearance, my story and Jean's, and the finding of the diamond; but those were counted strong presumptive evidences of guilt, and on their strength Monsieur Renart was found guilty, and was just about to be condemned, when a most unexpected witness appeared on his side. This was no other than madame herself, who suddenly appeared in the court to the undisguised amazement of all. She gave no account of her absence; indeed, she explicitly refused to give any, but she demanded the immediate liberation of the prisoner. This, of course, was granted, and the day that had begun so darkly for Monsieur Renart ended in a triumphant ovation. The populace, always fickle, were eager to atone to him for the injustice they had done him, and he was brought back to Epernay in triumph. Madame came with him. But was it madame after all? Monsieur will think that a strange doubt to arise in my mind."

I admitted that I did think it strange, and asked him how ever he came to entertain such an idea.

"It was strange, monsieur," he reiterated, "very strange; but I believe the same vague suspicion crossed the mind of everyone about the château. This stranger who had appeared so opportunely for Monsieur Renart was madame sans doute; there was her very face, her very height, her very air, her lithe flexible shape, her wild, flighty manner, and yet there was a difference. Often and often I caught the servants staring at her fixedly, as if in spite of themselves. By degrees this ceased, and all suspicion seemed to die away in their minds, but it only grew stronger in mine. Reason as I would, I could not lull it to rest, a thousand circumstances every day increased it; in particular, I never saw Monsieur Renart and the countess together in each other's company, but I

felt convinced that she was not the same.

"There was peace between them now, and apparently fondness; but it was not that; there had been peace between them before, and simulated fondness, when either of them had an end to gain; but this was different—this was real. If there was any attempt at deceit, it was to conceal its intensity, not to feign a love that was unfelt. Whence could this change, which was remarked by the whole neighbourhood, have sprung? Some suggested one reason, some another, but no one hit on mine; and I locked it in my breast, and every day became more and more convinced that I was right. The very distrust she showed of him at times was to me another proof. For she distrusted him, too, but with a very different sort and degree of feeling from that which had actuated madame. Her distrust was rather that of a woman confident and secure in the consciousness that she was well beloved, and yet not unaware that her lover was selfish and evil and untrustworthy, and capable enough of betraying her if sufficiently tempted. All this the woman who had so strangely usurped the place of my mistress seemed to know, and I could see that even in her most complaisant moods of fondness, she observed him closely. Her vigilance never slept; she was continually watching him; but he seemed unconscious of her surveillance, and was fond to such a degree as to be unable to see any fault in her. This was a marvellous change, Monsieur, but there were greater in store. He no longer went much abroad, but lived at Epernay in the lavish, spendthrift fashion that had become a second nature to him.

"The house was always full of wild, gay men and fashionable, gaudily-dressed women, the licence of whose manners would have terrified madame at one time. Then, too, there was a marked change—a change I could not believe possible. Sorrow had made madame flighty and desperate; but nothing could have changed the pure, shrinking girl that Monsieur Jules had loved into this beautiful, hard, bold woman who presided unabashed over such companies as met daily in the château. Ah! Where was I? Oh! at the revels and masques and balls, and other gay doings, that night after night, week after week, month after month went on without intermission. These things cost money, monsieur; more money a great deal than Epernay could furnish; I

knew that well. Madame had brought back her diamonds with her; she wore them often now. There was no word of selling them, and Monsieur Renart never looked better pleased than when he saw them flashing out from amid the rich luxuriance of her black hair, or binding her slender waist. Neither was there an acre of Epernay sold, though I heard her urge him—yes, monsieur, urge him to do it. That was another proof.

"After a while I knew they had fallen upon another plan to raise money. The house continued to be as full of company as ever, but the company had changed. The ladies left off coming, and the men who came were as wild and gay as ever, but they were younger—not of Monsieur Renart's standing, but raw, inexperienced youths. With these madame flirted and monsieur played from morning to night. He won large sums from some of them. In truth, monsieur, his losses, when he did lose, were small, his gains always great; but however much he won, madame's smiles were almost always bright enough to salve over the victim's wound.

"What a power she had! With what adoration they hung upon her every look and word! Poor fools! This new phase of her character put to flight all my few remaining doubts. That beautiful, evil temptress was not the broken-hearted young mother I had seen eating her few mouthfuls of black bread, or lulling her babe in those splendid rooms; and all at once, as I watched her gliding from one to another with her specious, alluring coquetry and ready smile, it flashed upon me who she really was. It was Mademoiselle Angelique who stood before me. Not the frank, high-spirited, innocent demoiselle I had served many years ago, but a guilty woman, hard and cold—a woman whose beauty had been first her temptation, and then her capital—a woman to whom the pure, innocent love of youth was but a mad folly; a folly, at the bare mention of which she laughed. Ah, monsieur, you should have heard that soft, silvery laugh of hers. I marvel not that the gallants round her thought it sweet music. But she cared for none of them, and not much even for Monsieur Renart. If she had ever been capable of devotion, that capability had passed out of her nature. She would smile graciously upon him, and caress him, and help him to spend the money her allurements aided him to win, or rather to

swindle out of the folly and inexperience of others, but that was all. It remained to be seen if Monsieur Renart's love had anything more of truth in it. It was hot enough at the time. I think he liked her even better for the taint of evil that had brought her down to his own level; at all events, there was wonderful unanimity between them, and after a while a child came to cement their love. By a strange coincidence, Monsieur Renart's second son was born on Christmas Eve, the very day that had seen the birth of the lost heir. How fond he was of that child! a puling, sickly infant that one might have seen had not long to live. When I saw his love for it, I understood why he had resolved to maintain Epernay intact. But all his fondness could not keep this second heir alive, any more than madame's care could preserve the first. In a few weeks the young count died, *le pauvre petit*!

"Madame la Comtesse was easily consoled; not so Monsieur Renart. His grief this time was real and sincere, but after a while he got over it, and he and madame began to prey upon the world again in perfect unity and amity.

"After a while, another child was born, to die like its brother, and Monsieur Renart was again plunged into despair. A superstitious gloom seemed to weigh on him. The past came back and oppressed his guilty conscience. He believed that in these untimely deaths of his children he traced the beginning of his punishment, and he sorrowed for them and refused to be comforted.

"She often rallied him upon the sombreness of his mood—sometimes gaily, sometimes sarcastically. One day I heard her ask him if he seriously expected that any child of theirs would ever be heir of Epernay. What had they to do with children? The pure, innocent face of a little child would be a living rebuke to them. 'If he wanted an heir, let him seek one there—' and she made a significant backward motion with her hand, pointing to some place I could not see. 'Ma foi!' she went on, 'I can answer by this time that he will be a fit match even for us.' And then she laughed—not her merry, ringing laugh, but bitterly, as I had often heard Madame la Comtesse laugh.

"His only answer to this was a rough oath, such as I had not heard from him for many a day; but she returned to the charge again, nothing daunted. She was

weary of his love, weary of her endless coquetries, and she rather liked, I think, the excitement of making him angry and soothing him back into repose again. But it was a dangerous game to play with a man like Monsieur Renart. In spite, or rather because of those agaceries which were natural to her, she was gradually losing her influence over him, and at times I saw him regarding her much as he had regarded Madame la Comtesse. Of these glances she was perfectly cognizant and perfectly disdainful. She knew that she was necessary to him, and for the present he was necessary to her. She was rather pleased than otherwise that his demonstrative fondness was somewhat abated. And they resumed their joint career of villany with much apparent amity and satisfaction. But he had no longer the same perfect command over himself. He no longer bore with unshaken equanimity the plain-speaking in which at times some of his enraged dupes indulged, but got angry in return, and as a consequence loud and furious brawls were of not unfrequent occurrence. On these occasions madame would shrug up her graceful shoulders and indicate very plainly who she considered was in fault; but she always remained in the apartment, although her interference seemed only to aggravate matters. She seemed to me, indeed, at this time to have a perverse pleasure in doing all the mischief she could.

"One day there came to the château a stranger. No raw youth, like the boys who were constantly hovering round madame and losing their money to the count, but a man who had seen the world and knew it well, for its brand was on his brow. A graceful, *débonnaire* personage he was, monsieur, and no stranger to madame, as I saw at the first glance. Whether Monsieur Renart noticed this previous acquaintanceship or not, I know not, but in a short time he conceived a violent dislike to him, a circumstance to which madame and he seemed perfectly indifferent. He was living at Aveiron, but most of his time was spent at Epernay, flirting with madame, or gambling with monsieur. He lost large sums to the count, and made no trouble about it; but in spite of all his complacency, monsieur seemed to like him worse and worse every day, and one night, when there were none but they three in the salon, a quarrel arose between them, and from words they came to blows. At

first I could hear her laugh ringing out at intervals, and I knew she was at her old tricks, fanning the flame that would have blazed hotly enough without her interference; but after a while I heard her scream loudly for assistance. I went up to the salon with all the haste I could make. The count was not there. There was no one in the room but madame and the stranger, who was lying on the floor in a pool of blood, while madame hung over him, a ghastly sight as could well be seen, her hair, face, clothes, &c., all dabbled with blood. When she saw me she called out, 'Send for a surgeon! send quickly for a surgeon!'

"I went down to the hall and despatched one of the grooms to Aveiron. I then went in search of my master, but he was nowhere to be found in the house. I returned to the salon. Madame was there, in the very same attitude in which I had left her. From this attitude she never moved; the face of the murdered man seemed to possess for her some intense, overmastering fascination, and she continued to gaze upon it until Monsieur Renart returned with the surgeon and a strong force of gendarmes. The surgeon, who was a stranger to all of us, went up to the victim and at once pronounced him dead. But the cause of death was not so easily found. There was no horrid gash, no yawning wound, nothing but a small punctured aperture over the heart—a mere flea bite apparently, so small that it might easily have been caused by the gold bodkin madame used to wear in her rich hair. When I saw it, I involuntarily looked for the bodkin—it was gone, and madame was still bending over the body, with her long hair falling over and veiling her pale, blood-stained face.

"But now the surgeon had done his part, and the chef of the gendarmes advancing, laid his hand upon madame's shoulder, and told her that she was his prisoner. When she heard that, she raised herself up to her full height, swept back the flood of hair from her face, and apparently never doubting whence the accusation came, turned to Monsieur Renart, and asked with a smile—yes, actually with a smile—monsieur, 'If all was now over between them?' 'All,' answered Monsieur Renart, in a low, almost inaudible tone, and seeming to shrink, as well he might, from her look and tone. 'It is well,' she answered. 'Farewell, monsieur my husband.' And she turned and made a low mock reverence to him.

"I thought Monsieur Renart would have sunk to the floor when she said that. He changed colour, and trembled all over, and made as if he would speak, but no sound came from his pale, quivering lips. And yet there was no apparent threat in her words, and they were softly and pleasantly spoken, much in her usual manner.

"After she had taken that mock farewell of him, she took no further notice of monsieur, but turned to the officer of gendarmes, and asked, with the mingled grace and stateliness she knew so well to use, if he would allow her to go to her own room, and make some little arrangements before she left. The man, who was dazzled by her grace and beauty, and who looked as if he could deny her nothing, confusedly granted her permission, and she glided softly away in her slow, swan-like fashion, towards the door. But before she reached it an after-thought seemed to strike her. She paused and looked towards the officer. 'I wish to do nothing in secret. Come with me, monsieur. Come, all of you.'

"We rose and followed her. She went to her room, selected carefully, with a steady hand, a small key from a bunch of keys which her maid brought her, opened the tortoise-shell cabinet, and pressing a spring, displayed the secret resting-place of the Epernay diamonds. But they were not reposing in their nest-like nooks of faded velvet. The shell was there, but the kernel was missing—the treasure was rifled and gone. And when she saw it was so, a fierce flash of triumphant joy broke from her black eyes. 'I thought it would be so,' she said, less to us than to herself. 'I thought it would be so. The traitor has outwitted himself again. Now, monsieur, I am ready to go with you.'

"And she tripped downstairs and entered the carriage which was to convey her to prison as lightly, as gaily, as coquettishly as if she had been going to make a pleasant call. On arriving at Aveiron, her first request was to see a magistrate, and on being ushered into the presence of the president of the Parliament, a worthy old man, a friend of her family, her first question was—

"'For whom do you take me, monsieur?'

"'Alas!' answered the old man, 'for whom should I take you but for the daughter of my old friend Jacques

Epernay. This is a sad day for both of us, madame.'

"Are you sure, quite sure, monsieur, that it is Cephyse Epernay that stands before you?"

"Alas! quite sure," answered the old man, involuntarily retreating before the advance of the reputed murderess.

"Then you will be comforted," she said, coming close up to him, for she saw that he was frightened—"you will be comforted, doubtless, monsieur, and have pleasure in hearing that I am not Cephyse, but Angelique Epernay, and that I am here to accuse my husband of the murder of that first-mentioned lady!"

"Angelique!" muttered the old man, cowering and shrinking away from her as if he would gladly contract himself into the smallest possible bulk—"Angelique! it is impossible. Mademoiselle Angelique died years ago. I myself saw the wet, torn garments. All the remains that were left of the poor child—the sweetest, pleasantest child that ever I saw."

"When he said that a sudden, indescribable, momentary softening passed over the bold scornful beauty of the woman before him.

"I have known a time," she said, in a softer tone, "when this fear of yours, monsieur, would have made me rare sport; but I am in no mood for it now, and time presses. Look at me well; I am flesh and blood; but as surely as I am flesh and blood, Cephyse Epernay is a fleshless skeleton, and I am that very little child who sat on your knee, and to whom you gave bonbons, and whom you called Angelique Epernay long, long ago. I have many other names, but it suits me to take that one at present; besides, it is my legal name. I am his wife, and that recalls me to business. Did you hear and comprehend the accusation I brought against Count Renart Epernay, monsieur?"

"Nay; I—I comprehend nothing. How canst thou be Angelique Epernay?"

"Did it never strike you, monsieur," she answered, with a slight, impatient scorn, "that I might have lived although my clothes were left on the banks of the Louay. I am not going to unravel the details of my past life. It has not been so pleasant, assuredly, that I should care to dwell on it; it is enough that I lived—lived to vow a long vengeance to the Epernays, which I have seen fulfilled."

"How then shall I trust you if you

avow this deliberate malice?—you, too, a prisoner upon a charge of murder?"

"You shall trust me by the proofs I bring. As for this charge, I am content to stand my trial; it happened by accident, and there is no evidence to convict me. As for the other, I pray you secure Count Renart without delay, and tomorrow send a guard with me, and I will conduct you to the spot where Cephyse, the Countess of Epernay, lies."

"The old man looked at her suspiciously.

"You may lead us, indeed, where a body lies; but how can we be sure that it is the body of that unfortunate lady whom you have so long personated?"

"Oh, fool! fool!" said the lady, scornfully; "but I will convince you. The Countess Cephyse had a peculiar malformation—six toes, I believe, on the left foot; a deformity invisible to the world, and yet well known to every one, and which may serve to identify the skeleton. Am I right, monsieur?"

"You are right, madame."

"Then you will no longer hesitate to issue the order for his arrest?"

"I go to sign it. But this fierce hatred is unseemly, madame, in your position."

"She laughed lightly, gaily; that laugh of hers which was so silvery, and yet had so little mirth in it.

"Do not distress yourself, monsieur, I have long ceased to have such nice distinction in my conduct as consists with the strict ideas of propriety which you citizens of the provinces find sufficient to help you to vegetate through life; but I will study *les convenances* I promise you hereafter, monsieur, for your sake. And as for him, I would have spared him—on my word of honour I would—but for that last act of treachery."

CHAPTER V.

THE SKELETON.

"THE order for Monsieur Renart's arrest was duly made out, and duly executed; but when the gendarmes came the count was nowhere to be found. No one had seen him leave the house—indeed, no one had seen him from the moment when we left the salon to follow madame to her room. Next day madame was brought back to Epernay under a strong guard. She went straight to the lake, then clear and transparent, and at the upper end of

it removed the branches of an overhanging winter thorn, and showed the entrance into a skilfully-concealed cave, of which I at least had had no previous suspicion.

"Torches were procured, and the cave was entered. She went straight on to the farther end, and for the first time showed a slight irresolution. But this soon passed away, and she indicated a particular spot, and told them to dig. They did so, and a short distance below the surface found the skeleton of a woman bent together and huddled up in a sitting posture. The long black hair still hung in patches from the skull, which had been fractured with some blunt instrument, the surgeons said. Scraps of clothing of the gay silk dress which the unfortunate lady had worn on the night of her disappearance still clung to the crumbling bones; and if any suspicion still haunted the mind of any one, it was removed by the remarkable malformation of the left foot. Without doubt the crumbling, disjointed bones before us were all that remained of the hapless heiress of Epernay. The excitement which this discovery caused throughout the neighbourhood was indescribable. Curses and execrations were heaped upon the murderer, whom the utmost exertions of the police failed to secure. I cannot describe to you the disappointment with which from time to time the people heard that he was still at large. The only person who did not seem surprised that he was not speedily arrested was madame, the second countess.

"He will not be taken," she said, 'as long as his money lasts. But though many years may elapse, justice will have its own in the end, for he carries with him what will inevitably betray him.' She alluded to the Epernay diamonds; and indeed, monsieur, those life-long objects of his cupidity were fatal to him at last, and led to his capture.

"At the request of the magistrates she described those diamonds severally and particularly before she left Aveiron.

"The case against her broke down completely, although she would give no account of the death of the murdered gentleman, farther than that it arose out of a gambling brawl, in which she took no part. There was nothing against her but his word, and no one made much account of that, so she was released. She came back for a week or two to Epernay, and then she disappeared. She might have lived there in comfort and peace, but to her rest and repose were absolutely

distasteful; so she went away back to the stage, they said, but in truth, monsieur, I know not where, and for years and years we heard no more of the Epernays. Monsieur le President drew the rents, and allowed me a salary as intendant, and I lived on in the château. Monsieur le President told us from time to time that justice was in quest of Monsieur Renart; but justice, monsieur knows, is blind, and there seemed but little chance that in her gropings she would ever come upon the traces of the count.

"Meanwhile there came evil times upon the land—sore days, monsieur, days of tossing and trouble,—days in which a diamond necklace played a prominent part. Monsieur will have heard of that necklace?"

I answered in the affirmative, asking if he meant the celebrated diamond necklace which brought so much trouble upon the unfortunate Marie Antoinette.

"It is the same—the very same. But perhaps monsieur did not know before that some of the diamonds in that wretched necklace were the famous Epernay diamonds."

"No, in truth I did not," I answered.

"Ah, no! monsieur, few did; it was not generally known, but it was true for all that, and it led to Monsieur Renart's capture at last.

"One day after the necklace was completed, but before it had been bought by the Lord Cardinal, there came a young gentleman to the shop of the jeweller. He was a dark, sallow, slender man, with no particular charm of manner or conversation, and no particular repulsiveness either, and yet no man was so much feared and courted in Parisian society, to which, though minus title, or fortune, or family, he had a free *entrée*, for no one would run the risk of offending him, it being observed that those who did so became exposed in an extraordinary degree to the molestations of the secret police. Accordingly, when this formidable personage entered the shop of the jeweller, and demanded a sight of the necklace, it was brought for his inspection without delay. It was observed that he paid particular attention to certain diamonds, turning them over, examining them closely, and apparently identifying them with some description he had previously received. After he had finished his examination, he turned to the senior partner of the firm and demanded from

whom he had purchased those diamonds, indicating, as he spoke, the particular gems to which he referred.

"At first the jeweller would give no account of his purchases, but having been assured that no attempt would be made to deprive him of the property for which he had paid, he at last, with evident unwillingness, revealed the name of the person from whom he had bought the diamonds. It was a common bourgeois name, and the address accompanying it was one of the low streets in the Faubourg St. Antoine.

"The stranger having received it, left the shop, and was joined in the street by two gendarmes, one of whom belonged to St. Ullfrêche, and gave me, long afterwards, an account of the whole proceedings.

"He told me that when Monsieur Fouché—that was the name of the dark, slender man—came out of the jeweller's shop, he ordered them to follow him, and they all went together to the street *Trois Frères*, in the Faubourg St. Antoine. There they knocked at the door of an old tumble-down house, and having given the address, were directed by the portress to the attic floor, and informed that the occupant was within, as he never stirred out.

"Monsieur led the way up the long, dark staircase, the two men following him, and, on reaching the apartment described by the portress, entered at once without knocking, followed by his two attendants.

"The room was wretched in the extreme—there was no furniture—neither table, chair, nor bedstead, only a heap of straw in one corner, and on the floor a quantity of bones, yellow with age and polished with picking. A handful of charcoal was burning in the empty grate, and over it crouched the occupant of the chamber, doubled together, and huddled under an old cloak. He was wasted to a shadow, his beard was long and shaggy and matted together, his nails were long and untrimmed, and his tall person so bent and bowed down by weakness and emaciation that the gendarme told me, monsieur, that it was many minutes before he could recognise Count Renart in the scarecrow before him.

"He made no attempt to oppose them. He was, indeed, so weak that he could scarcely stand. But when they told their errand, he broke out into a sort of wild scream, crying out, piteously, 'I am an old

man; surely they will not kill such an old man as I am,' and then he prayed for food: 'he had not tasted a mouthful for four days,' he said. The pittance he got from the jewellers for the small diamonds was all spent, and he dared not sell any more, and it was hard—hard to die with so much wealth beside him, and he opened his ragged garments and showed them the large diamonds concealed in his bosom.

"Monsieur Fouché would have taken him to prison as he was, but the gendarme who had known him and been a forester under him, entreated that he might be allowed to bring him bread and wine, and having obtained permission, he did so. The wretched man flew on the food when it was set before him, and devoured it with wolfish voracity. I well remember that good François told me that it well nigh sickened him to see how he clung to life, when he had so little compunction in sending others out of it.

"When he had finished his meal, he was taken to prison. There he remained for a long time untried, on account of the troubles of the times. When he was tried at last, it was by the revolutionary judges, and he was condemned to the guillotine along with many others, who shared his punishment, but were innocent of his guilt.

"Among these was the remarkable woman who had for so long a period personated his murdered wife. She was known in Paris as Madame la Comtesse de Saye. Her husband had already perished, but she had succeeded in making her escape, and had been discovered and retaken in consequence of the graceful fashion in which she arranged the coarse shawl she had borrowed from one of her servants. She was convicted as having passed as the wife of a nobleman, and was condemned to the guillotine. Her execution, and that of many others, was fixed for the same day as Monsieur Renart's, but as they were brought from different prisons, these old companions in evil did not meet until they entered the tumbril which was to convey them to execution.

"The gendarme I told you of before, monsieur, followed them at a distance. The Epernays had never been very good masters, but it is wonderful how long the fealty we suck in with our mother's milk lives in the breasts of us countrymen. So the good François fol-

lowed them, grieving sore. And Madame was calm and steadfast, beautiful still, and graceful, and full of tranquil courage. Ah! Monsieur, life is full of strange contradictions. She, the daughter of old Jeanne, the charcoal-burner, met death bravely; and he, the descendant of warriors and nobles, did not disdain to dash himself to the bottom of the tumbril and tear his long, grey beard, and vent his impotent rage, and terror, and despair in hoarse, brute-like howls."

"And did they recognise each other," I asked, "when they met in this horrible situation?"

"They did, monsieur. At least, she did. She was a woman after all, and there is something more or less of magnanimity about natures so strong as hers. François almost wept when he told me how gracefully and kindly she went to poor Monsieur Renart, and tried to rouse him from his despair with one of those grand sentences about liberty and philosophy with which she used to vex old Father Martin. Noble words they were, but hollow as tinkling brass, the good priest used to say. Whatever they were, they had no power over Monsieur Renart. He regarded neither her nor them, and when she saw that, she went away. And she and some men of her party (she was a Girondist) raised one of their hymns to liberty, and chanted it as bravely as if they had been in one of their comfortable, luxurious salons. François told me, monsieur, that he would never, until the day he died, forget the full, rich cadence of her voice. Ah! what a power she had over the hearts of men, that woman!"

"By this time they were approaching the scaffold, and Monsieur Renart had ceased to howl, and was lying in the bottom of the tumbril motionless, almost senseless, so perfectly overcome by terror that he would have been unable to stand upon his feet had not François given him a sip of wine from his canteen. When they reached the fatal spot, the privilege of dying first was with one voice accorded to madame, who was the only woman in the company. She would have waived it in his favour, but he recoiled from the offer, as if she meant to do him an injury instead of a kindness. It was mournful, François said, to see with what pertinacity he clung to life.

"Madame, finding her kindness refused, bade farewell to her companions and him, and began to ascend the fatal

ladder, but as she did so, she glanced all round upon the spectators whom she had at first scarcely observed, and when her eye lighted on Monsieur Fouché, who held some office, I forget what, under the judges, she uttered a faint, half-suppressed scream, and pointing to Fouché, she turned to Monsieur Renart, and said, slowly and impressively, 'Count d'Epernay, behold your son.'

"Monsieur Renart comprehended her meaning at once, for it gave him a hope for his life. He broke from those who held him, and threw himself at Fouché's feet, and grovelled in the dust before him and clasped his knees, and heaping upon him endearing epithets, entreated him to grant him the boon of prolonged life, if it were even but for a day.

"It would have been scarcely natural to have looked for filial love in a son so long and so utterly abandoned, but Fouché proved his relationship to Count Renart by the manner in which he acted. He drew himself with unnecessary, even with cruel, violence from the feeble gripe that held him, and disowned, in no measured terms, the father who had so long disowned him; and at a private sign from him, the executioner stepped forward, and seizing his victim, bound him screaming, struggling, praying to the fatal plank.

"Monsieur Fouché was put in possession, by the revolutionary authorities, of the château and domains of Epernay, but took the earliest opportunity of selling them to an army tailor in Paris, who had speculated in the funds and become rich. Nor did he ever assume the name, but retained that by which he had been first known until he exchanged it for a dukedom."

"And does the tailor make you a good master, Pierre," I asked, observing that he finished his narrative with a deep sigh.

The old man shook his head.

"Ah! monsieur, these bourgeois have sordid souls. He leaves all a waste as you see, and he leaves me here to show the place, and exact a toll from rich, generous English milords, like monsieur."

I bowed.

"What is the fee, Pierre? You have earned it well by this long, interesting tale of yours."

"Ten francs, monsieur. Will monsieur count it too much?" asked the old man, deprecatingly.

"By no means, Pierre," and I counted

out the money and added another franc piece. "There is your money, Pierre, and cheer up, I, for one, don't grudge it."

"Ah! Monsieur, it is not that. But think of the degradation of the thing. Think of me, the butler of the Epernays, taking fees for a tailor."

And the quondam great man's great man shook his head and sighed piteously ;

but he took the extra franc piece, and his bleared eyes brightened in anticipation, doubtless, poor soul, of the bottle of generous wine it would procure for him at the cabaret.

Next day I left the pleasant village of St. Ullfrêche, and the picturesque half-ruined Château of Epernay, with its romantic memories of perished greatness.

LINES ON A SKELETON.*

BEHOLD this ruin ! 'Twas a skull,
Once of ethereal spirit full.
This narrow cell was life's retreat,
This space was thought's mysterious seat.
What beauteous visions filled this spot,
What dreams of pleasures long forget ;
Nor hope, nor love, nor joy, nor fear,
Have left one trace of record here.

Benhath this mouldering canopy
Once shone the bright and busy eye ;
But—start not at the dismal void—
If social love that eye employed ;
If with no lawless fire it gleamed,
But through the dews of kindness beamed,
That eye shall be for ever bright
When stars and suns are sunk in night.

Within the hollow cavern hung
The ready, swift, and tuneful tongue.
If falsehood's honey it disdained,
And where it could not praise, was chained ;
If bold in Virtue's cause it spoke,
Yet gentle concord never broke,
This silent tongue shall plead for thee
When time unveils eternity.

Say, did these fingers delve the mine ?
Or with its envied rubies shine ?
To hew the rock or wear the gem,
Can little now avail to them.
But if the page of truth they sought,
Or comfort to the mourner brought,
These hands a richer meed shall claim
Than all that wait on wealth or fame.

Avails it whether bare or shod,
These feet the paths of duty trod ?
If from the bowers of Ease they fled,
To seek Affliction's humble shed ;
If Grandeur's guilty bribe they spurned,
And home to Virtue's cot returned ;
These feet with angel's wings shall vie,
And tread the palace of the sky.

* The manuscript of the above beautiful poem was found in the Museum of the Royal College of Surgeons, placed near one of the skeletons ; its author is unknown.

THE MARVELLOUS GARDEN.

FROM THE SPANISH OF DONA MARIA DE ZAYAS.

MANY years ago there lived, in the beautiful and celebrated city of Saragossa, a cavalier, noble and rich, whose superior qualities rendered him worthy of the excellent wife who shared his fortunes; whose virtues and talents equalled his own. As pledges of mutual happiness, Heaven had granted to this worthy couple two daughters, the eldest named Constance, and the other Theodosia. They were equally remarkable for loveliness, grace, and wit, and were so accomplished that their attractions and fortune caused them to be termed "the two pearls of Saragossa." When they had attained the age of discretion, a certain Don Jorge became smitten with the charms of Constance. This young cavalier had been born in the same city, was amiable and wealthy, and had a younger brother, Frederic, who had conceived a great attachment to Theodosia, but had carefully withheld his passion from Don Jorge. Constance was not indifferent to the professions of her lover; but, although touched by his attentions, she confined herself to appearing honoured by the preference; declaring, if her parents had the intention of giving her in marriage, no one would be so agreeable to her as Don Jorge. With this feeling she favoured his suit, believing it would be encouraged with joy by her parents; but she observed so much prudence and reserve in not speaking on the subject to her father, that, if he judged the proposal of her lover in an unfavourable light, she could, without any caprice, renounce his pretensions.

Frederic was not so successful with Theodosia. Far from receiving his protestations of affection, she conceived a violent dislike to him. The cause of this was her secret love for Don Jorge, which was so intense, that she endeavoured, by every means in her power, to withdraw his attentions from her sister. This repulse so affected Frederic, that he fell into a melancholy condition, which was observed by all his friends, but the real cause of which was not known. Constance, however, who had also remarked the change, could not forbear suspecting the reason; for, notwith-

standing her partiality to Don Jorge, she had also felt an interest in the welfare of his brother. She soon found an opportunity of questioning him, and received his confession of the love he bore to her sister, and the cold return it met with. While Constance addressed words of consolation and sympathy to the young man, her sister Theodosia was far differently employed, plotting how she could obtain the transfer of Don Jorge's affections to herself; and, at length, she resolved to inform him that his brother and Constance loved each other. A favourable occasion soon presented itself, and soon afterwards Don Jorge met Frederic returning from an interview with Constance, which confirmed his suspicions.

He expressed his displeasure to the lady, who replied, "Your insinuations, Don Jorge, are too unjust to require any reply. If I do not give you any proofs of my regard, is it a reason to believe that I am more attentive to your brother? As to the indifference of which you accuse me, let me inform you, in order to spare such reproaches for the future, that so long as you are not my husband, I shall observe the same conduct." So saying, and without waiting to hear the excuses of Don Jorge, she quitted the apartment.

The perfidious Theodosia lost not a moment in following up her advantage. Seeing him pensive and unhappy, she approached and addressed him:—

"I cannot conceal longer from you the secret I have hitherto kept in my own mind. If you will promise never to reveal what I tell you, I will inform you the cause of the coldness of my sister Constance. She loves your brother, and they are concerting plans for their marriage. The evil appears to me without remedy, and, therefore, I recommend to you all the resignation and wisdom you can command to bear against it. Convince yourself that Constance, faithless and fickle, was not born to constitute your happiness, and that Heaven has in reserve for you the only woman who is worthy of sharing your affections."

Thus Theodosia gave the rein to her treachery, and was sufficiently cunning

not to speak for the moment of her love for him, and thus awaken a suspicion of treason.

Don Jorge, upon this information, gave himself up to despair and anger. Exaggerating the audacity of his brother, and the infidelity of Constance, he became blinded with jealousy, and vowed vengeance against Frederic. Dissimulating, however, his fury before Theodosia, in order not to alarm her, he thanked her courteously for the service she had rendered him, and declared himself grateful. He left her, therefore, indulging in a pleasing reverie of having withdrawn Don Jorge from her sister, after which he would no doubt claim her hand.

No sooner had the irritated lover left the house, than he sought for his brother. After calling a page, in whom he implicitly confided, he ordered him to be in readiness with a horse and money outside the city, in a place he indicated. Having taken these precautions, he invited his brother, on the plea of having urgent business to transact with him, to walk in the plain. Without suspecting treachery, the latter accompanied Don Jorge; and on arriving at a lonely spot, he was suddenly stabbed to the heart by his treacherous companion, who immediately took to flight, and went direct to Barcelona, where, finding a vessel about to sail for Naples, he embarked, and quitted Spain, as he considered, for ever.

The body of the unfortunate Frederic was discovered, and removed to his family, who were plunged in affliction. No one, however, suspected his murderer. Constance appeared to mourn the absence of Don Jorge, but not in a manner to make it suspected that she considered him the author of the crime.

About this time, the father of the young ladies died, leaving them to the guardian care of their mother, with a large fortune. Two years passed over without any news arriving of the absent cavalier, who was at length forgotten, even by Constance. Theodosia, however, whose passions were stronger, did not renounce the hope of seeing him return, and was, consequently, very desirous of her sister being married, to remove any further obstacle to her own union.

At this period, some family affairs conducted to Saragossa a cavalier from the provinces, who was richer in personal qualities than in worldly means. He was named Carlos, and he lodged in a house

opposite to that inhabited by Constance. The constant sight of the beautiful damsel was more than his philosophy could resist, and he speedily became enamoured. Not possessing the wealth necessary to propose a marriage, he was obliged to have recourse to cunning. He found an opportunity of becoming acquainted with Fabia, the mother of Constance; and gaining thus an introduction to the house, by the aid of sundry presents, his agreeable manners, and powers of conversation, he captivated the household. Having thus disposed his batteries in the affair he had so much at heart, he unfolded his project to an old servant who attended him, and whom he promised to reward liberally in case of success. He then counterfeited illness, and took to his bed. The noble Fabia was not long without hearing of this unfortunate condition of her neighbour, and penetrated with a lively interest in his welfare, she visited him, and paid him as much attention as she would have done to her own son. The pretended sick man became apparently worse, and the doctor, who had been bribed to keep the secret, pronounced him to be on the point of death. Sending for Fabia, Don Carlos thus addressed her:—"You see, Madame, to what a miserable state my existence is reduced; but, nevertheless, although on the point of quitting life in the prime of youth, I am less afflicted on that account, than from being able to be useful to you. It is now six months, Senora, that I have loved your daughter Constance; and her beauties and virtues have made me desirous to marry her: but not having the courage to speak for myself, I have waited the arrival of a relation to mention the matter for me. But alas! it is no longer permitted that I should encourage such hopes, and the only request I have to make is, that you will allow me to leave all my property to Constance, and become yourself my testamentary executrix."

Fabia thanked the expiring Carlos in warm terms for his generosity, and testified with tears her sense of the loss about to happen. The hidalgo made his will, and the amount of the legacy was a hundred thousand ducats. He also assigned to her several imaginary vineyards in the mountains of Spain. The mother of the fortunate inheritor of these riches prayed Heaven, in her gratitude, to spare his days: and returning home, embraced Constance, saying, "Ah! my daughter,

what obligations you owe to Don Carlos! You may well, from to-day, consider yourself unfortunate in having lost such a husband."

"Would to Heaven," replied the maiden (charmed with the good qualities of Don Carlos, and, above all, of the fortune left to her), "that he may yet survive and live long, that we may prove how greatly we value his friendship."

In a few days Don Carlos was pronounced out of danger, and in the course of a month was quite convalescent. He was not only cured, but had the happiness to marry Constance, whose love he soon secured by tender attentions and presents, until he had sufficiently gained her affections to tell her of the deceit he had practised, and to which he had been instigated by her beauty and accomplishments. What woman could resist such a plea? Don Carlos received his full pardon, and was cherished more than ever.

Four years passed away in great happiness, the birth of two sons adding to their enjoyment. It was about this time that Don Jorge, unable to support his exile, and willing to encounter any danger for the sake of seeing again the object of his constant thoughts, returned to Saragossa, after having traversed Italy, Piedmont, and Flanders. The death of his brother Frederic not having been attributed to him, his guilty fears were his only monitors, and he entered his native city in security. The person who was least satisfied with his return was Constance. Sincerely attached to her husband, and firm to her matrimonial vows, she felt displeasure at the steps he commenced taking to see her. These attempts, the serenades, and the gallantries practised in open day, caused the inhabitants of the city to murmur. The lady herself also remained deaf and insensible to all his attentions. In this disdain she was encouraged by her sister Theodosia, who felt her own love for Don Jorge revive; but receiving from him in return nothing but the most cruel neglect and scorn, she fell dangerously ill, and Constance—to whom this secret was now confided, and who tenderly loved her sister—desired, if it was possible, to effect the desired union. To save the life of Theodosia, she determined to do violence to her own feelings, and grant an interview to Don Jorge, trusting to his sense of honour to comply with her wishes for the marriage. She accordingly

sent for the cavalier, one day when her husband was hunting, and, on his arrival, thus addressed him:—

"Your departure, Don Jorge, from Saragossa, after the many assurances I had given you of my attachment, removed from me all hope of becoming your wife, and he, to whom I am now united, is so dear to me, that I return a thousand thanks to Providence for deserving him. But in my place, I offer you a part of myself, my sister Theodosia, who esteems you tenderly, and will perish if she remains any longer the victim of your disdain. Show, then, the consideration you have for my family by saving her from destruction."

These words troubled the heart of Don Jorge, who could not renounce the fatal influence exercised over him by the voice and charms of Constance. Seeing him obdurate, the Senora continued, in a tone of raillery:

"Let us come to terms, Don Jorge. If you, who are so skilful in organising fêtes, can within this time and to-morrow create, upon the plot of ground before my house, a garden, filled with rich and fragrant flowers, trees and golden fruits, with fountains flowing from diamond Kiosks; and if you find means, by its shade and magnificence, with birds of every species that must inhabit it, to rival the delicious hanging gardens of Semiramis over the palace of Babylon, I will consent to flee with you; but, if you cannot execute these conditions, you must pledge me your word to marry Theodosia."

Having said these words, she retired to her apartment, satisfied with the success of her efforts, and leaving Don Jorge, as she considered, no alternative but the marriage with her sister. With a troubled mind and an agitated air, the cavalier quitted the house, and disconsolately wandered into the fields; when suddenly a man, enveloped in a scarlet cloak, made his appearance, and thus addressed him:—

"What ails thee, Don Jorge? why sighing and complaining when thou shouldst be stirring? The remedy to thy sorrow is not so difficult to be found."

The cavalier, surprised to find his secret known, regarded his questioner closely, and replied:—

"And who are you that dares undertake to promise me relief? What can you do, when I have been asked to under-

take what the demon himself could not perform?"

"And if I am that person himself, what wouldst thou say? Come, take courage, and tell me what thou wilt give me, if I create the garden mentioned by the Dona Constance."

"State yourself the price for what you pretend you can do. I am ready to give you anything."

"Sign this compact, by which thou wilt become mine hereafter," said the demon.

Don Jorge performed what was desired without reflecting on the consequences, and at daybreak the following morning arose, and proceeded to the house of Don Carlos, scarcely believing that the engagement of the previous evening would be effected; but, to his great astonishment, he found, laid out in the highest perfection, one of the most beautiful gardens eyes had ever beheld. Enchanted with the prospect, he traversed the grounds, observing fresh glories at every step. Don Carlos, who had reposed himself after the fatigues of the chase, awakening from his slumbers and proceeding to the window, beheld the marvellous garden, and, struck with amazement, called his wife to admire it. All the household went forth to enjoy the scene; when Constance, suddenly perceiving Don Jorge advancing towards them, remembered her indiscreet promise of the previous evening, and immediately fell to the ground insensible. By the assistance of her husband and those around her she soon recovered, but only to the consciousness of her miserable situation. Regarding Don Carlos with a look of love and bitterness, she exclaimed;—

"Take my life, for my heedless words I have forfeited all claim to your affection;" and she then related all that had

occurred from the commencement of her acquaintance with Don Jorge.

Her husband listened with tenderness and compassion to the recital, and then replied, mildly:—

"I should be wrong to deny, Constance, that you have committed an error in promising what you considered an impossible condition. But the torments you have suffered more than compensate for such folly. I, who married you by a deceit, and have subsisted upon your fortune, ought to be the only sufferer in this case, and my life ought to be sacrificed for yours."

"Hold, Carlos!" cried Don Jorge, passionately; "it is not right that I should be the cause of suffering to a noble heart like yours. Your wife is released from her promise; I declare it solemnly and openly. Carlos belongs to Constance, and Constance to Carlos. Heaven intended them for each other. For me, I am lost, both here and hereafter."

Scarcely had Don Jorge spoken, when the demon appeared, holding in his hand the terrible compact. In a loud voice he exclaimed—

"I am not to be overcome by generosity by any of ye. Don Jorge, thou hast been foolish and wicked in thy attempts to destroy the happiness of a good and virtuous family. But thou hast gained a victory over thy passions; therefore take back this deed, which restores thee to independence and reason."

With these words he disappeared.

Don Jorge and Theodosia were soon afterwards married, and splendid fêtes in Saragossa signalized the event. Never, during the life of the former, was the untimely end of his brother mentioned; but many years after his own death, and that of Theodosia, the narrative of these events was found among their papers.

HANDWRITING.

MEN, like trees, have a curved line which, touching at the extremities, forms a figure which is the general estimate of their characters. Individual traits are lost in the harmony of them all. The hand may be delicate; the face coarse: there may be contradiction between the eye and the brow; between the motive power and the object desired; but still the man is a unity unlike any other man, and yet similar in original traits.

To tell character by confining oneself to one exhibition of a faculty, would be like trying to tell the climate of a place by staying there one day. But in the other extreme the collecting of facts proves nothing unless there has been opportunities for the display of other qualities than the ones in which the person is not interested. I, for instance, always dislike making new acquaintances; I get sulky whenever it is forced upon me; that does not prove that I may not be pleasant enough when allowed to act as I please.

One man, with no taste for a certain pursuit, is forced into it, kept at it, and, as he gives evidence of dislike, is accused of being almost a fool. Wonderful that in something else he should be a proficient at the first attempt. Yet it is not the doing a thing, but the getting pay for it, that is difficult; not the reading of character, but the applying it. What value is the being able to understand why men's handwritings vary, save as interesting? Yet, perhaps, many a reader will glance over this and be inclined to acquire the skill.

First, does the man write often moderately, or very nicely? Did he write in a hurry, or not? Lastly, is his temperament nervous, or inclined to be heavy?

Bad writing may arise from haste, nervousness, and want of practice; but the handwriting of the illiterate is intrinsically different from that of a nervous scholar. A man who writes badly when in haste must be a nervous man; so scrawly writing may be reduced to want of self-command. The man of business asks of the scholar,—“Why can't you sell your labour and become rich?” The scholar may ask,—“Why don't you give your money and write a book?” It is as impossible for one to change as the other. Poverty of brains can be no more over-

come than poverty of purse. The right plan is for the two to divide. Money for talent. Ridiculous for money to wait for brains, or brains to be contemptuous of money. There must be help. Look at the writing! That nervous sweep of the pen is not the characteristic of a man to sway material matters; he is not thick-headed enough; the blows crush him.

On the other hand, that round, manly, firm chirography, regular as a troop of horses, indicates outward show, but there is no brain, sentiment, intense sensibility behind. A bird is in a quiver of excitement at the least noise, but a cow stands looking on without the least alarm. Women write small. Indolence, affectation and weakness are indicated, and indolence is Nature's guard for nervous persons.

Take particular instances. A. is a man of medium size, high forehead, hair of the Yankee brownish hue, eyes deep-set and rather small, nose small, mouth firm, chin rather weak. Physically, he is inclined to be of a nervous, sanguine temperament; hope large, caution large; animal propensities strong. He is a man of business, writes considerably, generally about business. His habit of mind exact. Now, what will be his characteristic handwriting? Ask half-a-dozen different men who are interested in judging of character, and compare their answers. His habits of business will have made his writing to a certain extent formal. He will have tried to make it a plain hand. His long practice in keeping books will have taught him to be able to write large or small; his nervousness will have taught him to use abbreviations; his solidity and preference for mercantile pursuits will have made him always more or less subject to self-command. He writes, then, not like the man of mere intellect, to get his thoughts upon paper for preservation, but for others to read. He thinks constantly how he will affect others; how they will understand him. He employs formal expressions because they are better understood. He says, “Rec'd three bales goods,” instead of telling in many words the same fact, but writes not obscurely, but with particular care that they shall be read.

A lawyer will fill out a writ, and, save

an undulating line, no one but the initiated would understand that a legal phrase was implied. The man of business deals with facts. The facts may be expressed briefly, in a formal way, hurriedly, but always with the intention of being read. That some business men do write badly is nothing to this purpose. I am speaking of the desire in them to write plainly.

Now my man, described, sits down to tell his correspondent that a certain lot of goods has arrived, all save one package. He writes rapidly, exactly, and with the wish that the others shall read what he says at once and without mistake. His nervous power would urge him to haste and carelessness, but his business education will restrain him. How will his writing show it? His mind is not particularly active. He is not thinking what to say, but to explain an understood fact. I think all these circumstances taken into consideration his letters will be open, frank, regular, round, and well-looking, but at the ends of the longest wider, and at the tops and bottoms of long letters will be a perceptible twitch as if he grew there first a trifle impatient of the delay.

Boldness and delicacy of handwriting may not indicate more than straightforwardness or caution. A prudent, secretive man generally writes fine, generally also boldly. A passionate nature is confined, and, unless great ability of penmanship is acquired, will rather betray his interest by weakness and indecision in his letters, than by excess of power. A fine writer is either one who holds himself in control, or a thick-headed nobody, a calm, passionless man, or a mere copyist, for to pay attention to the mere form, augurs that the man's mind is not very much excited by his theme.

Writing full of unnecessary thrusts and turns betokens a man undecided and wavering. A direct up and down style is his who cares nothing for ornament—prefers comfort with regularity, to luxury without. A slovenly man scrawls his own nature. A timid man writes commandingly, with unequal heaviness of line. Indolent men avoid trouble and write small. A bold, careless, obstinate man, writes variably, at one time well, at another ill. Nothing can charm a man, especially if careless himself, like neatness in the letters of a lady.

REPOSE.

As the tree, in noonday's quiet,
Stands so motionless above,
Whilst amongst its leaves and branches
Thousand living beings move;

So an outward calm has fallen
After sufferings deep on me;
But within my heart, so burning
Worlds are moving, wild and free.

Wishes, thoughts, and ardent longings,
Dreams of bliss and ecstasy,
Whilst my features are as quiet
As the leaves upon the tree.

THE MYSTERIES OF HAWLEY.

CHAPTER XXXIX.

CONCLUSION OF THE SAME.

"I HAVE said," he continued, "that when I saw what I believed was full proof that Mr. Grantham was dead, I regarded myself with horror. Nothing could alleviate the pangs of my remorse. In vain my brother strove by every argument to put me in a calmer frame of mind. What availed it to say, that if I had not slain my adversary my adversary would have slain me? I had slain him, and no penitence could repair the act.

"I have said also that I was always of a powerful imagination, and ever since my poor wife's death I had been disposed to regard things from a morbid point of view. I therefore not only beheld my crime in its blackest hue, but imagined the world in general would do the same. So much was I oppressed with these dismal forebodings, that actually for some time I contemplated suicide as my only refuge.

"You ask me, my son, why I ever avoided you? Why I gave out to the world the announcement of my death, and did not make you acquainted with the truth? 'Twas because I would not have you, too, to look upon me in this dreadful light; I could not bear to think that my own child would perhaps some day come to loathe me—as a murderer; to curse me in his heart, perhaps, though that curse might not find expression in words. No, no; I preferred death to that; and I resolved that till time should indeed kill me I would be dead to the outer world—that I would be as one dead to you."

"But there is one thing which, gad, sir, I don't see quite clearly," Mr. Grantham interrupted at this juncture. "You might surely have kept your son in ignorance of the crime—St. George! if crime you call it—which you believed yourself to have committed?"

"How could I have done so?" returned the other, with energy. "There were but three alternatives for me to choose from. Firstly, I might have fled abroad, and there lived with my child in obscurity. Secondly, I might have remained concealed in the old Hall, keeping my presence there a secret from every one; or, thirdly, I might have remained

at the Hall without seeking to conceal myself. If I had gone abroad with my child, would he not when he grew older press me with inquiries why I had left my native land?—why I dare never to return? Besides, would this not have deprived my boy of the paternal property; for how at my death could he ever succeed to it without discovering the truth? Again, had I remained concealed in old Hubert's Tower, this also was open to similar objections. His suspicions would have been aroused, when he found I could give no satisfactory reason why I dare not show myself in the light of day. The last alternative was the only one in which I could have lived with my son without awakening his suspicions; but then I was well known everywhere, and was I not liable any day of my life to be taken for the affair of the duel, and punished for the death of my adversary?

"Accordingly," said Mr. Warren, resuming his history, "I determined upon the course I ultimately adopted. I might as well remain a wanderer in England as in a foreign land, I cared but little which. Assuming the name of Manning, it was my resolution by that name only would I for the future be known. My solicitor, who was an old friend of the family, my brother, and old Robert, with his wife, were the only creatures admitted into my confidence. The former drew up another will, which I duly signed and they duly attested, and which was dated some months previously, so that in case anything happened to me the will which I had made only the day before the duel, and by which the principal of my property was secured to you, would still hold good. By the fictitious one I apparently left everything to my brother Martin, but in reality only so that he might manage it for me. Had I conferred the property on you, my son, while I yet lived, as you will perceive, I should have left myself without the means of subsistence.

"The report of my death on the continent was then spread, and I was henceforth virtually dead to the world, though not, alas! to my own conscience. You, who were then a child, remained at the Hall under the care of old Robert's wife; I repaired to the metropolis to take quiet and secluded apartments in one of the suburbs, where I was not likely to be

disturbed, and in fact I engaged this very room, which I have occupied ever since. When you were absent at school or elsewhere, I passed much of my time with my brother at the Hall, for no visitors ever came there, and I was as safe there—except in case of a chance recognition by any of the villagers who might see me, and remember me—as I was at any other place. When you left the Hall, I was still more frequently in the habit of staying there.

"On one of which occasions I came unexpectedly across you and my uncle in the grounds," Frank exclaimed.

"Yes, I remember you did so, my son. You had a friend with you who came to spend a few days at Hawley. Robert met you first, and, knowing my proximity, desired to inform me—in fact, he did so, and I entered my old quarters at Hubert's Tower, where I remained quietly until you and your friend were gone again, and——"

"And that mystery is fully accounted for," said Frank, "and of course it is as clearly evident in what consisted our mutual mistake when we met so unpropitiously the other evening. When I accused you of my father's death, you interpreted my accusation your own way."

"Exactly so, my son; for you at first merely pointed out your suspicions, which I thought only seemed to show you believed I was not dead. Then you denounced me as a murderer, without saying of whom; it was only in your last exclamation, in which you called me *your father's* murderer, that I perceived you had some notions in your head which were not the true ones; but I was so completely thunderstruck, that when I essayed to recall you my speech failed me, and I fainted away. Immediately upon my return hither—how I got here I know not—I wrote to your uncle requesting him to come to me and advise with me without delay. I was so unnerved and ill that I was incapable of reflection for myself. And now, Frank, my dear boy, I think you know the rest of the story as well as I do. Heaven be praised that I can now meet my son with an easy conscience, and that he will not have to blush for me."

"Heaven be praised, also!" rejoined Frank, "that I have found a father whom I had feared, alas! had met with a foul death."

"And, St. George!" ejaculated Mr.

Grantham, rubbing his eyes furiously, "that I have found an old acquaintance, and now, I trust, a friend, who came pretty near giving me a foul death."

"There is still a little matter which may be a source of wonder to you, my dear Frank, and which I am anxious to explain," Mr. Warren said; "I mean why I suffered you to plod for your living in an office. When you made the proposal to your uncle he immediately consulted me, and we both agreed that having to buffet a little with the world would be of service to you rather than not, and that it would make a man of you."

"And made a man of him it has," Mr. Grantham exclaimed.

"With regard to your portrait and that of my mother at the Hall, why were they turned with their faces to the wall instead of hanging in the gallery with the rest? For you must know," pursued Frank, "that last night I and this gentleman went to Hawley."

And the young man then detailed the principal circumstances of that adventure.

"Go down to the Hall, you dog?" Mr. Grantham cried, gleefully, "and gad, sir, a pretty way you went to the Hall, scampering out of the window as if you were a rascally Frenchman instead of a Christian Englishman who would have gone out of the door, and not given me the rascally toothache, which, by St. George! at this very moment racks my jaw as though a bombshell had exploded in my mouth."

The hilarity which succeeded this sally, which Mr. Grantham uttered with ludicrous seriousness, and giving his favourite a facetious dig in the ribs, having subsided, Mr. Warren explained in reply to his son's question, that he could not bear the thought of having his portrait hung side by side with those of his ancestors, since he deemed himself a guilty being and unfit company for the portraits of the noble dead.

"Gad, sir, but you were anyhow as good as that rascally lawyer with the big wig who murdered poor Algernon Sydney, who, by St. George! was as brave a soldier as ever lived," Mr. Grantham interjected, with fiery energy. "As for that other fellow, that Lord What-d'ye-call-'em, Russell," he added, with a slight modification of enthusiasm, "I don't know so much about him. He was a brave sort of a man in his way, I dare say;

but, gad, sir, he let the rascally executioner cut off his head in such a meek fashion, that one can't have any patience with him. St. George! he shouldn't have cut my head off quite so easily, I know. I like the man with a little spirit in him; one who'll—p's-s-s! run you a Frenchman through the stomach and think about it afterwards."

And suiting the action to the word, apparently with the conviction that Master Frank was a Frenchman, he made a violent pass into that young gentleman's ribs, thereby causing his eyes to water not a little.

"I perceive, sir," said he, with a lugubrious smile, and rubbing his side, "that you have adopted Lord Bacon's advice, and praise those qualifications in others which you yourself possess."

"Gad, sir, that Lord Bacon was a rascally doctor, who did not take the pills he prescribed, for he praised honesty in others which, by St. George! he did not possess himself."

Our three friends were at this instant greatly surprised to hear a heavy lumbering noise on the stairs, as though some one with a wooden leg were ascending them. Still more so were they astonished when the door opened and Martin Warren came hobbling in. He cast a rapid glance around the room, and quickly surmised how things were.

"I see, my dear brother," he said, clasping the pseudo Manning's hand with affection, "I see that the tale is told, and all is settled amicably."

"And wonderfully also, brother Martin," returned Francis, with solemnity, "for this gentleman, whom you here see, is no other than Mr. Grantham, who we little thought would ever walk the earth again."

Martin was of course astonished at this, inasmuch as though upon first hearing Mr. Grantham's name he had been struck with it, yet it was quite impossible he should have guessed that he was the same whom he believed his brother had killed. Explanations were again made, which I fancy would weary the reader were I to repeat.

"I must now congratulate you, nephew Frank," said he, sarcastically, "upon your sagacious, and, as they have proved, wonderfully correct suspicions, that I was accessory to your father's murder."

"Don't be too hard upon him, brother," said Mr. Warren, entreatingly, as he still

held his son's hand fondly within his own.

"You may laugh at the young man, if you like," cried Mr. Grantham, gaily, "but, St. George! these notions were not more ridiculous than for you and your brother to think he had murdered *me*!"

"At any rate," added Frank, in the same tone, "it was not more so than for me to suppose that my father was murdered by Manning, and yet for him to be alive in Manning's self—a sort of living suicide, so to speak."

Then came a general laugh testifying the joyousness of everyone, and were this chapter the last of the history of Warren, there would only remain for me to imitate the comedies of Congreve, &c., and call in the fiddlers on the stage, to make my four gentlemen to dance, and then *exeunt*.

But there are two great reasons against my doing this. Firstly, that dancing was impossible, since one of the gentlemen was lame, another ill, and the remainder far too dignified; secondly, that this is *not* the last chapter of Warren. We have found him with a father, it is true, but it is incumbent upon us to provide him with a wife likewise. This humble penman knows too well the duty of his craft; that duty he will never shirk.

So the four gentlemen sat themselves down to a comfortable tea of shrimps and watercresses, over which Martin told them how anxious he had felt about them as he was sitting alone in the Saracen's Head; how, at length, he grew so impatient that he had sent for a hackney carriage, resolving to come to them, sprain or no sprain, as they perceived he had done. And then the scene is to change; the curtain is not yet to fall.

CHAPTER XL.

ANOTHER YEAR.

THE trees which were green in the summer grew brown in the breath of the autumn. The fading leaves fell from the boughs they were born on, and were presently whirled in columns by the wintry winds. The snow, which crested the hill-tops and covered the valleys, melted with sympathy at the genial smile of the sunshine, and the meadows were gold with the buttercups and white with the

daisies. Time pointed his sickle to the dial, and it was spring once more.

The country round Hawley bore the impress of the season; everything looked smiling and glad. But the scene within the old mansion and in its immediate vicinity was equally active to that of nature without. Young Warren was to marry Helen Batherley at last, and the bridal rejoicings were to be on a scale becoming the dignity of such an ancient family as the Warrens.

Mr. Warren lived now in the house of his ancestors; no more of concealment nor dread of discovery, for nothing had he now to conceal nor to fear. The villagers wondered that the elder brother of Martin should have been dead for twenty years and then come to life again, but the ready genius of the latter soon pacified their curiosity (except that of Mr. Tyler, who thought there was something in the background) with a tale of foreign travel, and they soon fell into their old ways, and called the wanderer the squire.

The squire, for his part (he was far too young a man to talk such nonsense) expressed a strong desire that he might live to see his son married and settled, and then declared it was a matter of slight importance to him when he should be called to lay his bones in the family vault. No doubt Mr. Warren meant all this when he said it, and that he would mean nothing of the sort when the time came. It is clear, however, that this is what he ought to have done, since it must be obvious to every right-minded novel-reader that the title of squire, the Hall, and the property belonged properly to young Frank—he being the hero.

However this may be, Mr. Warren was the undoubted squire at present, and in that capacity superintended with energy the arrangement for his son's nuptials, which we have already said were to be conducted on a grand scale.

There was to be quite a gala for the village people as well as for the neighbouring gentry, who were to be treated to a more *recherché* and less yeomanly repast. A huge bonfire was prepared on the green sward, with tar-barrels and fir-trees, and it was at first proposed to roast a bullock whole in celebration of the occasion; but the bullock was relinquished in favour of a sheep, when it was remembered that the whole population of Hawley was inadequate to eat it. A barrel of ale was to be set run-

ning at both ends for the benefit of the farmers. Mr. Grampus shrugged his shoulders at this part of the programme, thinking that ale, quite as good, was to be had at the White Horse for the mere paying for it, and, indeed, regarding the gratuitous distribution of malt liquors as an infringement upon his privileges. He, however, consoled himself with the reflection that he should be no loser in the end, since the habitual frequenters of his establishment, having their appetites whetted with the luscious beverage at the Hall, would be likely to become, for some time, the more constant customers at the White Horse—a truth which their wives knew to their cost.

Nor was our hero for his part idle, though what he exactly did would perhaps have puzzled himself to have told. He was ubiquitous, that was certain; for while he was ever ready to assist his father or uncle in anything that was to be done, he seemed nevertheless to wander about in solitude and romantic places all the day long. He delighted in lonely rambles through shady lanes, or amidst the fastnesses of the wood, teaming with reawakened life.

And there he would gad about and romance in the land of dreams, or "moony," as the phrase is. He thought if he was not a very happy fellow, at least he ought to be; yet there was something in his heart which kept on pricking him and telling him that he was not such a happy fellow as he fancied himself. There was something about Helen which made him rather uneasy; in fact, he could not quite make out whether she had any regard for him or not.

From the rather unromantic style in which they became engaged, Warren could not expect a vast display of enthusiasm. Had he not offered his hand to the girl as a protector? What more, then, than the quiet commonplace regard of a *protégé* could he expect from Helen Batherley? Indeed, that very day when she accepted him—a twelvemonth ago now—he had told her that he did not look for raptures, but merely for the unpretending affection she could give him, and which he believed would ripen with time as she came to know the depth of his love better.

But theory and practice are, as all the world knows, vastly different, and when Helen called him simply "Frank," as dispassionately as though he were her bro-

ther, or wrote her letters to him as "dear Frank" instead of "dearest," he did feel that he was an ill-used young man; it wasn't dealing fairly with him, he thought.

One day when they were out walking over the heath, he snatched a kiss from the maiden's lips, which act she submitted to with a tolerable grace. But the unconscionable fellow scarcely let the echo of it die away when he wanted another, and what is more, he tried to take it likewise.

Helen, however, seemed to think that one was enough for any reasonable young man—enough at least for Warren. She complained that he ruffled her bonnet; indeed, she repulsed him most unheroically, considering he was the hero.

Frank was not a little mortified at this rebuff, and withdrawing himself from her a little way—not very far, poor young man! he muttered something about "nasty"—meaning not Helen nor her kisses, but her temper.

"Very well, sir," says the girl, tossing her head disdainfully and wrapping her shawl closely around her as though anxious not a fold of her dress should be polluted by rustling against him. And so they walked on and on in silence, Warren with his eyes cast upon the ground, and treading abstractedly on particular patches of grass, measuring his footsteps unthinkingly, and a resentful emotion struggling for place at his heart.

By-and-by he looked up quickly. He had conquered that feeling, and a tender light shone in his eye.

"Helen," he said, "I am afraid after all you don't care for me."

She made him no immediate reply, and they went on walking in a silence as oppressive as before.

If Warren had been a regularly high-spirited hero, he would doubtless at this point have flown out and stormed, and broken off his engagement with the girl there and then. But he was like most lovers; and, daring enough in any other enterprise, was a mean, pitiful fellow in this; and before they arrived at Helen's home again, he was as crouching, and fawning, and humble as any domineering maiden need desire her slave to be.

For my part, I marvel not that the keen observer of life and the truly great Satirist should write his chapters of love-scenes and head them as "Stories about Women and Fools."

Of late times there were two or three

little matters which disturbed Warren considerably. His visits to Hampstead, as the time drew on for the marriage, were, if possible, more frequent than ever, and he was conscious that Mrs. Batherley's behaviour towards him was sometimes unpleasant; for mothers-in-law, though generally disagreeable enough after they become such, are complacent and affable before. But as the time drew on for the marriage, I say, Mrs. Batherley's behaviour was rather inexplicable. Mothers of marriageable young ladies are capital "anglers." I know one or two in my small acquaintance, though I don't mention names. But Mrs. Batherley, instead of trying to keep the fish she had caught for her daughter—or rather that the daughter had caught for herself—seemed willing to allow him plenty of line, and that if he actually broke loose again, as though she would not care much about it.

Miss Jane made him uncomfortable. She had an unpleasant way of looking compassionately at him. What did she mean by it? Was the old story of the moth and the candle still harping in her memory? When she looked at him thus, it was still fresh in Warren's memory, however; and the chair he was sitting on would invariably feel as though there were pins and needles in it.

"St. George! but that Miss Jane is a kind, compassionating little body!" Mr. Grantham exclaimed one day, when he and our hero were indulging in mutual confidences.

"As ever lived!" Frank assented, earnestly, but with a suppressed sigh. There are times when compassion is an oppressive nuisance.

"Gad, sir," continued Mr. Grantham, "but the other day, as I was gathering a—a little nosegay, I pricked my finger, sir, with a piece of sweetbrier, and I'll be hanged, young Frank, if she didn't make as much fluster about it as if I had had the worst of it with some rascally Frenchman—though, by St. George! I'm as good as half-a-dozen of the shuffling, frog-eating rogues, even at my time of life."

"Or as though she were a certain couple of gentlemen whom we know, and you were wounded by one of them, eh, Mr. Grantham?"

"Hah! hah! he! he! he! you dog. It was a joke to fancy they had popped off poor Jack Grantham, wasn't it?"

It was rather a dangerous experiment

for Frank to make any such jest as the above with Mr. Grantham, as he was sure to have a facetious and by no means merciful poke in the ribs immediately after it. Yet he was continually doing so, and as continually paying the penalty for his wit.

"By the way, Mr. Grantham," said he, "and so you were gathering a nosegay? May I ask, sir," he added, bending his head on one side insinuatingly, and with a twinkle of the eye, "may I ask for whom that nosegay was gathered?"

Mr. Grantham grew wonderfully red in the face all at once, started up, seized his hat and walking-stick, and was about to make off in a great hurry.

"Hah, hum! Katie, Katie—that is, I don't mean it was for Katie I gathered the nosegay," said Mr. Grantham, who scorned even an implied falsehood, and growing more and more embarrassed every moment as he strove to correct what he deemed might be taken as such. "But what I mean, young man, is, that—that Katie will be waiting tea for me."

With which explication the soldier made a vigorous bound towards the door.

"But, sir, you haven't answered my question," interposed Frank, entreatingly.

Mr. Grantham, like a noble stag at bay, turned furiously upon him, his feathery red hair stood up with indignation, and as it shimmered in the sunshine it looked like the ball of fire which crests "London's proud monument," and as though it would summarily dispose of the annoying young man by burning him up.

"What do you mean by it, sir?" he roared. "I would have you to know, sir, that a gentleman and a soldier is not to be subjected to the impertinence of boys—yes, sir, I say of boys! What business is it of yours, sir, for whom I gathered the rascally flowers? I would like to know that! However, sir, Jack Grantham is not the man to make secrets and mysteries where there is no need of 'em. In short, sir, I gathered them for Miss Batherley—for Miss Jane Batherley, sir; and I trust there was no impropriety nor dishonour in my doing so, either to that highly respectable lady or to myself, sir."

Mr. Grantham was obliged to stop here in order to regain his breath, and to wipe off the perspiration which streamed from his forehead.

"Impropriety and dishonour?" re-

peated Warren, enjoying his friend's confusion. "Not at all, sir; quite the contrary, I should think. Indeed, Mr. Grantham, I always thought that you and Miss Jane were made for each other."

For a few moments a low, guttural sound proceeded from the throat of Mr. Grantham, and conveying the idea that that gentleman was in the last agonies of suffocation; but the crisis seemed soon to be past, a smile broke over his florid face, and a guffaw pealed from his lips.

"You young fellow you, but you put me in a little bit of a passion with your jesting, you did," he exclaimed. "But, joking apart, young Warren, I often have thought that she was a good-tempered young woman, and that an old soldier might do worse than take her command, if he could get her to think anything of him. But gad, sir, there's but little chance for me. Why, look you, brother Frank, I've only got eight digits altogether. I'm an extant impersonation of Obi—a veritable Three-fingered Jack."

"No matter about the fingers, sir, so long as the heart is in the right place; and yours, I will answer for it, is as true as your own good sword, which has told many a cutting truth to the rascally Frenchmen, I'll be bound."

"Right, lad, quite right there," said Mr. Grantham, with a grim smile of approval, laying his right hand on the place where his heart was supposed to be, and the other three fingers on the left hip, where his own beloved sword had hung in other days.

"And what is more," said Frank, "I do believe you are a bit of a favourite with her, and what I just now said jestingly I think is the plain and honest truth."

"Do you though, really?" cried Mr. Grantham, admiringly. "Well, now, by St. George, but you are a good-natured fellow, young Frank, and, gad, I'm sorry I got into such a passion as I did; and I tell you what, brother," he added, nodding his head significantly, "I'll think over what we have been talking about."

In such good humour was Mr. Grantham by this, that he insisted upon Warren accompanying him to his house to take a cup of tea, which he protested Katie would have ready and waiting before they were there.

"Poor little girl!" said the veteran, as though musing. "I don't much like bringing another into the house to step over her, as it were. The little puss has

been a faithful quartermaster to her old father, and, gad, it isn't quite fair to promote a raw recruit over her."

"But your daughter will be finding a new commander one of these days," said Frank, adopting the metaphorical language of his friend.

The other shook his head mournfully at these words.

"No, no, young Frank," he said; "the perverse puss vows she'll never marry anybody, and her father is not the man to force her inclinations. Not but what the young woman we were talking about is a very kind sort of a person, and one whom I think seems very fond of my little Katie," Mr. Grantham continued, nodding in the direction in which Miss Jane was at that moment supposed to be, and being quite as ready to knock his objections to his matrimonial projects on the head as he was to raise them.

By this they had arrived at the speaker's house, the gate of which, greatly to that gentleman's peace of mind, was immediately opened.

"We were just talking about you, puss," said he, chucking his daughter under the chin.

Kate blushed up to the eyes at this, and asked what they could possibly find to talk about in *her*?

"I was telling Mr. Warren, now that he is going to be a married man, he must look out for a husband for you—eh, puss?" returned her father, trying to be as easy and merry as usual, and to forget that his connubial intentions towards Miss Jane were uncomfortably pulling him behind.

Miss Grantham did not seem nearly so pleased at this as one might have expected. She replied disdainfully, that she was much obliged to Mr. Warren, but she wouldn't trouble him with any such search. Next she informed her father that tea had been ready this half hour; and lastly, leading the way into the parlour, where the frugal repast was neatly spread, she took her accustomed seat at the head of the table, and poured out the cup which inebriates not. The usual light talk of the tea-table went round; but with this we have nothing to do.

CHAPTER XII.

AN OLD SOLDIER'S COURTSHIP.

THE conversation between our hero and Mr. Grantham recorded in the foregoing

chapter had its full effect upon the actions of the latter. Indeed, though Mr. Grantham was ordinarily a most sound sleeper, yet that night when he retired to bed, many of the earlier hours were passed by him in restless watchfulness, and next morning he appeared so uncomfortable in his mind and complained of such a splitting headache as caused his ever-solicitous daughter much uneasiness on his behalf.

Mr. Grantham, also, generally came to his determinations with wonderful rapidity, and acted upon them with still more speed; but on this occasion several days elapsed ere he could fully make up his mind as to his matrimonial intentions.

One afternoon, however, when he was walking placidly in his garden, "chewing the cud of his sweet and bitter fancies," and mentally reviewing the perplexing positions which disturbed his mind, Miss Jane Batherley also made her appearance, knitting in hand, in her garden.

Between the two gardens there was only a low iron railing, so that, in fact, there was no hindrance for a gentleman walking in the one to step into the other. Mr. Grantham, with the quick perception of a soldier, who, bred up to attack other citadels than ladies' hearts, was accustomed to avail himself of every expedient, was immediately conscious of this—indeed, he had on many occasions availed himself of the advantage. Nevertheless, several minutes elapsed before the amorous veteran could at this time bring his wavering mind to make the step.

Transfixed to the spot on which he was standing when he first beheld the vision, he remained still fascinated with the light movements of his charmer's fingers, contemplating with fervour her every grace.

"Bless my soul, how prettily she does that stuff! St. George, her fingers seem to beat the time quicker even than my Katie's could," quoth the soldier in admiring soliloquy. "I wonder, now, whether she could make me my night-caps as warm and comfortable as my little puss does? Gad, now, I wonder?"

All this while the object of these raptures was wholly unconscious of her admirer's presence, or indeed of the presence of anyone, except an old Tom cat, who sat in mute contentment on the wall. The entire thoughts of Miss Jane were just then centered in the eye of a cotton swan upon which she was working, and whose neck arched somehow like an

apoplectic S—certainly as no reasonable swan would arch it in real life.

"I wonder how long she'll stop there?" thought Mr. Grantham, and speculating as to whether he should go indoors and change his coat and breeches before he revealed himself to the unconscious Jane. He appeared to determine this proposition negatively, as advancing with faltering steps towards the railing, he quickly surmounted it, and the next moment was in the Batherleys' garden and standing by the side of the still unconscious Jane, thereby offering an exquisite illustration of Milton's lines—

"For contemplation he, and valour formed—
For beauty she, and sweet attractive grace."

"St. George, but I feel like—gad, so uncommonly like a boy robbing an orchard. To think that I, who have faced the French at Salamanca and half-a-dozen battles and skirmishes besides, should feel afraid of a rascally woman—gad, no, I don't mean that exactly either! Come, come, Jack Grantham, old fellow, what do you mean—ay, old boy?"

Mr. Grantham here felt the novelty of his position leading him into such inextricable confusion that he had some vague notion he had better remount the railing, retreat to his own habitation, and defer his declaration to some more favourable opportunity. But if ever he seriously entertained such an unsoldierly project, it was entirely frustrated by one of those little accidents upon which so often depends the fate of our battles, sieges, and miscellaneous encounters in love as well as in war; for at the very instant when Miss Jane was busiest counting her stitches, and consequently when Mr. Grantham could have had the greatest facility in making his escape, a loud, resounding, and most unexpected sneeze burst from that gentleman's nose. A responsive scream from the startled lady re-echoed the unwonted sound.

"Gad, ma'am, I—I—St. George! but I hope I haven't alarmed you," murmured the mortified warrior, and knowing not well what to say. "I—I merely came, ma'am—gad, you know, just to ask you how you did."

Miss Jane, all in a flutter with excitement, recovered the knitting-pin, the swan, and the straying ball of cotton, which had rolled ever so far, and had become unwinded in its transit.

"There! you see, Mr. Grantham, what mischief you have done; so, as I

know you are a cavalier, you must mend it again," said the lady, with a sweet smile, intimating that the clumsy soldier must wind up the unwound ball.

This mandate Mr. Grantham, with a grin at the incongruity of an old soldier stooping to such feminine employment, expressed his willingness to obey.

"Ready to obey orders, ma'am," said he, falling to his task.

Has not a great man said that "All is vanity?" One would scarcely have expected vanity—vanity at least as to his personal appearance—in Mr. Grantham; yet he, with an excess of the same, as he was winding up that ball of cotton, endeavoured to keep as much as possible his maimed hand out of view.

"All's fair in love and war," he thought, as he perpetrated this stratagem, "and, gad, he is a foolish general who shows the enemy his weakest point. Not that Jack Grantham is the man to take any unfair advantage, nor, by St. George! to be ashamed of that which is no disgrace to him; but I don't see why he should cry stinking fish, either!"

Now the fact was that Miss Jane was as favourably disposed towards Mr. Grantham as he was towards her. She had often thought what a nice, kind man he was, and what a good husband he would make to any woman who knew how to manage him. She had also fancied he had shown her many little attentions, which, upon consulting her heart, she found by no means displeasing.

As he sat there mute in his occupation, she more than half suspected what was coming, and was consequently as much embarrassed as he.

"What a noble face he has!" she thought, now and then daring to raise her eyes furtively to look at it. "What a pity it is he has red hair—and yet it certainly cannot be called decidedly red, either. And there he is, poor fellow! trying to hide his wounded hand. How sensitive he seems to be about it! not that there is any reason why he should be so. If I were his—his wife, I should be proud of it rather than not. I dare say the dear, brave fellow had it cut off by some Frenchman in that foreign battle he talks so much about, Sal—Sale—what's the name? it sounds something like Salemaker, I remember that."

"Gad now, but how shall I begin?" thought Mr. Grantham. "Hem! Ah! Capital, the very thing. Come, Jack

Grantham, old fellow, don't be a fool! Miss Jane—ha! ha! ha!—he! he! he!—I had such a funny thought."

"Funny, Mr. Grantham!" said Jane, with charming *naïveté*. "What was it, pray?"

"I was thinking—gad, now, it is a joke!—but I was thinking, supposing I was—he! he! he!—supposing I was that cat on the wall yonder?"

"Oh, lud, Mr. Grantham, how dreadful!" ejaculated the lady, with an apprehensive glance from the gentleman to the complacent animal in question, as though she expected some such metamorphosis might take place.

"And I was thinking, ma'am," Mr. Grantham continued, "supposing I was the cat and the cat was me, and that the cat got up, ma'am, just as I do, and that he said right out, like an old soldier and an honest man, 'Miss Jane, will you marry me?' There! now it's out," and Mr. Grantham, again seating himself, appeared immensely relieved in his mind.

"He! he! That *is* funny!" giggled the delighted Jane. "I declare, Mr. Grantham, you have made me drop three stitches right on the swan's beak."

Mr. Grantham looked as though he were impatient to make up for this calamity by dropping three kisses on *her* beak.

"Well, young woman—St. George! but I'm in earnest—is it yea or nay? If you'll take an old soldier for your husband—gad, ma'am, but I'd like to see any man, be he French or English, who would say a rude word to you. Poor little Katie has never known a mother, and if you'll be kind like to her, I can tell you of one, ma'am, who will think it his first duty, next to his king and country, to try, as well as he can, to be a good and faithful husband to you. But if you feel that you can't get along in my company, and so fight out the great campaign side by side, with a helping hand and kindly heart, why say the word, ma'am, and, St. George! there's no great harm done that I know of for the asking."

Whatever reply Miss Jane made to this proposal, it certainly did not take much time in the utterance, and the lady presently returned to the house with a light step, a blushing cheek, and a throbbing heart, to muse on the past, and to contemplate the future.

Shortly after this conference, Mr. Grantham repaired to his own bed-

chamber, locked the door, drew his great sword, and went through a vigorous performance of the sword exercise, and as he stamped his foot and fiercely cried—

"One, two, three—one, two, three," &c., he added, with a defiant glance at his bed-post, "and St. George! but I'd like to see anyone try to take her from me!"

CHAPTER XLII.

WHERE HAS SHE GONE TO?

I HOPE the reader feels sufficient interest in both Miss Jane Batherley and Mr. Grantham to pardon me for spending as much time as I have done in the courtship of the two. In the few chapters which remain to me I shall have to marry them, so I have not quite said all I have to say about them yet. But it is manifest that the chief object of those chapters must be to trace out the course my hero sped with Helen Batherley, and I think I may say, to find a loving husband for poor little Kate.

While, therefore, Miss Jane and her amorous swain were settling matters so amicably in the garden, Helen Batherley, with her mother and bridesmaid, Kate, were seated in the little parlour, occupied in the preparation of some minor garments, &c. of the wedding trousseau. I profess to know nothing about all these feminine concerns, but it is certain if the young ladies were busy about anything especially necessary for the marriage ceremony, they had no great time to lose, as the wedding was now fixed to take place at Hawley in two or three days—in fact, the day after the morrow.

Neither Helen nor Kate would have struck the beholder by her looks as preparing for such a festive ceremony and a "consummation devoutly to be wished" as a marriage. Miss Grantham seemed rather as though she were making a shroud than a bridesmaid's vestments, she was so sad and silent, and every now and then a sigh of such gloomy portent would escape her, as though she at least did not view her part in the pageant as an enviable one, and one which should cause her rejoicing.

Helen's emotions, if she felt any, were not so apparent. She seemed to be labouring under some excitement which made her very uneasy. Sometimes she would sit at her work as silent as her friend, and listlessly ply her needle. At

others, a burning red would suffuse her cheek, a strange light would gleam from her flashing eye, and casting down her work fretfully, she would go to the window and look out with every sign of impatience. But as for the work she was about, and the occasional remarks of her mother, she seemed to hold them in utter indifference. She was indeed a very strange bride.

"Helen, my dear, you are not listening to what I have been saying," said her mother.

The girl started and flushed again.

"What is it, mamma?" she said.

"You haven't shown Miss Grantham the present Mr. Warren made you last night, have you, my dear?"

The present was a handsome pearl necklace. With what joy and boyish pleasure Warren had brought it her and thrown it over the girl's fair neck, Heaven, who counts these things only, knows!

The girl produced this necklace from its velvet-lined box, and displayed it listlessly to her friend.

Again a sigh fell from the lips of Kate Grantham.

"It is beautiful, indeed! and how kind of him!" she said.

Helen laughed, and put it on the neck of her companion, good-humouredly; and certainly little Kate looked as pretty in the necklace as Helen did, though not so queenly, perhaps.

"It becomes you, my dear, better than it does me. Mr. Warren ought to have given it to you," said Helen, with a sigh, and a cloud passing over her beautiful face. It was an unusual thing for Helen to sigh.

This remark made Miss Grantham blush up to the eyes, and she divested herself of the ornament in double-quick time.

Helen laughed at the little maiden's confusion, and good-humouredly kissed her cheek.

"Silly child," she said, "I didn't mean to wound you."

I think that even Helen Batherley was fond of Katie Grantham.

It was with a feeling of relief for the latter young lady that she heard the handle of the door turned just then, and that Miss Jane entered the room fresh from her adventure in the garden, and thus putting an end to an embarrassing conversation.

"Why, aunty dear, how warm you

look; your face is positively red!" exclaimed Helen, noticing this phenomenon in her buxom relative.

"Very likely, child; the sun shines warmly in the garden," aunt Jane replied, with a subdued chuckle, as she regarded the embryo wedding habiliments, and contemplated the future occasion when she, as the principal party concerned, would require such on her own account.

"I must go in now, dear, and get father's tea ready; he'll be waiting for it else, and then he'll get into a passion."

As Miss Grantham said this, she gathered up her work, folded it neatly, put her thimble in her pocket, stuck her needle in the cushion, and prepared to go.

"He likes his tea, I daresay, poor old gentleman!" said Mrs. Batherley, clasping her hands and nodding her head.

"How can you call him *old*, sister?" observed aunt Jane, reprovingly. "I am sure Mr. Grantham, though not actually a young man, is in the very prime of life, and a very nice gentleman he is, too, and that I will say."

"I believe, aunt Jane, that you are in love with Mr. Grantham," said Helen, laughingly.

"Fie, fie, silly child! I hope, my dear, you won't tell your father what this tattling girl says," returned Miss Jane, with a benignant smile.

Then Kate Grantham, smiling at all this banter, and vowing that she would tell her father every word, got a little way nearer to the door, only to come back again and have some young lady talk about the before alluded-to wedding habiliments with Helen.

I don't think I can report all that interesting dialogue verbatim, inasmuch as it referred to mysteries which I do not understand. But it was something like the following, only more diffuse, I know that.

"Well, good-by, dear; I'll come round the very earliest thing to-morrow morning, and put those gussets in," said Kate.

"Very well, dear," said Helen.

She spoke in a low, soft voice, and looked with a strange, melancholy smile into the other's face. There was something mutely touching in Helen's manner that night.

The girls had by this time arrived at the street door, and then they kissed each other with affection, as young ladies will ere they allow themselves to be separated

by the absence-implying thickness of a brick wall.

"And there's that skirt, you know, dear; you'll want the trimmings of that finished, I suppose?" continued Kate, in the young-lady jargon. "Will you have the tulle, dear, or the thirteen bows down the centre?"

To which the bride elect replied indifferently that she didn't care, but she thought she might as well have "the tarlatan and the nineteen rosettes."

"Then I tell you what, dear," returned Kate, with decision, "I'll come in and do it for you this evening; and then you know, dear, it'll be *done*."

Helen thanked her, but seemed unaccountably embarrassed at this.

"I—I shall have to go out a little way this evening, dear," she said.

Helen looked hastily round her, and she leant against the wall as if for support. Her beautiful face was very pale, and her form quivered as though from the thrill of a deep emotion. She bent down and kissed her companion on the brow.

"I am a wicked girl, Kate; you are too good—far too good for me. Remember me sometimes, will you?"

These were the words she whispered, trembling. Then she turned hastily away, and Kate Grantham, half frightened, went to her father's house, wondering.

Tea being over with the Batherleys, Helen ran upstairs, and putting on her bonnet, presently re-appeared. Her face was highly flushed now, and she seemed very excited.

"Goodness, child, but you shouldn't flurry yourself so! It is so bad, my dear, for the heart," said Miss Jane, admonishingly, as she stopped in the act of clearing away the tea-things.

"Never fear it, aunty dear, for me," returned the girl, with a light laugh which had some bitterness in it; "my heart is too well seasoned—it is hard! But give me a kiss, you kind old aunty, before I go!"

"Why do you act like this, child?—What is the matter with you?" demanded Jane, with some alarm.

"You are going for a walk, Helen, I suppose?" said her mother with composed dignity, and seeming not to observe her daughter's excitement.

"Yes, mamma," Helen answered, kissing her likewise; and then she tied her bonnet-strings and hastened to the door.

"You will not be long I suppose, my dear?" said Jane, kindly.

"No, no, not long;" and Helen turned her back upon the house.

Jane Batherley looked after her retreating form with eyes that grew larger with uneasiness.

"Do you know, sister, that girl makes me feel very uneasy? She doesn't seem herself at all," she said.

Mrs. Batherley made no response, but mutely shrugged her shoulders.

Whereupon Miss Jane remained fixed in silent meditation for some few minutes longer, and watching the vagaries of a bluebottle which was buzzing in the window. At length she shook her head dubiously, and rising from her seat went to her own private chamber as Mr. Grantham went to his. Here she ransacked a small wooden box, which had been neatly lined by Miss Jane herself with a piece of bed-room paper. In this box Miss Jane kept the odds and ends (if I may so express myself) of her attire—her caps, cuffs, laces, &c. She next selected a cap which had hitherto been decked with ribbons of sombre lavender. In the place of these she inserted decorations of the most glaring pink.

"Only to think now of him choosing *me* to be his wife!" murmured Jane in accents of gratitude and delight. "The kind, dear man!" And then she was lost in speculations on matrimony.

CHAPTER XLIII.

THE LAST NIGHT.

THAT same evening Warren slept in the house of Mrs. Evans for the last time. His father had expressed a wish that he should dwell with his bride at the old Hall, as his ancestors had done before him. Warren certainly never felt much regard for the Little Western, and contemplated leaving it with but little regret. He had been that day to take leave of the great chairman and the little secretary. Both these gentlemen had shaken him cordially by the hand at parting, thanked him for his services and zeal in behalf the association, congratulated him on his approaching nuptials, and hoped he would sometimes remember Crosby Square.

Strangely enough, when he wrote the last words in the old familiar minute-book, when he locked his desk and put

his stool under it, when he quitted the office with the kindly grasp still fresh upon his hand, he felt as though his heart were melting within him (figuratively, of course), and that if any one spoke to him just then the water might rise to his eyes. There is something of pathos in the last time, even when we bid farewell to that which is not fraught with associations of pleasure.

It was this sentiment that Warren experienced, perhaps, in a greater degree when he, as we have said, slept in the house of Mrs. Evans for the last time. When he retired to rest he did not put the candle out according to his custom; he suffered it to burn for companionship, and long after the clock in the next room had struck the little hours he was still awake. How familiar all things in his bed-room had grown to him! The bedstead on which he had slept for such a considerable part of his life; the carpets which were new when he came, and were faded now — carpets which experience had taught him had a natural tendency to be kicked up and made dog's ears of whenever anyone came into the room. Then the old wardrobe—the brass handles of which rattled and trembled, as it were, with a complaining wail when he trod upon the floor. It reminded him of the last feeble utterance of an old man when he fretfully totters to his grave.

There as he lay and mused, and turned impatiently on his side in the vain hope that sleep would come to him, the future outstretched itself before him, and a bright future now it seemed; but recollection returned to the past, and reflection dwelt with neither the one nor the other, but fitfully wandered between them, like the bud of a plant that is bursting in blossom, but which can neither be called bloom nor merely the germ. The bright prospect before him was not unmixed with alloy. The new duties which as a husband awaited him, the hopes and the fears, oppressed him in spirit.

Helen was at length to be his; but would she make him happy? That was the question. A few brief months ago he had regarded such an event as the greatest happiness which could befall him. If it be asked whether he did not so regard it now, I answer yes — of a surety he did. He loved her as passionately as ever, for certain. But hope is sometimes dimmed by doubt when near its gratification.

With the early dawn Warren sprang from his bed and began to pack up his books and other treasures, which, as he did so, he thought he should ever associate with the place—with Islington and Mrs. Evans.

He went downstairs to breakfast, and found Mr. Evans in the act of slinging his tool-basket across his shoulders as a preliminary to setting forth to his daily labour. Mrs. Evans was very busy doing nothing, and her numerous offspring were for the most part sucking their fingers and staring about them with a half-frightened expression of countenance.

Mr. Evans, upon observing the advent of our hero, immediately unslung his basket once more and set it doubtfully upon a chair with a broken back. With deep melancholy he spat upon the ground, rubbing it out again with the toe of his boot.

"I'spose then, sir, you'll be leaving of us to-day?" said he, rubbing his eye with his coat-sleeve and making a feint to scratch his nose.

Frank felt two of the children pulling him by the coat-tail. He turned, and placing his hand upon one of them, he held the little wondering face to the light.

"Well, my dear, what is it, then?" he asked kindly.

"Are you—are you *really* going away, Mr. Warren?" said the children together, and four clear blue eyes were raised to his beseechingly. Frank felt deeply moved at this little token of their affection.

"Yes, my children, I am going away from you this day," he replied, his voice betraying his emotion; "but I will come and see you again soon, and you will think of me sometimes when I am gone, will you not?"

He slipped a bright new shilling, which he had been careful the day before to procure, into the chubby hand of the infant, and into the hands of all the other children also.

The wondering blue eyes opened wider, and glanced more wonderingly from the gift to the giver, the long brown lashes fell over them, and the children mutely retreated to a corner to weep at the loss of their friend, and presently to laugh at and play with the shining toy he had given them.

Poor children! they but illustrated a principle of life. The young and the old are the same. The fountain of the heart will flow with love and affection—with

sympathy and sorrow—with joy and grief—with all the sentiments that “flesh is heir to;” but a bright bauble as a bribe will dry it up with its glitter as a river is scorched by the sun.

This little gift to the children so completely overmastered Mr. Evans that he no longer sought to disguise his emotion, but burst into a most expressive “Boo-hoo!” while Mrs. Evans threw her apron over her head and sobbed hysterically, the whole family (including the tabby cat, whose tail was trodden upon in the confusion,) joining in chorus.

“Oh-h, Mr. Warring,” cried the lady, “I shall niver have sich another gentleman as you are, sir. I shall niver take to another as I have took to you, sir—even from the very beginning. You niver gave me no trouble, you didn’t, Mr. Warring; and oh-hoo-hoot! you was allas as kind to the children, sir, as if you was—was their own father!”

At this point the speaker was so thoroughly overcome that further utterance was for the present impossible. Mr. Evans again resumed his basket and tried to whistle in a lively key, and finding he was not equal to the performance, wisely desisted in the attempt. So totally regardless of all minor occurrences were they both, that the cat was permitted to mount the breakfast-table unchided, and to lap the milk from the jug undetected—which libation consoled him greatly for the injury done to his tail.

“Come, Mrs. Evans, don’t give way, ma’am,” Warren exclaimed, huskily, though he fully intended to speak with encouraging cheerfulness, “there are more fish in the sea than ever came out of it; you’ll soon get as good a lodger as I have been, and one who’ll like the children as well.”

“Oh, Mr. Warring, it aint for that I feel it—that niver crossed my mind,” cried Mrs. Evans, suddenly wiping her eyes with her apron, and bringing the same to her nose with a deeply pathetic sniff, “it’s because, sir, you’ve been with us so long that we’ve come to look upon you, sir, as one of us—if I may so say—and that is what it is makes me so down now that you are agoing away to leave us after all—boo-hoo! Not but what I’m very glad, sir, that you’re agoing to get married, and all that ere; and I hope—I’m sure I do, Mr. Warring, from the very bottom of my heart, that you—you may be happy and comfortable, and all that.”

“And I’m sure, sir, that I do that same also; that is, as it were your intentions and wishes fur to get married—which Providence above guides and directs,” observed Mr. Evans, meekly, and gazing earnestly out of the window at the smoke rising lazily from a chimney. “Not but what, sir, to speak with reverence, had Providence been so inclined otherwise, I could have been glad fur you to have stayed with us as heretofore; but as it were not so to be, I hopes as how your wife’ll be prosperity and success to you, sir; and all good wishes which I do feel in this heart.”

This being a very long speech for the worthy carpenter, whose ideas upon any abstract subject were generally rather confused, and his manner of expression still more so; and he feeling proportionately conquered by it, hastily replaced a chisel (the sharpness of which he had been trying on his left hand) in the basket which he had before shouldered, and with which, without trusting himself to further remarks, he quickly left the house.

Warren sate himself down to a breakfast which he could not enjoy. The coffee was cold and the milk gone, much to the wonder of Mrs. Evans, who accused one of her unconscious infants of having appropriated it, and boxed its ears for the theft accordingly. But these small drawbacks counted but little with Frank in comparison with the oppression which he felt at the heart. So much did he suffer from this that he longed to be alone again, and experienced a sensation of relief when Mrs. Evans quitted the room, and the children slunk off one by one to gloat over their bright new shillings and to speculate upon the mountains of toffee and gingerbread they would buy with them.

This was the last day of his bachelorhood; to-morrow, as the reader knows, being appointed for the wedding, which was to take place with all due pomp and ceremony at the ancient parish church of Great-Hawley. It was no secret that the villagers’ and the farmers’ daughters were going to meet the bride and bridegroom as they came from the church, and to scatter flowers in their path. All this Frank pictured in his imagination, and set himself to concoct the speeches he would have to make on the occasion. Then he thought how merrily those bells would peal out their rejoicing, just as he had so often heard them in his boyhood, and when the probability of their ever

ringing for him was as remote from his ideas as it was vivid to them now.

From the dreams of the morrow, he reverted to the realities of to-day. He was to go that afternoon to fetch Helen and her mother and aunt Jane, Charles and his wife, and Mr. Grantham and Kate—all of whom were to pass the night at the Hall, so that there might be no delay nor confusion in the morning. He had received a letter from his uncle Martin that morning, conveying the latest instructions, and stating that all the friends would be anxiously expected by the evening coach.

Warren purposed going round to the Batherleys in the afternoon to have a cup of tea with them previously to starting.

He had, therefore, all the morning on his hands, and though last night, when he looked forward to it, it seemed that he would have so much to do, yet now it had come he scarcely knew how to occupy himself.

After wandering to the window two or three times, and impatiently re-seating himself in the chair as often, he resolved he would take a stroll over to the Borough and have a little talk with Charles over the impending event.

"Now for it, then," he muttered as he rose once more, buttoned his coat, and put on his hat. "By Jove, it is a strange thing how leaving an old place affects one! Who, in the name of wonder, would have thought that I should ever feel sorry to leave this old house with its oyster-shell garden, and regret that I shall never now be likely to break my neck over those abominable steps by the gate? Yet I'll be hanged if I *don't* feel all this! Well, never mind, I will certainly give these good people and the old place a look up now and then. I don't know how I should feel if I were going to leave the country or anything of that kind. One thing, Great Hawley is not such a terrible long way, after all. Hem! Mrs. Evans, I think I will wish you good-bye—that is, hem! good morning, you know. I shall come round one of these days and see you again, you may depend upon it."

"Are you off already, Mr. Warring? I thought you didn't go till the afternoon?" Mrs. Evans cried, very red in the face, and making superhuman efforts not to burst out afresh.

"Why, yes, ma'am," replied Frank, turning away his head, "I think I may as well call round at Mr. Batherley's, and,

hem! Mrs. Evans, here is a little keepsake for you to remember me by." And he placed a very large and handsome work-box—the sight of which, with the completeness of its internal fittings-up, &c., quite flabbergasted Mrs. Evans—in the hands of that lady.

This was the finishing stroke which the poor woman had not bargained for, and a perfect yell of sobbing, mingled with incoherent interjections of gratitude and thanks, ensued.

Warren himself did not feel sufficiently strong and mighty to trust himself to further speech, but shaking hands with the children in silence, and patting them each on the cheek, he as hastily as possible precipitated himself from the house, and as he went along the streets, if he did not master his weakness, luckily for his manhood no one witnessed it. However that may be, he called himself a fool, and he blew his nose angrily, and there were many people no doubt in the world who would have been of his opinion; but for my part, I think the kindly feeling which overmastered him did his heart more credit than all the stoicism in the world.

Though perhaps his vision was sometimes rather misty, he managed to find his way to the Borough. When he reached the well-known red bull's-eyed lamp, which was a kind of beacon to his friend's shop, and entered the little surgery, he was surprised to find no one there. A diminutive boy, who washed the bottles and took out the medicine (and of charity-school extraction, I believe), here appeared from behind the counter, and in reply to his inquiries, informed him that his master was out, and that his mistress was upstairs. While he was making this announcement, however, his mistress came downstairs, and although she seemed to make great exertions to appear as composed as usual, it was manifest to Warren that something was amiss.

Alarmed at this, he at first thought something had happened to Charles, but Mary quickly set his mind to rest on that score, though she terrified him all the more on another.

"As we were sitting down to breakfast this morning," she said, "a person brought Charles a note. He read it to himself, and, Mr. Warren, I could see how agitated he was. He said it came from his mother, but wouldn't tell me what it was about; but I know very

well it was something very dreadful. When I asked him, he answered that he hoped it was nothing after all, and bidding me not to worry myself, he went out, and said he should be back soon."

This was all the information Frank could obtain, and it was but very little comfort he could give, for he felt most anxious about the matter himself. After remaining a little time, and giving his friend's wife what commonplace assurances he could think of, he resolved that he would go to the Batherleys at once. He took his leave accordingly, and set out on his way. We will leave him on his journey to Hampstead for the present.

CHAPTER XLIV.

MISSING.

MISS JANE having at length adjusted the pink ribbons in her cap to her entire satisfaction, and having also tried the effect of her labours before the looking-glass, humming a tune and bringing her face very close to the mirror as she tied the strings, and afterwards turning coquettishly, now to view this side, now that; having done all this, I say, Miss Jane bethought herself that it was getting dark, and that she must give over work for that evening, and return to the company of her worthy sister-in-law, whom she almost regretted having left alone so long, for fear she should have found an opportunity to gratify her bibbing propensities, more especially as she remembered having left the cupboard door open, in which Miss Jane ever kept a quantum of brandy for medicinal purposes. "There wasn't much in it, though, that's one thing," she thought, by way of consolation, as she censured herself for her carelessness.

She replaced her treasures in the wooden box accordingly, stopping in her occupation every now and then to admire some silk or satin relic of feminine finery, and to think perhaps into what article of attire a little handicraft might convert it.

At length everything was disposed of, even to the sheets of thin tissue paper which covered all. With a sniff of self-congratulation, Miss Jane closed the lid of the box, pushed it carefully under the bed, and for better security, it is to be

presumed, placed the blue bonnet-box, containing her best satin chapeau, upon the top.

A few moments of reflection with her elbow on the table, her chin on her hand, and her modest eyes on the rising moon, were, however, necessary before she felt thoroughly competent to withdraw herself from the pleasures of solitude—pleasures which maidens who find themselves in love for the first time alone know how to enjoy.

"Yes," said Jane, after mature reflection, "I'll unpick that bonnet, that I will. If it's done up fresh with new trimmin's, and if it's dyed pink (all in the bright-coloured way, you perceive), I mean to say it'll make me a sweet bonnet for the summer. I think *he* likes pink; he had a pink flower in his button-hole this very day. I noticed it when he—hem!"

This turned the spinster's meditations into another channel.

"To think that I should have been all these years without a single offer, and that *he* should like me now—such a brave and noble fellow as he is! I wonder, now, what he could see in me that other people couldn't? And then there was my poor brother, who is dead and gone, poor man; to think that he should have married such an unsuitable woman as she downstairs! And Helen, I'm glad for her sake, poor child, that she is going to be so well settled—but poor young Mr. Warren! Well, well, the Lord does everything for the best; but I'm afraid we women are sinful creatures, who have too much good shown us; and there's no knowing how things turn out—marriage is a lottery, they say." With which moral observation Miss Jane put her former resolution into effect, and went downstairs.

She speedily discovered that Mrs. Batherley had found a means of getting a little "oxecrocious," as the clown in the pantomime calls it. The effect was, however, but slight, and not sufficient, perhaps, to be detected by eyes less experienced than those of Miss Jane. It was just enough, in fact, to put Mrs. Batherley into a remarkably good temper, and Miss Jane into rather a bad one.

"It's no use saying anything to her, though," thought the latter with cynical disdain; "when she is like this, words have no more good than water on a duck's back. It is—Heaven forgive me for saying so—as impossible to get anything

like reason out of her as it is to get milk from a cow's tail!"

It was just then that Miss Jane remarked the absence of her niece.

"Where is Helen—hasn't she come back yet?" she demanded sharply.

Mrs. Batherley replied with extreme affection and good-nature, that, so far as she knew or cared, her daughter had not returned.

Jane looked at her a few moments and then turned away discontentedly.

"Well, talking with you, my lady, is quite out of the question; I may as well get to work again," she muttered, and forthwith taking her knitting, and putting the ball of cotton in her bosom as a reservoir, she made some progress in the construction of her swan.

The clock in the kitchen struck nine. Miss Jane, who never deigned another word, though her companion made one or two angelic efforts to set the lead in a conversation which, if carried on, must necessarily have been more animated than intellectual, began to feel uncommonly uneasy at the girl's prolonged absence.

"Dear, dear, nine o'clock! Whatever has become of the child I cannot make out! She must have lost herself, surely." And Miss Jane, with no little anxiety at the lateness of the hour, went to the street-door, opened it, and looked out.

"I feel all shivering over like, just as I did that awful night when my poor dear brother was brought home. I trust in Providence nothing has happened to the poor child!"

With which soliloquy the good lady peeped down the now-darkening lane. Nothing, however, could she see but the tall poplars which stood by the road-side, rearing aloft their threatening forms and louring in the blackened sky like giant goblins; nothing could she hear but the east wind moaning amongst their branches, like ominous whispers of evil.

Shuddering with an ill-defined awe, Jane retreated to the passage—closed the door behind her, and returned once more to the swan. She worked ten minutes in silence, and found she was doing it all wrong. Indeed, her hand trembled so violently, and the stitches looked so rough and irregular, that if they were meant for the swan's feathers an imaginative person might have thought it was moulting.

"I can't stand it any longer!" she cried excitedly, throwing aside her work. "And there is that woman gone to sleep.

How she can, and that poor child out o' doors at this time o' night, is astonishing. I couldn't do it, I know that."

Angry beyond measure at what she deemed the unfeelingness of this behaviour, she shook her sister-in-law violently by the shoulders, until that lady slowly opened her eyes and demanded, in a thick, heavy voice, what was the matter.

"Why, Helen—your daughter Helen—hasn't come home yet—that is what's the matter!" retorted Jane, in an elevated key.

"Eh! She'll come home by-and-by, I—I daresay. She's gone out a walking," returned Mrs. Batherley, sleepily, and composing herself.

"Pish! I haven't common patience!" ejaculated the other, going again to the front door, and trying to pierce the murky darkness of the night, but with no better success than before.

At length the clock struck ten. Jane, unable longer to constrain her agitation, burst into a shower of tears. She speedily, however, dried them, got upon her feet, and, to the mild astonishment of Mrs. Batherley, who witnessed these proceedings through a sort of dreamy haze, put on her bonnet and shawl. Anger flushed her face as, thus equipped, she stood before her muddled companion.

"I tell you what it is," she said, trying to control her speech, "if you can sit there like that, I can't. There now!"

"Eh, Jane? Why, good gracious, where are you going?" Mrs. Batherley exclaimed, her eyes now thoroughly open.

"Going? Well, I'm going to see if anything can be done to find that poor girl—that's where I'm going; and I do think, sister, that you ought to be ashamed of yourself, taking it as quietly as you do."

"Why, Jane, bless my heart, what can I do?" responded Mrs. Batherley, helplessly, and apparently more frightened at her relative's energy than anything else.

"What can you do?" repeated Jane, with indignant scorn; "why don't you cry, like any other feeling woman would, let alone a mother, if you can't do anything else? But you haven't got any feeling, I don't believe, and so it's no use talking," and Miss Jane flounced out of the house, as nearly in a passion as such an amiable little body as she was, well could be.

First of all she went to Mr. Grantham's

and rang the bell at the gate of that irritable gentleman's establishment.

"Not that I think she can be there," thought Jane, "but still, they may know something as to where she is. She may have told Kate this afternoon."

"Stand! Who goes there?" cried a voice from the upstairs window in a tone of command.

Miss Jane looked up, and the head of Mr. Grantham was popped out.

"Oh, Mr. Grantham, *dear* Mr. Grantham, do come down, pray!" Miss Jane exclaimed, clasping her hands beseechingly.

"St. George, ma'am, is that you? Bless my heart, I'll come downstairs and open the door to you in a moment."

Upon which the head disappeared and the window closed. Soon the sound of the withdrawing of bolts and the turning of a key greeted the ear of Miss Jane. The door opened, and Mr. Grantham, who was on the point of retiring to rest, appeared at the entrance, with his daughter peering over his shoulder behind him.

It was some time before the good little woman was sufficiently enabled to master her agitation as to explain the cause of her unseasonable visit.

"Hah! St. George, ma'am, has any one dared to say anything to you? The rascal, if he has, I'll show him!" exclaimed Mr. Grantham, furious at the emotion displayed by the object of his wishes.

Jane at length succeeded in telling her errand, and scarcely had she stated that Helen had not yet come home, when Katie, who had turned as pale as a sheet, uttered a half-stifled scream which rose irresistibly to her lips.

"Foolish puss, don't be frightened!" cried her father, soothingly. "We shall capture the deserter soon, no doubt. But, gad, ma'am," he added, addressing his intended, "it is strange she should be out so late as this. St. George! she must have lost her way."

"Worse, worse, I fear worse!" interrupted the girl, wringing her hands.

In a rapid voice, she then recounted the conversation she had had with Helen at separating that afternoon, and which had struck her at the time as being very singular.

"Bless my heart, but there was something more in that girl than we thought for. I'll be hanged if she hasn't puzzled me for a long time. However, my dear ma'am, if you'll go quietly indoors again, and you, puss, take the key and go in with her, gad, I will put on my hat and try if

I can hear anything of her, though where I'm to go to, Heaven only knows."

Acting in compliance with this suggestion, Miss Jane suffered herself to be led back to the house, Kate Grantham accompanying her, while Mr. Grantham set out on a vague search for the missing girl.

The hours passed long and drearily away. Jane refused to yield up the watch, nor would Kate—who strove to give expressions of encouragement and hope which she was far from feeling—hear of leaving her till her father came back.

Poor Jane had not experienced such a night since the one on which her late brother had died, which fact she notified on more than one occasion to her sympathizing companion.

Mrs. Batherley, however, bore the whole affair with exemplary fortitude—the two other ladies thought with the most unbecoming indifference.

"Well," said she, "I don't see the use of our all sitting up. I think I may as well go to bed."

"By all means," replied her sister-in-law, with profound irony, "do you go if you please. I shall sit up till I hear something one way or the other, you may depend upon it."

Mrs. Batherley did not seem open to the shafts of sarcasm, and, taking a light, left the room accordingly.

"And to think that she should be her mother!" ejaculated the other, contemptuously. "Why, a cat would have more feeling for her kittens, she would."

Midnight struck before Mr. Grantham returned from his search, which was totally unsuccessful, as—when it is considered what shallow information he had to conduct his inquiries upon—might well be supposed would be the case.

It was, of course, folly to think of further efforts till the morning, and Mr. Grantham and his daughter, who would not allow Jane to be left in her distress, sat up with her the whole night, watching anxiously for the sound of any footstep outside, and endeavouring to find hope in bootless expectations of what "might be."

The first thing in the morning, Mr. Grantham sent a messenger with a note to Charles, acquainting him with his sister's absence, and requesting him to come to Hampstead with all despatch.

To this summons Charles, as the reader knows, paid immediate attention, and on arriving at his mother's residence,

he found his aunt and Kate both in extreme agitation, his mother only still appearing comparatively unmoved. Their good friend, the soldier, had already started on another expedition of discovery.

The first explanations being over, all the old speculations, hopes, and fears were once again rehearsed.

"Perhaps she may have left some note or intimation of what she was going to do," suggested Charles. "Have you searched her room to see?"

Exclamations of surprise that they had not thought of this before burst from both Jane and Miss Grantham, and the former hastening upstairs to Helen's little

chamber, presently returned with a note, which was lying on her dressing-table. She was about to open it, when Charles laid his hand upon her wrist.

"Hist!" he cried, in a whisper. "Here comes poor Frank Warren; he is now crossing the road."

"Poor young man, my heart bleeds for him," said Jane. "Do you tell him, Charles—I cannot."

"Perhaps he has heard of it already."

Kate Grantham said never a word; but, pale as ashes, watched the face of the young man, who, breathless with the haste he had come in, and the excitement which impelled him, now entered the room.

THE SUMMER DAYS ARE GONE.

The flowers that made the summer air
So fragrant with their rich perfume,
Alas! are gone, their leaves so fair
Lie faded in their autumn tomb.

The branches now are almost bare,
Where summer song-birds made their homes;
Where trees are green, where flowers are fair,
Once more the happy birds have flown.

To distant lands o'er sunny seas
The songsters bright have taken wing,
To warble on that warmer breeze
The notes they sang to us in spring.

Her autumn robe of red and brown
Once more the gliding year puts on,
And yonder sun looks colder down
Since the bright days are gone.

The stars, the glory of the night,
Look on us still with silvery eye—
Shine on us still as clear and bright,
But not from out the summer sky.

The chilly breezes of the north
Tell us it is no longer spring,
And Winter's hand is reaching forth
To wither every verdant thing.

So even like the birds the flowers,
When dearest things of life have flown,
Then in the hearts deserted bowers
The naked branches stand alone.

Oh, then, alas! no breath of spring
Can breathe the living verdure on,
No sun will shine, no birds will sing—
For ever is the summer gone.

But when the heart beats high and warm
And kindred hearts its throbbing share,
It heeds not winter's clouds nor storm
But summer tarries always there.

4 JA 66

L. Y. C.

NO MORE PILLS NOR ANY OTHER MEDICINE.

DU BARRY'S
DELICIOUS HEALTH-RESTORING
REVALENTA ARABICA FOOD

YIELDS three times more assimilating and strengthening nourishment than the best meat, and restores perfect digestion, strong nerves, sound lungs, healthy liver, refreshing sleep, functional regularity, and energy to the most disordered or enfeebled; removing speedily and effectually indigestion (dyspepsia), cough, asthma, consumption, habitual constipation, diarrhoea, all gastric derangements, hæmorrhoids, liver complaints, flatulency, nervousness, biliousness, all kinds of fevers, sore throats, diphtheria, catarrhs, colds, influenza, noises in the head and ears, rheumatism, gout, impurities, eruptions, hysteria, neuralgia, irritability, sleeplessness, acidity, palpitation, heartburn, headache, debility, dropsy, cramps, spasms, nausea and sickness even in pregnancy or at sea, sinking fits, bronchitis, scrofula, tightness of the chest, pains at the pit of the stomach and between the shoulders, &c. It is the best food for Invalids and Infants in all complaints.

We quote a few out of 60,000 Cures.

Cure No. 52,422.—"Bridge House, Frimley, Surrey.—Thirty-three years' diseased lungs, spitting of blood, liver derangement, deafness, ringing in the ears, constipation, debility, shortness of breath, and cough, have been removed by your Revalenta Arabica. My lungs, liver, stomach, head, and ears are all right, my hearing perfect, and my recovery is a marvel to all my acquaintances.—**JAMES ROBERTS, Timber Merchant.**"

Cure No. 49,832.—"Of fifty years' indescribable agony from dyspepsia, nervousness, asthma, cough, constipation, flatulency, spasms, sickness, and vomiting, Maria Joly, of Wortham, Ling, Norfolk.

Cure No. 54,816, from the Rev. James T. Campbell, Syderstone Rectory, near Fakenham, Norfolk.—"In all cases of indigestion, and particularly when the liver is more than usually affected, I consider it the best of all remedies. It regulates the bile, and makes it flow, in cases which would not admit of mercury in any shape. In short, a healthy flow of bile is one of its earliest and best symptoms. You can make what use you please of this communication.—I am, gentlemen, &c., **JAMES T. CAMPBELL.**"

"Nazing Vicarage, near Waltham Cross, Herts, September 9th.—Sir, I have been suffering at least seven years, in the prime of life, from the following complaints, viz.—indigestion, nervousness, headaches, inflammation and gatherings, low spirits, general debility, sleeplessness, and delusions; and, during all that time, I have required every year so much medical attendance that I have been almost ruined by doctors' bills. Since I have taken your valuable Health-restoring Food, I enjoy good nights, better spirits, and have no more gatherings or inflammations. My strength has of course returned, and I have not been disturbed by any nervous fancies.—**ELIZABETH JACOBS.**"

"South Brent, Somerset, July 25, 1860.—Sir, I thank God and yourself. I believe my little girl, who was suffering from dropsy, would not be alive now had it not been for your Revalenta Food. She is now free from all symptoms of dropsy, and very hearty at her meals.—**E. Cox.**"

Cure No. 54,796.—"Alderley, Cheshire, Oct. 16, 1860.—Sir, since taking your Food I feel much better, and have gained ten pounds of flesh within three months.—**JOHN OLDHAM.**"

Cure No. 71, of dyspepsia, from the Right Hon. the Lord Stuart de Decies, Lord Lieutenant of the County of Waterford: "I have derived much benefit from your excellent food.—**STUART DE DECIES, Dromana, Cappoquin, County Waterford.**"

Cure No. 54,816.—"Tittenson, Oct. 25, 1860.—I cannot sufficiently express my gratitude for the benefit I have derived from it after every other means has failed. I can now rest very well at night, my appetite is perfectly restored, the pains in my leg, back, and chest are quite gone, and I am fast gaining strength and flesh. If your Food was better known, I believe it would save many thousand lives which are destroyed recklessly by poisonous drugs, and many families would be saved from utter ruin.—**Mrs. A. OWEN.**"

The Food is sold in Canisters, 1 lb., 2s. 9d.; 2 lb., 4s. 6d.; 12 lb., 22s.; 24 lb., 40s. Super-refined quality, 1 lb., 6s.; 2 lb., 11s.; 5 lb., 22s.; 10 lb., 33s. The 10 lb., 12 lb., and 24 lb. Canisters carriage-free on receipt of Post-Office Order by **BARRY DU BARRY & Co., 77, Regent Street, London; 26, Place Vendôme, Paris; and 12, Rue de l'Empereur, Brussels; FORTNUM & MASON, 182, Piccadilly; ARBISS, 61, Gracechurch Street; also PHILLIPS & Co.; and all respectable Grocers and Chemists in every Town.**

BENSON'S WATCHES,

CLOCKS, JEWELLERY, SILVER & ELECTRO-PLATE.

J. W. BENSON,
LUDGATE HILL, LONDON, E.C.

(Established 1749),

WATCH AND CLOCK MAKER BY WARRANT OF APPOINTMENT TO
H.R.H. THE PRINCE OF WALES,

has fitted up extensive Workshops with Steam-machinery for the production of Clocks and Time-pieces of every description.

WATCHES

adapted for every class, climate, and country. Wholesale and Retail. Chronometers, Duplex, Levers, Horizontal, Repeating, Centre Seconds, Keyless, and Chronographs, at 2l. 2s. to 200 Guineas.

CLOCKS;

Drawing, Dining, and Bedroom, Bracket, Carriage, Church, Turret, Stable, or Office, at 1l. 1s. to 1000 Guineas.

OPINIONS OF THE PRESS.

"The movements are of the finest quality which the art of horology is at present capable of producing."—*Illustrated London News*, November 8, 1862.

"Some of them are of great beauty, and if the English watch-trade only follow up with the same spirit and success this first attempt to compete with foreigners in decorative watches, there seems to be no reason why we should not get the trade entirely into our own hands."—*Times*, June 23, 1862.

BENSON'S 4-GUINEA LONDON-MADE

Patent Lever Watch, Capped and Jewelled, strong Silver Cases, made in four sizes, from 1½ to 2 inches in diameter. This Watch is suitable for every body, and is without doubt the best, cheapest, and most accurate Watch manufactured in this country.

BENSON'S £2 10s. HORIZONTAL WATCH,

Jewelled, &c., strong Silver Cases, 1½ to 2 inches in diameter, a sound and useful Watch.

BENSON'S 5-GUINEA GOLD WATCH,

Horizontal Movement, Jewelled in 4 holes, and all the late improvements, combined with a rich artistically-engraved case and dial, making it a model of elegance.

20,000 OTHER WATCHES

in stock, for prices of which see the Pamphlet.

The above Watches are sent free and safe by post to all parts of England, Scotland, Wales, or Ireland. If to India or the Colonies 5s. each extra.

A PROFUSELY-ILLUSTRATED PAMPHLET

of Watches, Clocks, and Chains, descriptive of every construction of Watch made, with their prices, post-free for 2 stamps, from which buyers can select. Also a Catalogue of Silver and Electro Plate, containing 300 illustrations, post-free for 6 stamps.

J. W. BENSON,

Maker of the Great Clock for the Exhibition, 1862, and of the Chronograph Dial, by which was timed "The Derby" of 1862, 1863, 1864, and 1865.

Prize Medallist, Class 33, and Honourable Mention, Class 15.

BRANCH HOUSES:

99 Westbourne Grove.

| 164 Tottenham Court Road.

LUDGATE HILL, LONDON.